

THE
WORKS
OF
J O H N.
EARL of ROCHESTER:

Containing
P O E M S
On SEVERAL OCCASIONS:
His Lordship's
L E T T E R S
To Mr. SAVIL and Mrs. ***
WITH
VALENTINIAN,
A TRAGEDY.

Never before Published together.

The FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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THE
P R E F A C E.
TO THE
R E A D E R.

By Mr. R Y M E R.



Mongst the Ancients, *Horace* deservedly bears the Name from 'em all, for Occasional Poems ; many of which were address'd to *Pollio*, *Mæcenas* and *Augustus* the greatest Men, and the best Judges, and all his Poetry overlook'd by them. This made him of the Temper not to part with a Piece over-hastily ; but to bring his Matter to a review, to cool a little and think twice before it went out of his Hands.

The P R E F A C E.

On the contrary, my Lord *Rochester* was loose from all Discipline of that kind. He found no body of Quality or a Severity so much above himself, to challenge a Deference, or to check the ordinary Licences of Youth, and impose on him the Obligation to copy over again, what on any Occasion had not been so excellently design'd.

Nor did he live long enough for Maturity and cool Reflexions. He was born (as in his Life Dr. *Burnet* tells us) in 1648, and died 1680. At which Age of thirty two Years, *Horace* had done no Wonders, nor had attain'd to that *Curiosa Fœlicitas*, which so fairly distinguish'd him afterwards.

Neither had *Virgil* himself, at that Age, ventur'd out of the Woods, or attempted any thing beyond the *Roundelays* and Conversation of *Damon* and *Amaryllis*.

Nor indeed, when my Lord came to appear in the World, was *Poetry* at Court under any good Aspect, unless it was notably flourish'd with Ribaldry and Debauch; which could not but prove of fatal Consequence, to a Wit of his Gentleness and Complaisance.

Far be it from me to insinuate any thing like a Comparison with the Ancients. Only we may observe, that no Stile or Turn of Thought came in his way, that he was not ready to improve. Something of *Ovid* he render'd into *English*, which is almost a Verbal Translation that matches the Original. He has Paraphras'd something of *Lucretius*

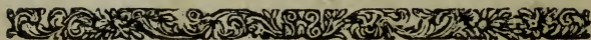
to the R E A D E R.

cretius and *Seneca*; and in his Verses
* *the Cup* he gives us *Anacreon* with the * P. 27.
same Air and Gaiety: What is added,
falls in so proper and so easy, one might question
whether my Lord *Rocheſter* imitates *Anacreon*, or
Anacreon humours my Lord *Rocheſter*

The *Satyr upon Man* is commonly taken to be
a Translation from *Boileau*. The *French* ordina-
rily compar'd their *Ronsards* and their *Malherbes*
with *Virgil* and *Horace*: *Boileau* understands bet-
ter. He has gone fartheſt to purge out the Chaff
and Trifling ſo familiar in the *French* Poetry, and
to ſettle a Traffick of good Senſe amongſt them.
It may not be amiſs to ſee ſome Lines of *Boileau*
and of my Lord *Rocheſter* together, on the ſame
Subject.



The P R E F A C E.



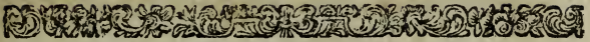
A Monsieur M ———

Docteur de S O R B.

DE tous les Animaux qui s'elevent dans l'air,
Qui marchent sur la Terre, ou nagent dans la mer,
De Paris ou Perou, du Japon jusqu' à Rome,
Le plus sot animal, à mon avis, c'est l' Homme.
Quoi ? dira-t-on d'abord, un ver, une fourmi,
Un insecte rampant qui ne vit qu' à demi,
Un taureau qui rumine, une chevre qui broute,
Ont l'esprit mieux tourne que n'a l'homme oiii sans doute.
Ce discours te surprend, Docteur, je l'apperçoi :
L'Homme de la Nature est le Chef & le Roy :
Bois, prez, champs, animaux, tout est pour son usage ;
Et lui seul a, dis-tu, la raison en partage.
Il est vrai, de tout temps la raison fut son lot !
Mais delà je conclus que l' Homme est plus Sot.



to the *R E A D E R*.



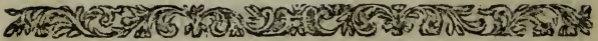
In ENGLISH: By Mr. OLDHAM.

OF all the Creatures in the World that be,
Beast, Fish or Fowl, that go, or swim, or fly,
Throughout the Globe, from London to Japan,
The arrant'st Fool in my Opinion's Man.
What (straight I'm taken up) an Ant, a Fly,
A tiny Mite which we can hardly see
Without a Perspective, a silly Ass,
Or freakish Ape? dare you affirm that these
Have greater Sense than Man? Ay, questionless.
Doctor, I find you're shock'd at this Discourse ;
Man is, you cry, Lord of the Universe ;
For him was this fair Frame of Nature made,
And all the Creatures for his Use and Aid ;
To him alone, of all the Living Kind,
Has bounteous Heav'n the reas'ning Gift assign'd.
True, Sir, that Reason always was his Lot ;
But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.

}



The P R E F A C E.



By my Lord *ROCHESTER*, thus.

*WERE I (who to my Cost already am,
One of those strange prodigious Creatures, Man)
A Spirit free; to choose for my own share;
What sort of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear;
Or any thing but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being Rational.*

It might vex a patient Reader, should I go about very minutely to shew the Difference here betwixt these two Authors; 'tis sufficient to set them together. My Lord *Rochester* gives us another Cast of Thought, another Turn of Expression, a Strength, a Spirit, and Manly Vigour, which the *French* are utter Strangers to. Whatever Giant *Boileau* may be in his own Country, he seems little more than a Man of Straw with my Lord *Rochester*.

What the former had expounded in a long-winded Circumference of Fourteen Lines, is here most happily express'd within half the Compass. What work might that single Couplet [*A Spirit free, &c.*] make for one that loves to dilate! Some able Commentator would hammer out of it all *Plato*, *Origen*, and *Virgil* too into the Bargain.

Where-

to the R E A D E R.

Wheresoever he Imitated or Translated, was loss to him: He had a Treasure of his own; a Mine not to be exhausted. His own Ore and Thoughts were rich and fine: His own Stamp and Expression more neat and beautiful than any he could borrow or fetch from abroad.

No Imitation could bound or prescribe whither his Flight should carry him: Were the Subject light, you find him a Philosopher, grave and profound, to Wonder: Were the Subject lumpish and heavy, then would his Mercury dissolve all into Gaiety and Diversion. You would take his *Monkey* for a Man of *Metaphysics* and his * *Gondibert* he sends with all that * P. 66. Grimace to *demolish Windows*, or do some like *Important Mischief*.

But, after all, what must be done for the Fair Sex? They confess a delicious Garden, but are told that *Venus* has her share in the Ornamental Part and Imagery. They are afraid of some *Cupid* that levels at the next tender Dame that stands fair in the way; and must not expect a *Diana* or *Hippolitus* on every Pedestal.

For this matter the *Publisher* assures us, he has been diligent out of measure, and has taken exceeding Care that every Block of Offence should be remov'd.

So that this Book is a Collection of such Pieces only, as may be receiv'd in a virtuous Court, and not unbecome the Cabinet of the severest Matron.



A

PASTORAL

In Imitation of the

GREEK of MOSCHUS;

Bewailing the DEATH of the

EARL of ROCHESTER.

By Mr. OLDHAM.



*Mourn, all ye Groves, in darker Shades be seen;
Let Groans be heard where gentle Winds have
been:*

*Ye Albion Rivers, weep your Fountains dry,
And all ye Plants, your Moisture spend, and die:*

*Ye melancholy Flow'rs, which once were Men,
Lament, until you be transform'd again;
Let every Rose pale as the Lily be,
And Winter Frost seize the Anemone:*

But

A PASTORAL on the Death, &c.

*But thou O Hyacinth, more vig'rous grow,
In mournful Letters thy sad Glory show,
Enlarge thy Grief, and flourish in thy Woe:
For Bion, the beloved Bion's dead.*

His Voice is gone, his tuneful Breath is fled.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Mourn, ye sweet Nightingales, in the thick Woods,

Tell the sad News to all the British Floods:

See it to Isis and to Cham convey'd,

To Thames, to Humber, and to utmost Tweed:

And bid them waft the bitter Tidings on,

How Bion's dead, how the lov'd Swain is gone,

And with him all the Arts of graceful Song.

Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,

With never-fading Garlands, never dying Verse.

Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks and Springs,

Pine with sad Grief, and droop your sickly Wings:

In doleful Notes the heavy Loss bewail,

Such as you sing at your own Funerat,

Such as you sung when your lov'd Orpheus fell.

Tell it to all the Rivers, Hills and Plains,

Tell it to all the British Nymphs and Swains,

And bid them too the dismal Tidings spread

Of Bion's Fate, of England's Orpheus dead.

Come,

A PASTORAL on the Death

Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

*No more, alas! no more that lovely Swain
Charms with his tuneful Pipe the wond'ring Plain:
Ceas'd are those Lays, ceas'd are those sprightly Airs,
That woo'd our Souls into our ravish'd Ears :
For which the list'ning Streams forgot to run,
And Trees lean'd their attentive Branches down:
While the glad Hills, loth the sweet Sounds to lose,
Lengthen'd in Echoes ev'ry heav'nly Close.
Down to the melancholy Shades he's gone,
And there to Lethe's Banks reports his Moan :
Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now,
But pensivè Herds that for their Master lowe :
Straggl'ing and comfortless about they rove,
Unmindful of their Pasture, and their Love.*

Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

*For thee, dear Swain, for thee his much-lov'd Son,
Does Phœbus Clouds of Mourning Black put on :
For thee the Fairies grieve, and cease to dance
In sportful Rings by Night upon the Plains :
The Water-Nymphs alike thy Absence mourn,
And all their Springs to Tears and Sorrow turn ;
Sad Echo too does in deep Silence moan,
Since thou art mute, since thou art speechless grown*

of the Earl of ROCHESTER.

*She finds nought worth her Pains to imitate,
Now thy sweet Breath's stopt by untimely Fate :
Trees drop their Leaves to dress thy Funeral,
And all their Fruit before its Autumn fall :
Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd Head,
And scorns to thrive, or live, now thou art dead :
Their bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill :
The painful Bees neglect their wonted Toil :
Alas ! what boots it now their Hives to store
With the rich Spoils of ev'ry plunder'd Flow'r,
When thou, that wert all Sweetness, art no more ?*

Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

*Ne'er did the Dolphins, on the lonely Shore,
In such loud Plaints utter their Grief before :
Never in such sad Notes did Philomel
To the relenting Rocks her Sorrow tell :
Ne'er on the Beech did poor Alcyone
So weep, when she her floating Lover saw :
Nor that dead Lover, to a Sea-fowl turn'd,
Upon those Waves, where he was drown'd, so mourn'd.
Nor did the Bird of Memnon with such Grief
Bedew those Ashes, which late gave him Life :
As they did now with vying Grief bewail,
As they did all lament dear Bion's Fall.*

Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

A PASTORAL on the Death

*In ev'ry Wood, on ev'ry Tree and Bush,
The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale, and Thrush,
And all the feather'd Choir, that us'd to throng,
In list'ning Flocks, to learn his well-tun'd Song;
Now each in the sad Consort bear a Part,
And with kind Notes repay their Teacher's Art :
Ye Turtles too (I charge you) here assist,
Let not your Murmurs in the Croud be mist :
To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,
That taught you how to sing, and how to love.*

**Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.**

*Whom hast thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,
That dares aspire to reach thy matchless Strain ?
Who is there after thee, that dares pretend
Rashly to take thy warbling Pipe in Hand ?
Thy Notes remain yet fresh in ev'ry Ear,
And give us all Delight, and all Despair :
Pleas'd Echo still does on them meditate,
And to the whistling Reeds their Sounds repeat.
Pan only e'er can equal thee in Song,
That Task does only to great Pan belong :
But Pan himself perhaps will fear to try,
Will fear perhaps to be out-done by thee.*

**Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never dying Verse.**

of the Earl of ROCHESTER.

*Fair Galatea too laments thy Death,
Laments the ceasing of thy tuneful Breath :
Of! she, kind Nymph, resorted heretofore
To hear thy artful Measures from the Shore :
Nor harsh like the rude Cyclops were thy Lays,
Whose grating Sounds did her soft Ears displease :
Such was the Force of thy enchanting Tongue,
That she for ever could have heard thy Song,
And chid the Hours that do so swiftly run,
And thought the Sun too hasty to go down.
Now does that lovely Nereid for thy sake
The Sea, and all her Fellow-Nymphs forsake.
Pensive upon the Beech, she sits alone,
And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'rt gone.
Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

*With thee, sweet Bion, all the Grace of Song,
And all the Muses boasted Art is gone :
Mute is thy Voice, which could all Hearts command,
Whose Pow'r no Shepherdes could e'er withstand :
All the soft weeping Loves about thee moan
At once their Mother's Darling, and their own :
Dearer wast thou to Venus than her Loves,
Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful Doves,
Than the last gasping Kisses, which in Death
Adonis gave, and with them gave his Breath.*

A PASTORAL on the Death

*This Thames, ah! this is now the second Loss,
For which in Tears thy weeping Current flows:
Spencer, the Muses Glory went before,
He pass'd long since to the Elyfian Shore:
For him (they say) for him thy dear-lov'd Son,
Thy Waves did long in sobbing Murmurs groan,
Long fill'd the Sea with their Complaint and Moan:
But now, alas! thou dost afresh bewail,
Another Son does now thy Sorrow call:
To part with either thou alike wast loth;
Both dear to thee, dear to the Fountains both:
He largely drank the Rills of sacred Cham,
And this no less of Isis nobler Stream:
He sung of Heroes, and of hardy Knights,
Far-fam'd in Battels, and renown'd Exploits:
This meddled not with bloody Fights, and Wars;
Pan was his Song, and Shepherds harmless Farts,
Love's peaceful Combats, and its gentle Cares.
Love ever was the Subject of his Lays,
And his soft Lays did Venus ever please.*

Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

*Thou, sacred Bion, art lamented more
Than all our tuneful Bards, that dy'd before:
Old Chaucer, who first taught the Use of Verse,
No longer has the Tribute of our Tears:*

of the Earl of ROCHESTER.

Milton, whose Muse with such a daring Flight,
Led out the warring Seraphims to fight :
Bless'd Cowley too, who on the Banks of Cham
So sweetly sigh'd his Wrongs, and told his Flame :
And He, whose Song, rais'd Cooper's Hill so high,
As made its Glory with Parnassus vie :
And soft Orinda, whose bright shining Name
Stands next great Sappho's in the Ranks of Fame :
All now unwept, and unrelented pass,
And in our Grief no longer share a Place:
Bion alone does all our Tears engross,
Our Tears are all too few for Bion's Loss.

Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Thee all the Herdsmen mourn in gentlest Lays,
And rival one another in thy Praise :
In spreading Letters they engrave thy Name
On ev'ry Bark, that's worthy of the same :
Thy Name is warbled forth by ev'ry Tongue,
Thy Name the Burthen of each Shepherd's Song :
Waller, the sweet'st of living Bards, prepares
For thee his tendrest, and his mournfull'st Airs ;
And I, the meanest of the British Swains,
Amongst the rest offer these humble Strains :
If I am reckon'd not unblest'd in Song,
'Tis what I owe to thy all-teaching Tongue :

A PASTORAL on the Death

*Some of thy Art, some of thy tuneful Breath,
Thou didst by Will to worthless me bequeath :
Others thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,
To me thou didst thy Pipe and Skill vouchsafe.*

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

*Alas! by what ill Fate, to Man unkind,
Were we to so severe a Lot design'd ?
The meanest Flowers which the Gardens yield,
The vilest Weeds that flourish in the Field,
Which must ere long lie dead in Winter's Snow,
Shall spring again, again more vig'rous grow :
Yon Sun, and this bright Glory of the Day,
Which Night is hasting now to snatch away,
Shall rise anew more shining and more gay :
But wretched we must harder measure find,
The great'st, the brav'st, the wittiest of Mankind,
When Death has once put out their Light, in vain
Ever expect the Dawn of Life again :
In the dark Grave insensible they lie,
And there sleep out endless Eternity.
There thou to Silence ever art confin'd,
While less deserving Swains are left behind :
So please the Fates to deal with us below,
They cull out thee, and let dull Mævius go :
Mævius lives still; still let him live for me,
He and his Pipe shall ne'er my Envy be :*

of the Earl of ROCHESTER.

*None e'er that heard thy sweet, thy artful Tongue,
Will grate their Ears with his rough untun'd Song.*

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

*A fierce Disease, sent by ungentle Death,
Snatch'd Bion hence, and stopp'd his hallow'd Breath :
A fatal Damp put out that heav'nly Fire,
That sacred Heat which did his Breast inspire ;
Ah ! what malignant Ill could boast that Pow'r,
Which his sweet Voice's Magick could not cure ?
Ah, cruel Fate ! how cou'd'st thou choose but spare ?
How cou'd'st thou exercise thy Rigour here ?
Would thou hadst thrown thy Dart at worthless me,
And let his dear, his valued Life go free :
Better ten thousand meaner Swains had dy'd,
Than this best Work of Nature been destroy'd.*

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

*Ah ! would kind Death alike had sent me hence ;
But Grief shall do the Work, and save its Pains ;
Grief shall accomplish my desired Doom,
And soon dispatch me to Elysium :
There, Bion, would I be, there gladly know,
How with thy Voice thou charm'st the Shades below.
Sing, Shepherd, sing one of thy Strains divine,
Such as may melt the fierce Elysian Queen :*

A PASTORAL on the Death, &c.

*She once her self was pleas'd with tuneful Strains,
And sung and danc'd on the Sicilian Plains:*

*Fear not thy Song should unsuccessful prove,
Fear not but 'twill the pitying Goddess move:*

*She once was won by Orpheus heav'nly Lays,
And gave his fair Eurydice Release.*

*And thine as pow'rful (question not, dear Swain)
Shall bring thee back to these glad Hills again.*

Ev'n I my self, did I at all excel,

Would try the utmost of my Voice and Skill,

Would try to move the rigid King of Hell.



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A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

STREPHON and *DAPHNE*.

STREPHON.

Rithee now, fond Fool, give o'er;
Since my Heart is gone before,
To what purpose should I stay;
Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd Swain, I knew the Time
When Dissembling was your Crime.
In Pity now employ that Art
Which first betray'd, to ease my Heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with Pleasure feign:
Men dissemble still with Pain.

B

What

2 POEMS on several Occasions.

What Advantage will it prove,
If I lye, who cannot love:

D A P H N E.

Tell me then the Reason, why
Love from Hearts in Love does fly?
Why the Bird will build a Nest
Where he ne'er intends to rest?

S T R E P H O N

Love, like other little Boys,
Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys:
Which when gain'd, in Childish Play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

D A P H N E.

Still on Wing, or on his Knees,
Love does nothing by degrees:
Basely flying when most priz'd,
Meanly fawning when despis'd.
Flatt'ring or insulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his Joys are fleeting Dreams,
All his Woes severe Extremes.

S T R E P H O N.

Nymph unjustly you inveigh;
Love, like us, must Fate obey:
Since 'tis Nature's Law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.
See the Heav'ns in Lightnings break,
Next in Storms of Thunder speak;

'Till a kind Rain from above
 Makes a Calm, — so 'tis in Love.
 Flames begin our first Address,
 Like meeting Thunder we embrace:
 Then you know the Showr's that fall
 Quench the Fire, and quiet all.

D A P H N E.

How should I 'the Show'rs forget;
 'Twas so pleasant to be wet?
 They kill'd Love, I knew it well,
 I dy'd all the while they fell.
 Say at least what Nymph it is,
 Robs my Breast of so much Blifs?
 If she is Fair, I shall be eas'd,
 Thro' my Ruin you'll be pleas'd.

S T R E P H O N.

Daphne never was so Fair:
Strephon, scarcely, so sincere.
 Gentle, Innocent, and Free,
 Ever pleas'd with only me.
 Many Charms my Heart enthral,
 But there's one above 'em all:
 With Aversion she does fly
 Tedious, Trading, Constancy.

D A P H N E.

Cruel Shepherd! I submit;
 Do what Love and you think fit:

4 POEMS on several Occasions.

Change is Fate, and not Design:
Say you would have still been mine.

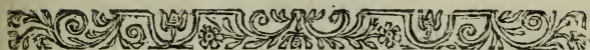
S T R E P H O N.

Nymph, I cannot: 'Tis too true,
Change has greater Charms than you:
Be, by my Example, wise;
Faith to Pleasure sacrifice.

D A P H N E.

Silly *Swain*, I'll have you know,
'Twas my Practice long ago:
Whilst you vainly thought me true,
I was false, in Scorn of you.
By my Tears, my Heart's Disguise,
I thy Love and thee despise.
Womankind more Joy discovers
Making Fools, than keeping Lovers.





A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS and STREPHON.

Written at the Bath in the Year 1674.

ALEXIS.

THERE fights not on the Plain
So lost a Swain as I;
Scorch'd up with Love, frozen with Disdain,
Of killing Sweetness I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis *Corinna*, die.
Since first my dazzled Eyes were thrown
On that bewitching Face,
Like ruin'd Birds robb'd of their Young,
Lamenting, frighted, and undone,
I fly from Place to Place.
Fram'd by some cruel Pow'rs above,
So Nice she is, and Fair;
None from Undoing can remove
Since all, who are not blind, must love;
Who are not vain, despair.

6 POEMS on several Occasions.

ALEXIS.

The Gods no sooner give Grace,
But, fond of their own Art,
Severely Jealous, ever place,
To guard the Glories of a Face,
A Dragon in the Heart.
Proud and Ill-natur'd Pow'rs they are,
Who, peevish to Mankind,
For their own Honour's sake, with care
Make a sweet Form divinely fair:
Then add a cruel Mind.

STREPHON.

Since she's insensible of Love,
By Honour taught to hate;
If we, forc'd by Decrees above,
Must sensible to Beauty prove,
How Tyrannous is Fate?
I to the Nymph have never nam'd
The Cause of all my Pain.

ALEXIS.

Such Bashfulness may well be blam'd;
For since to Serve we're not ashamed,
Why should she blush to Reign?

STREPHON.

But if her haughty Heart despise
My humble proffer'd one;
The just Compassion she denies,
I may obtain from others Eyes;
Hers are not fair alone.

Devouring Flames require new Food;
 My Heart's consum'd almost :
 New Fires must kindle in her Blood,
 Or mine go out, and that's as good.

ALEXIS.

Wou'dst live when Love is lost?
 Be dead before thy Passion dies;
 For if thou shou'dst survive,
 What Anguish would thy Heart surprize,
 To see her Flames begin to rise,
 And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather what Pleasure should I meet
 In my triumphant Scorn,
 To see my Tyrant at my Feet;
 While taught by her, unmov'd I sit
 A Tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle Shepherd! cease, for shame;
 Which way can you pretend
 To merit so Divine a Flame,
 Who to dull Life make a mean Claim,
 When Love is at an End?
 As Trees are by their Bark embrac'd,
 Love to my Soul doth cling;
 When torn by the Herd's greedy Taste,
 The injur'd Plants feel they're defac'd,
 They wither in the Spring.

8 POEMS *on several Occasions*

My rified Love would soon retire,
Dissolving into Air,
Shou'd I that Nymph cease to admire,
Bless'd in whose Arms I will expire,
Or at her Feet despair.

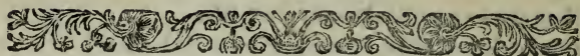


The *A D V I C E*,

ALL Things submit themselves to your Command,
Fair *Calia* when it does not Love withstand:
The Pow'r it borrows from your Eyes alone;
All but the God must yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, such are the Charms you have,
He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave:
Be proud to act a Mortal Heroe's Part.
And throw himself for Fame on his own Dart.
But Fate has otherwise dispos'd of things,
In diff'rent Bands subjected Slaves, and Kings:
Fetter'd in Forms of Royal State are they,
While we enjoy the Freedom to obey.
That Fate like you resistless does ordain
To Love, that over Beauty he shall Reign.
By Harmony the Universe does move,
And what is Harmony but mutual Love?
Who would resist an Empire so Divine,
Which Universal Nature does injoin?

See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
 Kissing the rugged Banks on either side.
 While in their Crystal Streams at once they show,
 And with them feed the Flow'rs which they bestow:
 Tho' rudely throng'd by a too near Embrace,
 In gentle Murmurs they keep on their Pace
 To the lov'd Sea; for Streams have their Desires;
 Cool as they are, they feel Love's pow'ful Fires;
 And with such Passion, that if any Force
 Stop or molest them in their am'rous Course;
 They swell, break down with Rage, and ravage o'er
 The Banks they kiss'd, and Flow'rs they fed before:
 Submit then, *Celia*, ere you be reduc'd;
 For Rebels vanquish'd once, are vilely us'd.
 Beauty's no more but the dead Soil, which Love
 Manures, and does by wise Commerce improve:
 Sailing by Sighs, through Seas of Tears, he sends
 Courtships from foreign Hearts, for your own Ends:
 Cherish the Trade, for as with *Indians* we
 Get Gold, and Jewels, for our Trumpery:
 So to each other, for their useles Toys,
 Lovers afford whole Magazines of Joys.
 But if you're fond of Baubles, be, and starve;
 Your Guagaw Reputation still preserve:
 Live upon Modesty and empty Fame,
 Foregoing Sense for a fantastick Name.

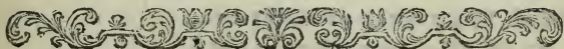




The DISCOVERY.

C*Ælia*, that faithful Servant you difown,
 Would in Obedience keep his Love his own :
 But bright Ideas, ſuch as you inſpire,
 We can no more conceal, than not admire.
 My Heart at home in my own Breſt did dwell,
 Like humble Hermit in a peaceful Cell:
 Unknown and undiſturb'd it reſted there,
 Stranger alike to Hope and to Deſpair.
 Now Love with a tumultuous Train invades
 The ſacred Quiet of thoſe hallow'd Shades :
 His fatal Flames ſhine out to every Eye,
 Like blazing Comets in a Winter Sky.
 How can my Paſſion merit your Offence,
 That challenges ſo little Recompence?
 For I am one, born only to admire;
 Too humble e'er to hope, ſcarce to deſire.
 A Thing, whoſe Blifs depends upon your Will;
 Who would be proud you'd deign to uſe him ill.
 Then give me leave to glory in my Chain,
 My fruitleſs Sighs, and my unpity'd Pain.)
 Let me but ever love, and ever be
 Th' Example of your Pow'r and Cruelty.
 Since ſo much Scorn does in your Breſt reſide,
 Be more indulgent to its Mother Pride.

Kill all you strike, and trample on their Graves;
 But own the Fates of your neglected Slaves:
 When in the Crowd yours undistinguish'd lies,
 You give away the Triumph of your Eyes.
 Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find
 More Mercy, than your Anger has design'd:
 But Love has carefully design'd for me,
 The last Perfection of Misery.
 For to my State the Hopes of common Peace,
 Which ev'ry Wretch enjoys in Death, must cease:
 My worst of Fates attend me in my Grave,
 Since, dying, I must be no more your Slave.



W O M A N ' s H O N O U R .

A S O N G .

I.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd;
Phyllis continu'd still unkind:
 Then you may e'en despair, he said;
 In vain I strive to change her Mind.

II.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart;
 Durst he but venture once abroad,
 In my own Right I'd take your Part;
 And shew my self a mightier God.

III. This

III.

This huffing *Honour* domineers
 In Breasts, where he alone has place:
 But if true gen'rous *Love* appears,
 The Hector dares not shew his Face.

IV.

Let me still languish and complain,
 Be most inhumanly deny'd:
 I have some Pleasure in my Pain,
 She can have none with all her Pride.

V.

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,
 She lives a Wretch for *Honour's* sake;
 Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,
 The Diff'rence is not hard to make.

VI.

Consider *Real Honour* then,
 You'll find *Hers* cannot be the same;
 'Tis noble Confidence in Men,
 In Women mean mistrustful Shame.





GRECIAN KINDNESS.

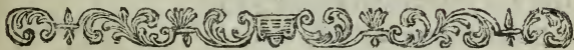
A S O N G.

I.

THE utmost Grace the *Greeks* could shew,
When to the *Trojans* they grew kind,
Was with their Arms to let 'em go,
And leave their lingring Wives behind,
They beat the Men, and burnt the Town,
Then all the Baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind Deity of Wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton God of Love;
This clapp'd his Wings, that press'd his Vine;
And their best Powers united move.
While each brave *Greek* embrac'd his Punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.



The MISTRESS.

A S O N G.

I.

AN Age, in her Embraces past,
Would seem a Winter's Day;
Where Life and Light, with envious haste,
Are torn and snatch'd away.

II. But

14 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

II.

But, oh! how slowly Minutes roul,
When absent from her Eyes;
That fed my Love, which is my Soul,
It languishes and dies.

III.

For then no more a Soul but Shade;
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my Breast, by Absence made
The living Tomb of Love.

IV,

You wiser Men despise me not;
Whose Love-sick Fancy raves,
On Shades of Souls, and Heav'n knows what;
Short Ages live in Graves.

V.

Whene'er those wounding Eyes, so full
Of Sweetness you did see;
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me,

VI.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we disagree.

VII.

Alas! 'tis sacred Jealousie,
Love rais'd to an Extreme;

The only Proof 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantastick Fancies fondly move;
And in frail Joys believe:
Taking false Pleasures for true Love;
But Pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind jealous Doubts, tormenting Fears,
And anxious Cares, when past,
Prove our Heart's Treasure fix'd and dear,
And make us blest'd at last.



A S O N G.

I.

ABSENT from thee I languish still;
Then ask me not, When I return?
The straying Fool 'twill plainly kill,
To wish all Day, all Night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine Arms then let me flie,
That my fantastick Mind may prove
The Torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fix'd Heart from my Love.

III.

When weary'd with a World of Woe
To thy safe Bosom I retire,

Where

16 POEMS on several Occasions:

Where Love, and Peace, and Truth does flow,
May I contended there expire.

IV.

Left once more wand'ring from that Heav'n,
I fall on some base Heart unblest;
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting Rest.



TO CORINNA.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT cruel Pains *Corinna* takes,
To force that harmless Frown:
When not one Charm her Face forsakes,
Love cannot lose his own.

II.

So sweet a Face, so soft a Heart,
Such Eyes so very kind,
Betray, alas! the silly Art
Virtue had ill design'd.

III.

Poor feeble Tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Against kind nature to maintain
Affected Rules of Honour.

IV.

The Scorn she bears so helpless proves,
 When I plead passion to her,
 That much she fears, (but more she loves,)
 Her Vassal should undo her.



A S O N G

Of a Young L A D Y.

To her Ancient Lover.

I.

ANCIENT Person, for whom I
 All the flatt'ring Youth desic;
 Long be it ere thou grow Old,
 Aking, shaking, crasis, cold.
 But still continue as thou art,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

II.

On thy wither'd Lips and dry,
 Which like barren Furrows lie,
 Brooding Kisses I will pour
 Shall thy youthful Heat restore.
 Such kind Show'rs in Autumn fall,
 And a second Spring recall:

18 POEMS on several Occasions.

Nor from thee will ever part,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

III.

Thy Nobler Parts, which but to name,
In our Sex would be counted Shame,
By Age's frozen Grasp possess'd,
From their Ice shall be releas'd:
And, sooth'd by my reviving Hand,
In former Warmth and Vigour stand.
All a Lover's Wish can reach,
For thy Joy my Love shall teach,
And for thy Pleasure shall improve
All that Art can add to Love.
Yet still I love thee without Art }
Ancient Person of my Heart.



A S O N G.

I.

P*Hyllis*, be gentler, I advise;
Make up for Time mis-spent,
Which Beauty on its Death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

II.

Such is the Malice of your Fate,
That makes you old so soon;
Your Pleasure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III. Think

III.

Think what a wretched Thing is she,
Whose Stars contrive, in spight,
The Morning of her Love should be,
Her fading Beauty's Night.

V.

Then if, to make your Ruin more,
You'll peevishly be coy,
Die with the Scandal of a Whore,
And never know the Joy.



T O A

LADY, in a LETTER.

I.

SUCH perfect Blifs, fair *Chloris*, we
In our Enjoyment prove:
'Tis Pity restless Jealoufie
Should mingle with our Love:

II.

Let us, since Wit has taught us how,
Raife Pleasure to the Top:
You Rival Bottle must allow,
I'll suffer Rival Fop.

III. Think

III.

Think not in this that I design
 A Treason 'gainst Love's Charms,
 When following the God of Wine,
 I leave my *Chloris*' Arms.

IV.

Since you have that, for all your haste,
 At which I'll ne'er repine,
 Its Pleasure can repeat as fast,
 As I the Joys of Wine.

V.

There's not a brisk insipid Spark,
 That flutters in the Town;
 But with your wanton Eyes you mark
 Him out to be your own.

VI.

Nor do you think it worth your Care,
 How empty, and how dull,
 The Heads of your Admirers are,
 So that their Veins are full.

VII.

All this you freely may confess,
 Yet we ne'er disagree:
 For did you love your Pleasure less,
 You were no Match for me.





The F A L L.

A S O N G.

HOW bless'd was the Created State
Of Man and Woman, ere they fell!
Compar'd to our unhappy Fate,
We need not fear another Hell!

II.

Naked, beneath cool Shades, they lay,
Enjoyment waited on Desire:
Each Member did their Wills obey,
Nor could a Wish set pleasure higher.

III.

But we, poor Slaves to Hope and Fear,
Are never of our Joys secure:
They lessen still as they draw near,
And none but dull Delights endure.

IV.

Then, *Chloris*, while I Duty pay,
The Nobler Tribute of my Heart,
Be not you so severe to say,
You love me for a frailer Part.





LOVE and LIFE.

A SONG.

I.

ALL my past Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone:
Like Transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose Images are kept in store
By Memory alone.

II.

The Time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present Moment's all my Lot;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phyllis, is only thine.

III.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
False Hearts, and broken Vows;
If I, by Miraele, can be
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.





A S O N G.

I.

WHILE on those lovely Looks I gaze,
To see a Wretch pursuing,
In Raptures of a blest'd Amaze,
His pleasing happy Ruin;
'Tis not for Pity that I move;
His Fate is too aspiring,
Whose Heart, broke with a Load of Love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

II.

But if this Murder you'd forego,
Your Slave from Death removing;
Let me your Art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of Loving:
But whether Life, or Death, betide,
In Love 'tis equal Measure:
The Victor lives with empty Pride;
The Vanquish'd die with Pleasure.



A S O N G.

I.

LOVE a Woman! you're an Ass,
'Tis a most insipid Passion;

To

24 POEMS on several Occasions.

To choose out for your Happiness,
The filliest Part of God's Creation.

II.

Let the Porter, and the Groom,
Things design'd for dirty Slaves;
Drudge in Fair *Aurelia's* Womb,
To get Supplies for Age and Graves.

III.

Farewel, Woman, I intend,
Henceforth, ev'ry Night to sit
With my lewd well-natur'd Friend,
Drinking to engender Wit.



A S O N G.

I.

TO this Moment a Rebel, I throw down my Arms,
Great *Love*, at first Sight of *Olinda's* bright Charms:
Made proud, and secure, by such Forces as these,
You may now play the Tyrant as soon as you please.

II.

When Innocence, Beauty, and Wit do conspire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my Desire;
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid.
And let pleasing Hope by base Fear be destroy'd?

III. Her

III,

Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her Beauty's inclin'd, or why should it pursue me?
And Wit has to Pleasure been ever a Friend;
Then what room for Despair, since Delight is *Love's* End?

IV.

There can be no Danger in Sweetness and Youth,
Where Love is secur'd by Good-nature and Truth.
On her Beauty I'll gaze, and of Pleasure complain;
While ev'ry kind Look adds a Link to my Chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize;
But her Wit leads in triumph the Slave of her Eyes:
I beheld, with the Loss of my Freedom before,
But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

VI.

Too bright is my Goddess, her Temple too weak:
Retire, Divine Image! I feel my Heart break.
Help, *Love*, I dissolve in a Rapture of Charms;
At the Thought of those Joys I should meet in her Arms.





Upon his leaving his.

M I S T R E S S.

I.

TIS not that I'm weary grown
 Of being yours, and yours alone:
 But with what Face can I incline,
 To damn you to be only mine?
 You, whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion,
 By Merit, and by Inclination,
 The Joy at least of a whole Nation,

II.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex,
 With humble Aims their Thoughts perplex:
 And boast, if, by their Arts, they can
 Contrive to make one happy Man.
 While, mov'd by an impartial Sense,
 Favours, like Nature, you dispense,
 With universal Influence.

III.

See the kind Seed-receiving Earth,
 To ev'ry Grain affords a Birth:
 On her no Show'rs unwelcome fall,
 Her willing Womb retains 'em all.

And

And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?
 No, live up to thy mighty Mind;
 And be the Mistress of Mankind.

}
 }
 }



U P O N

Drinking in a B O W L.

I.

Vulcan, contrive me such a Cup,
 As Nestor us'd of old:
 Shew all thy Skill to trim it up;
 Damask it round with Gold.

II.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with Sack
 Up to the swelling Brim,
 Vast Toasts, on the delicious Lake,
 Like Ships at Sea, my₁ swim.

III.

Engrave not Battel on his Cheek;
 With War I've nought to do;
 'm none of those that took *Mastrick*,
 Nor *Yarmouth* Leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
 Fix'd Stars, or Constellations:

For I am no Sir *Sidrophel*,
Nor none of his Relations.

V.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine;
Then add two lovely Boys;
Their Limbs in am'rous Folds intwine,
The Type of future Joys.

VI.

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are;
May Drink and Love still reign:
With Wine I wash away my Cares,
And then to Love again.



A S O N G.

I.

AS *Chloris* full of harmless Thoughts
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To pass the Time away.

II.

She blusht to be encounter'd so,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

III.

III.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,
In spight of her Disdain;
She found a Pulse in every Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

IV.

Ah, Youth! (said she) what Charms are these,
That conquer and surprize?
Ah! let me ——— for unless you please,
I have no power to rise.

V.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply:
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And give her Tongue the Lye.

VI.

Thus she who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train;
Was, in the lucky Minute, try'd,
And yielded to a Swain.



A S O N G.

I.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;

30 POEMS on several Occasions.

To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my Heart a Day:
But, alas! against my Will,
I must be your Captive still.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindness has resistless Charms,
All besides but weakly move;
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.
Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
And makes the Slaves grow pleas'd again.



The ANSWER.

I.

Nothing adds to your fond Fire
More than Scorn, and cold Disdain:
I to cherish your Desire,
Kindness us'd but 'twas in vain.

II.

You insisted on your Slave.
Humble Love you soon refus'd:

Hope

Hope not then a Power to have,
Which ingloriously you us'd.

III.

Think not, *Thyrsis*, I will e'er,
By my Love, my Empire lose:
You grow constant through Despair,
Love return'd you would abuse.

IV.

Though you still possess my Heart,
Scorn and Rigour I must feign:
Ah! forgive that only Art
Love has left your Love to gain.

V.

You that could my Heart subdue,
To new Conquests ne'er pretend:
Let the Example make me true,
And of a conquer'd Foe a Friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I should complain
Of your Empire, or my Chain,
Summon all the pow'rful Charms,
And kill the Rebel in your Arms.





A S O N G

T O C H L O R I S.

I.

F AIR *Chloris* in a Pig-fly lay,
 Her tender Herd lay by her:
 She slept, in murm'ring Gruntlings they,
 Complaining of the scorching Day,
 Her Slumbers thus inspire .

II.

She dreamt, while she with careful Pains
 Her snowy Arms employ'd,
 In Ivory Pails, to fill out Grains,
 One of her Love-convicted Swains,
 Thus hasting to her cry'd:

III.

Fly, Nymph, oh! fly, ere 'tis too late,
 A dear-lov'd Life to save:
 Rescue your Bosom Pig from Fate,
 Who now expires, hung in the Gate
 That leads to yonder Cave.

IV.

My self had try'd to set him free,
 Rather than brought the News :

But

But I am so abhor'd by thee,
That ev'n thy Darling's Life from me,
I know thou wou'dst refuse.

V.

Struck with the News, as quick she flies
As Blushes to her Face!
Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,
Nor Love, shot from her brighter Eyes,
Move half so swift a Pace.

VI.

This Plot, it seems, the lustful Slave
Had laid against her Honour:
Which not one God took care to save;
For he pursues her to the Cave,
And throws himself upon her.

VII.

Now pierced is her Virgin Zone,
She feels the Foe within it;
She hears a broken am'rous Groan,
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,
Just in the happy Minute.





C O N S T A N C Y.
A S O N G.

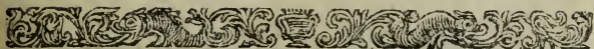
I.

I Cannot change, as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn:
 Since that poor Swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.
 No, *Phyllis*, no, your Heart to move
 A surer way I'll try:
 And to revenge my slighted Love,
 Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with Grief, *Amyntas* lies;
 And you to mind shall call,
 The Sighs that now unpity'd rise,
 The Tears that vainly fall:
 That welcome Hour that ends this Smart,
 Will then begin your Pain;
 For such a faithful tender Heart
 Can never break, can never break in vain.





A S O N G.

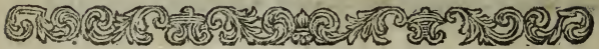
I.

MY dear Mistrefs has a Heart
Soft as those kind Looks she gave me;
When with Love's resistless Art,
And her Eyes she did enslave me.
But her Constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander;
That my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day asunder.

II.

Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleasures, wounding Blisses;
She can dress her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can warm with Kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder:
But my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day asunder.





A

L E T T E R

F R O M

ARTEMISA *in the Town,*

To CLOE *in the Country.*

CLOE, by your Command, in Verse I write:
 Shortly you'll bid me ride astride, and fight:
 Such Talents better with our Sex agree,
 Than lofty Flights of dang'rous Poetry.
 Among the Men, I mean the Men of Wit,
 (At least they pass'd for such before they writ)
 How many bold Advent'urers for the Bays,
 Proudly designing large Returns of Praise;
 Who durst that stormy, pathless World explore;
 Were soon dash'd back, and wreck'd on the dull Shore;
 Broke of that little Stock they had before. }
 How would a Woman's, tott'ring, Barque be tost,
 Where stoutest Ships (the Men of Wit) are lost?

When

When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise;
And my own self I gravely thus advise:

Dear *Artemisa*! Poetry's a Snare:
Bedlam has many Mansions; have a care;
Your Muse diverts you, makes the Reader sad:
You think your self inspir'd; he thinks you mad.
Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,
To make your self the Fiddle of the Town.
To find th'ill-humour'd Pleasure at their need:
Curs'd when you fail, and scorn when you succeed.
Thus, like an arrant Woman, as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd Writing's a Shame,
That *Whore* is scarce a more reproachful Name,
Than Poetess——

Like Men that Marry, or like Maids that Woo,
Because 'tis th'very worst thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the Contradiction, and the Sin,
Methinks I stand on thorns 'till I begin.

Y'expect to hear, at least, what Love has past
In this lewd Town, since you and I saw last;
What Change has happen'd of Intrigues, and whether
The old ones last, and who and who's together.
But how, my dearest *Cloe*, should I set
My Pen to write, what I would fain forget!
Or name that lost thing *Love*, without a Tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Customs here?

38 POEMS on several Occasions.

Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind;
 The softest Refuge Innocence can find:
 The safe Director of unguided Youth:
 Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth:
 That Cordial-drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down:
 On which one only Blessing God might raise,
 In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise:
 For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
 But felt a God, and bless'd his Pow'r in Love:
 This only Joy, for which poor we are made,
 Is grown, like Play, to be an arrant Trade:
 The Rooks creep in, and it has got, of late,
 As many little Cheats, and Tricks, as that.
 But, what yet more a Woman's Heart would vex,
 'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own Sex:
 Our silly Sex, who, born like Monarchs, free,
 Turn Gipsies for a meaner Liberty;
 And hate Restraint, tho' but by Infamy:
 That call whatever is not common Nice,
 And, deaf to Nature's Rule, or Love's Advice;
 Forsake the Pleasure to pursue the Vice.
 To an exact Perfection they have brought
 The Action Love; the Passion is forgot.
 'Tis below Wit, they tell you, to admire;
 And ev'n without approving they desire.
 Their private Wish obeys the publick Voice;
 'Twixt good and bad Whimsie decides, not Choice.

Fashions grow up for Taste, at Forms they strike;
 They know what they would have, not what they like.
 Bony's a Beauty, if some few agree
 To call him so, the rest to that degree
 Affected are, that with their Ears they see.

Where I was visiting the other Night,
 Comes a fine Lady, with her humble Knight,
 Who had prevail'd with her, through her own Skill,
 At his Request, though much against his Will,
 To come to *London* ———

As the Coach stoppt, I heard her Voice, more loud
 Than a Great-belly'd Woman's in a Croud;
 Telling the Knight that her Affairs require
 He, for some Hours, obsequiously retire.

I think she was asham'd he should be seen:
 Hard Fate of Husbands! the Gallant had been,
 Though a diseas'd, ill-favour'd Fool, brought in.
 Dispatch, says she, the Business you pretend,
 Your beastly Visit to your drunken Friend
 A Bottle ever makes you look so fine:
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of Wine:
 Your Country drinking Breath's enough to kill:
 Sour Ale corrected with a Lemon Pill.

Prithee, farewell: We'll meet again anon.
 The necessary Thing bows, and is gone.
 She flies up Stairs, and all the haste does show
 That Fifty Antick Postures will allow,

And

And then burst out ——— Dear Madam, am not I
 The strangest, alter'd, Creature: Let me die
 I find my self ridiculously grown,
 Embarrass't with my being out of Town:
 Rude and untaught, like any *Indian Queen*;
 My Country Nakedness is plainly seen.
 How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the State;
 And pray who are the Men most worn of late?
 When I was marry'd, Fools were a-la-mode;
 The Men of Wit were held then incommode.
 Slow of Belief, and fickle in Desire,
 Who, ere they'll be perswaded, must enquire;
 As if they came to spy, and not t'admire.
 With searching Wisdom, fatal to their Ease,
 They still find out why, what may, should not please:
 Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
 Make 'em think better of us than we are:
 And, if we hide our Frailties from their Sights,
 Call us deceitfull Jilts, and Hypocrities:
 They little guess, who at our Arts are griev'd,
 The perfect Joy of being well deceiv'd.
 Inquisitive, as jealous Cuckolds, grow;
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know,
 What being known, creates their certain Woe.
 Women should these, of all Mankind, avoid;
 For Wonder, by clear Knowledge, is destroy'd.
 Woman, who is an arrant Bird of Night,
 Bold in the Dusk, before a Fool's dull Sight,
 Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring Light.

But the kind easy Fool, apt to admire
Himself, trusts us, his Follies all conspire
To flatter his, and favour our Desire.
Vain of his proper Merit, he, with Ease,
Believe me love him best, who best can please:
On him our gross, dull, common Flatt'ries pass;
Ever most happy when most made an Ass:
Heavy to apprehend; though all Mankind
Perceive us false, the Fop, himself, is blind.
Who, doating on himself——
Thinks ev'ry one that sees him of his Mind.
These are true Womens Men — here, forc'd to cease
Through want of Breath, not Will, to hold her Peace;
She to the Window runs, where she had spy'd
Her much esteem'd, dear Friend, the Monkey ty'd:
With Forty Smiles, as many Antick Bows,
As if't had been the Lady of the House:
The dirty, chatt'ring Monster she embrac'd;
And made it this fine tender Speech at last.

Kiss me, thou curious Miniature of Man;
How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan:
Oh! I could live and die with thee: Then on,
For half an Hour, in Compliments she ran,
I took this time to think what Nature meant,
When this mixt thing into the World she sent,
So very Wise, yet so Impertinent.
One that knows ev'ry thing, that God thought fit,
Should be an Ass through Choice, not want of Wit.

Whose

42 POEMS on several Occasions.

Whose Foppery, without the help of Sense;
 Could ne'er have rose to such an Excellence.
 Nature's as lame in making a true Fop
 As a Philosopher, the very Top
 And Dignity of Folly, we attain
 By studious Search, and Labour of the Brain:
 By Observation, Counsel, and deep Thought:
 God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat.
 We owe that Name to Industry and Arts;
 An Eminent Fool must be a Fool of Parts.
 And such a one was she; who had turn'd o'er
 As many Books as Men; lov'd much, read more:
 Had a discerning Wit; to her was known
 Ev'ry one's Fault, or Merit, but her own:
 All the good Qualities that ever blest
 A Woman so distinguish'd from the rest,
 Except Discretion only, she possess. }
 But now *Mon Cher* dear Pug, she cries, adieu,
 And the Discourse, broke off, does thus renew:
 You smile to see me, who the World perchance
 Mistakes to have some Wit, so far advance
 The Interest of Fools, that I approve
 Their Merit more, than Men of Wit, in Love.
 But, in our Sex, too many Proofs there are
 Of such whom Wits undo, and Fools repair.
 This, in my Time, was so observ'd a Rule,
 Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool.

The meanest, common Slut, who long was grown
 The Jest, and Scorn, of ev'ry Pit-Buffoon;
 Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd
 Some Fop or other; fond to be thought lewd.
Foster could make an *Irish* Lord a *Nokes*;
 And *Betty Morris* had her City Cokes.
 A Woman's ne'er so ruin'd, but she can
 Be still reveng'd on her Undoer, Man:
 How lost soe'er, she'll find some Lover more
 A lewd abandon'd Fool than she a Whore.
 That wretched thing *Corinna*, who has run
 Through all the sev'ral ways of being undone:
 Cozen'd at first by Love, and living then
 By turning the too-dear-bought Cheat on Men:
 Gay were the Hours, and wing'd with Joy they flew,
 When first the Town her early Beauties knew:
 Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed;
 Youth in her Looks, and Pleasure in her Bed:
 'Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit
 To make her doat upon a Man of Wit:
 Who found 'twas dull to love above a Day,
 Made his ill-natur'd Jest, and went away.
 Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,
 She's a *Memento Mori* to the rest:
 Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a Crown
 Must mortgage her long Scarf, and Manto Gown;
 Poor Creature, who unheard of, as a Fly,
 In some dark Hole must all the Winter lie:

And

And Want, and Dirt, endure a whole half Year,
 That, for one Month, she tawdry may appear.
 In *Easter-Term* she gets her a new Gown;
 When my young Master's Worship comes to Town:
 From Pedagogue, and Mother, just set free;
 The Heir and Hopes of a great Family:
 Who with strong Beer, and Beef, the Country rules;
 And ever since the Conquest have been Fools:
 And now, with careful Prospect to maintain
 This Character, lest crossing of the Strain
 Should mend the Booby-breed; his Friends provide
 A Cousin of his own to be his Bride:
 And thus set out ———
 With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife:
 The solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life:
 Dunghill and Pease forfook, he comes to Town,
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone;
 Nothing suits worse with Vice than want of Sense:
 Fools are still wicked at their own Expence.
 This o'er-grown School-Boy lost *Corinna* wins;
 At the first Dash to make an Ass begins:
 Pretends to like a Man that has not known
 The Vanities or Vices of the Town:
 Fresh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
 Eager of Joys which he does seldom prove:
 Healthful and strong, he does no Pains endure,
 But what the Fair One he adores, can cure.

Grateful for Favours, does the Sex esteem,
 And libels none for being kind to him.
 Then of the Lewdness of the Town complains,
 Rails at the Wits, and Atheists, and maintains
 'Tis better than good Sense, than Pow'r, or Wealth,
 To have a Blood untainted, Youth, and Health.

The unbred Puppy, who had never seen
 A Creature look so gay, or talk so fine,
 Believes, then falls in Love, and then in Debt:
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient Seat,
 To buy his Mistress a new House for Life:
 To give her Plate, and Jewels, robs his Wife.
 And when to th' height of Fondness he is grown,
 'Tis time to poison him, and all's her own.

Thus, meeting in her common Arms his Fate,
 He leaves her Bastard-Heir to his Estate:
 And, as the Race of such an Owl deserves,
 His own dull, lawful Progeny he starves.

Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
 But does each Insect to some End ordain)
 Wisely provokes kind-keeping Fools, no doubt,
 To patch up Vices Men of Wit wear out.

Thus she ran on Two Hours, some Grains of Sense
 Still mixt with Follies of Impertinence.

But now 'tis time I should some pity show
 To *Cloe*, since I cannot choose but know,
Readers must reap what dullest Writers sow.

}
 By

46 POEMS on several Occasions.

By the next Post I will such Stories tell,
As, join'd to these, shall to a Volume swell;
As true as Heav'n, more infamous than Hell.
But you are tir'd, and so am I.

Farewel.



A N

Epistolary E S S A Y,

From M. G. to O. B.

Upon their mutual P O E M S.

Dear Friend,

I Hear this Town does so abound
With saucy Censurers, that Faults are found
With what, of late, we (in Poetick Rage)
Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age.
But (howfoe'er Envy their Spleens may raise,
To rob my Brows of the deserved Bays)
Their Thanks, at least, I merit; since through me
They are Partakers of your Poetry:
And this is all I'll say in my Defence,
T'obtain one Line of your well-worded Sense,
I'll be content t'have writ the *British Prince*.
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain Hope to be admir'd;

But

But from a Rule I have (upon long Trial)
 T'avoid with Care all sort of Self-denial.
 Which way soe'er Desire and Fancy lead)
 (Contemning Fame) that Path I boldly tread:
 And if exposing what I take for Wit,
 To my dear self a Pleasure I beget,
 No matter though the cens'ring Criticks fret.
 These whom my *Muse* displeases are at Strife,
 With equal Spleen against my Course of Life,
 The least Delight of which I'll not forego,
 For all the flatt'ring Praise *Man* can bestow.
 If I design'd to please, the way were then
 To mend my Manners, rather than my Pen:
 The first's unnatural, therefore unfit;
 And for the second I despair of it,
 Since Grace is not so hard to get as Wit;
 Perhaps ill Verses ought to be confin'd
 In meer Good-breeding, like unfav'ry Wind.
 Were reading forc'd, I should be apt to think,
 Men might no more write scurvily than stink:
 But 'tis your Choice, whether you'll read, or no.
 If likewise of your Smelling it were so,
 I'd Fart just as I Write, for my own Ease,
 Nor should you be concern'd unless you please.
 I'll own that you Write better than I do,
 But I have as much need to Write as you.
 What though the Excrements of my dull Brain,
 Flows in a harsh and an insipid Strain;

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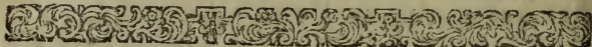
48 POEMS on several Occasions.

While your rich Head eases it self of Wit.
 Must not but *Civet Cats* have leave to shit?
 In all I write, shou'd Sense, and Wit, and Rhyme;
 Fail me at once, yet something so sublime,
 Shall stamp my Poem, that the World may see,
 It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me.
 And that's my end; for Man can wish no more
 Than so to write, as none e'er writ before,
 Yet why am I no *Poet* of the Times?
 I have *Allusions*, *Similies*, and *Rhymes*,
 And *Wit*; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
 Of the whole Race of *Mankind* shou'd have none.
 Unequally the partial Hand of *Heav'n*,
 Has all but this One only Blessing giv'n.
 The World appears like a great Family.
 Whose Lord, oppress'd with Pride and Poverty,
 (That to a few great Bounty he may show)
 Is fain to starve the num'rous Train below.
 Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
 Keeping more creatures than it can maintain:
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
 And for one Prince it makes ten thousand Slaves.
 In *Wit*, alone, 't has been Magnificent,
 Of which so just a Share to each is sent,
 That the most Avaricious are content.
 For none e'er thought (the due Division's such)
 His own too little, or his Friends too much.

Yet most Men show, or find, great want of Wit,
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
 But I who am of sprightly Vigour full,
 Look on Mankind, as envious, and dull.
 Born to my self, I like my self alone;
 And must conclude my Judgment good, or none:
 For cou'd my Sense be naught, how shou'd I know
 Whether another Man's were good or no?
 Thus I resolve of my own Poetry,
 That 'tis the best; and there's a Fame for me.
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
 Whether to Merit due, or Arrogance?
 Oh, but the World will take Offence hereby!
 Why then the World shall suffer for't, not I:
 Did e'er this faucy World and I agree,
 To let it have its beastly Will on me?
 Why shou'd my prostituted Sense be drawn,
 To ev'ry Rule their musty Customs spawn?
 But Men may censure you: 'Tis two to one
 Whene'er they censure they'll be in the wrong.
 There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,
 So foolish, and so false, as common Fame:
 It calls the Courtier Knave; the plain Man rude;
 Haughty the Grave; and the Delightful Lewd;
 Impertinent the Brisk; Morose the Sad;
 Mean the Familiar; the Reserv'd one Mad.
 Poor helpless Woman is not favour'd more,
 She's a sly Hypocrite, or publick Whore.

Then who the Devil wou'd give this — to be free
From th' innocent Reproach of Infamy.

These things consider'd, make me (in Despight
Of idle Rumour) keep at home and Write.



A

S A T Y R

A G A I N S T

M A N K I N D.

WERE I, who to my Cost already am
One of those strange, prodigious Creatures Man,
A Spirit free, to choose for my own Share,
What sort of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,
Or any thing, but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being Rational.
The Senses are too gross; and he'll contrive
A Sixth, to contradict the other five:
And before certain Instinct, will prefer
Reason, which Fifty times for One does err.
Reason, an *Ignis fatuus* of the Mind,
Which leaves the Light of Nature, Sense, behind.

Pathless, and dang'rous, wandring, ways, it takes,
 Through Error's fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes:
 Whilst the misguided Follower climbs with Pain,
 Mountains of Whimsies, heapt in his own Brain:
 Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong
 down

Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where like to drown
 Books bear him up a-while, and make him try
 To swim with Bladders of Philosophy:
 In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping Light,
 The Vapour dances in the dazzled Sight,
 Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.

}

Then old Age, and Experience, hand in hand,
 Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
 After a Search so painful, and so long,
 That all his Life he has been in the wrong.
 Hudled in Dirt, this reas'ning Engine lies,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:
 Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
 And made him venture to be made a Wretch:
 His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know the World he should enjoy.
 And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence,
 Of pleasing others at his own Expence.
 For Wits are treated just like Common Whores;
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
 The Pleasure past, a threat'ning Doubt remains,
 That frights th'Enjoyer with succeeding Pains.

52 POEMS on several Occasions.

Women, and Men of Wit, are dang'rous Tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools.
 Pleasure allures, and when the Fops escape,
 'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate;
 And therefore what they fear, at Heart they hate.
 But now, methinks, some formal Band and Beard
 Takes me to task; Come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd:
 Then by your Favour, any thing that's writ
 Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd *Wit*,
 Likes me abundantly; but you'll take care
 Upon this Point, not to be too severe,
 Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part:
 For, I profess, I can be very smart
 On *Wit*, which I abhor with all my Heart.
 I long to lash it, in some sharp Essay,
 But your grand Indiscretion bids me stay,
 And turns my Tide of Ink another way.
 What Rage ferments in your degen'rate Mind,
 To make you rail at Reason and Mankind?
 Blest glorious Man, to whom alone kind Heav'n
 An everlasting Soul hath freely giv'n;
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
 That from himself he did the Image take,
 And this fair Frame in shining Reason drest,
 To dignify his Nature above Beast.
 Reason, by whose aspiring Influence,
 We take a Flight beyond material Sense,

Dive into Myſteries, then ſoaring pierce
 The flaming Limits of the Univerſe,
 Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
 And give the World true Grounds of Hope and Fear.

Hold, mighty Man, I cry; all this we know
 From the pathetick Pen of *Ingelo*,
 From *Patrick's Pilgrim*, *Sibb's Soliloquies*,
 And 'tis this very Reason I deſpiſe,
 This ſupernat'ral Gift, that makes a Mite
 Think he's the Image of the Infinite;
 Comparing his ſhort Life, void of all Reſt,
 To the Eternal and the ever Bleſt;
 This buſie puzzling Stirrer up of Doubt,
 That frames deep Myſteries, then finds 'em out,
 Filling with frantick Crouds of thinking Fools,
 The reverend Bedlams, Colleges and Schools,
 Born on whoſe Wings, each heavy Sot can pierce
 The Limits of the boundleſs Univerſe:
 So charming Ointments make an old Witch fly,
 And bear a crippled Carcaſs through the Sky.
 'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whoſe Buſineſs lies
 In Nonſenſe and Impoſſibilities:
 This made a whimſical Philoſopher,
 Before the ſpacious World his Tub prefer:
 And we have many modern Coxcombs, who
 Retire to think, 'cauſe they have nought to do.

But Thoughts were giv'n for Actions' Govern^t;
 Where Action ceases, Thought's impertinent.
 Our Sphere of Action is Life's Happiness,
 And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an Ass.
 Thus whilst against false Reas'ning I inveigh,
 I own right Reason, which I would obey;
 That Reason, which distinguishes by Sense,
 And gives us Rules of Good and Ill from thence;
 That bounds Desires with a reforming Will,
 To keep them more in Vigour, not to kill:
 Your Reason hinders; mine helps to enjoy,
 Renewing Appetites, yours would destroy.
 My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat:
 Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me eat;
 Perversely yours, your Appetite does mock;
 This asks for Food, that answers what's a Clock?

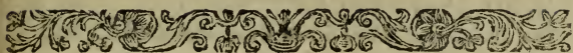
This plain Distinction, Sir, your Doubt secures;
 'Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours.
 Thus, I think Reason righted: But for Man,
 I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
 For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,
 'Tis evident Beasts are, in their degree,
 As wise at least, and better far than he.
 Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain,
 By surest Means, the Ends at which they aim.
 If therefore *Fowler* finds, and kills his Hare,
 Better than *Meres* supplies Committee-Chair;

Though

Though one's a Statesman, th'other but a Hound;
Fowler in Justice will be wiser found.
 You see how far Man's Wisdom here extends:
 Look next if Human Nature makes amends;
 Whose Principles are most gen'rous and just;
 And to whose Morals you wou'd sooner trust.
 Be Judge your self, I'll bring it to the Test,
 Which is the basest Creature; Man, or Beast:
 Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey;
 But savage Man alone does Man betray.
 Prest by Necessity, *They* kill for Food;
 Man undoes Man, to do himself no good.
 With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, *They* hunt
 Nature's Allowance, to supply their Want:
 But Man, with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
 Inhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays:
 With voluntary Pains works his Distress;
 Not through Necessity, but Wantonness.
 For Hunger or for Love, *They* bite or tear,
 Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear:
 For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid;
 From Fear to Fear successively betray'd,
 Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passions came,
 His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame:
 The Lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave:
 To which his various Projects are design'd,
 Which makes him generous, affable, and kind:

For which he takes such Pains to be thought Wise,
 And screws his Actions, in a forc'd Disguise:
 Leads a most tedious Life, in Misery,
 Under laborious, mean, Hypocrisie.
 Look to the Bottom of his vast Design,
 Wherein Man's Wisdom, Pow'r and Glory join;
 The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,
 'Tis all from Fear, to make himself secure.
 Meerly for Safety, after Fame they thirst;
 For all Men would be Cowards if they durst:
 And Honesty's against all common Sense:
 Men must be Knaves; 'tis in their own Defence;
 Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair,
 Amongst known Cheats, to play upon the square;
 You'll be undone —————
 Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save;
 The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.
 Thus here you see what Human Nature craves,
 Most Men are Cowards, all Men shou'd be Knaves.
 The Difference lies, as far as I can see,
 Not in the Thing it self, but the Degree;
 And all the Subject Matter of Debate,
 Is only who's a Knave of the First Rate.





P O S T S C R I P T.

ALL this with Indignation have I hurl'd,
 At the pretending Part of the proud World,
 Who, swoln with selfish Vanity, devise
 False Freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lyes,
 Over their Fellow-Slaves to tyrannize.

But if in court so just a Man there be,
 (In Court a just Man, yet unknown to me)
 Who does his needful Flattery direct,
 Not to oppress, and ruin, but protect;
 Since Flattery which way soever laid,
 Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade;
 If so upright a Statesman you can find,
 Whose Passions bend to his unbiass'd Mind;
 Who does his Arts and Policies apply,
 To raise his Country, not his Family.

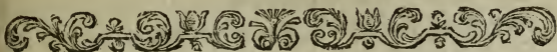
Is there a Mortal who on God relies?
 Whose Life his Faith and Doctrine justifies?
 Not one blown up with vain aspiring Pride,
 Who for Reproof of Sins, does Man deride:
 Whose envious Heart with saucy Eloquence,
 Dares chide at Kings, and rail at Men of Sense:
 Who in his Talking vents more peevish Lyes,
 More bitter Railings, Scandals, Calumnies,

Than at a Gossipping are thrown about,
 When the Good Wives drink free, and then fall out.
 None of the sensual Tribe, whose Talents lie,
 In Avarice, Pride, Sloth and Gluttony,
 Who hunt Preferment, but abhor good Lives,
 Whose Lust exalted, to that Height arrives,
 They act Adultery with their own Wives,
 And, ere a Score of Years compleated be,
 Can from the lofty Stage of Honour see,
 Half a large Parish their own Progeny.

Nor doating — who wou'd be ador'd,
 For domineering at the Council-Board,
 A greater Fop, in Business at Fourscore,
 Fonder of serious Toys, affected more,
 Than the gay glitt'ring Fool, at Twenty proves,
 With all his Noise, his tawdry Clothes and Loves.

But a meek humble Man of modest Sense,
 Who preaching Peace does practise Continnence;
 Whose pious Life's a Proof he does believe
 Mysterious Truths, which no Man can conceive.
 If upon Earth there dwell such Godlike Men,
 I'll here recant my Paradox to them;
 Adore those Shrines of Virtue, Homage pay,
 And with the thinking World, their Laws obey.
 If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
 Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast.





A N

A N S W E R

T O T H E

S A T Y R *against* M A N K I N D.

By the Reverend Mr. Griffith.

Were I to choose what Sort of Corps I'd wear,
 Not Baron Dog, Lord Monkey, or Earl Bear;
 But I'd be Man, not as I am the worst,
 But Man refin'd, such as he was at first.
 The speechless State of Brutes I would refuse
 For the same Cause another doth it choose.
 For then the Reputation I should lose
 Of Wit, Extravagance, and Mode, from whence
 Reason is made to truckle under Sense.
 Or if to Sense I did so much incline,
 I'd rather be a Satyr, Goat, or Swine:
 To help to break the Court-Physicians, who
 Besides compounding Lusts, have nought to do.
 Nature (exceeding Broths) would then excite
 Supplies to make a full-meal'd Appetite,
 No Bugbear Conscience dulling the Delight.

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60 POEMS on several Occasions.

But what needs such a Metamorphosis?
 Man, being Man, can do ev'n more than this.
 Granting the Principle, that Reason's Use
 Is not to curb, but make Sense more profuse.
 For though Man's Sense less vigorous is than Brutes;
 His Pander-Reason can contrive Recruits
 For its Defects; what Sins the Sensual Man
 Can't do alone, the Reasonable can
 With useful Wit; for Sensuality,
 An half unfashion'd Sinner doth descry;
 He's modishly debauch'd, who can tell why,
 That spurs up slow-paced Lust by Argument,
 Which to tir'd Sense gives no Divertisement,
 But calls for more when all its Sin is spent.
 And though the flagging Wretch would be content,
 (Disabled for more Vice) now to repent:
 Upbraiding Reason checks the puny Motion,
 Bids it cheer up, and gives it t'other Potion;
 Till after all, when Nature hath given o'er,
 And Art can buoy up aged Sense no more,
 Reason reserves this Remedy, at last,
 To think those Pleasures which it cannot taste:
 In this the thinking Fool may become wise,
 And yet think on, that all his Thinking lies
 In Notions of Venereal Mysteries.
 Hence sprang the Reasoning Art in former Days
 Of Spintrix Oiscis; and the Modern Ways
 By Baths, lascivious Pictures, Giggs and Plays.

If this be Reason's Use, no more we'll call
 Clodius Incontinent, but Rational;
 And boast the Reason of Sardanopal.
 Reason nick-nam'd, like Quakers new-found Light,
 One while call'd Spirit, alias Appetite.
 A stupid Reason, which none will defend,
 But he that hath with Brutes one common End,
 Debasing Reason! Coupling every Ass,
 Ev'n with my Lord in the same Reasoning Class,
 I'll be no Student in this learned School,
 I'd rather be the Human Thinking Fool;
 The cloister'd Coxcomb able to converse
 (Although alone) with the whole Universe;
 And reasoning into Heav'n, mount from thence
 Post Gazettes of Divine Intelligence,
 And sacred Knowledge most remote from Sense.
 Might I be plac'd in that exploded Sphere,
 I'd not alone forgive that witty Feer,
 But boast the Name of Reasoning Engineer.
 But as for Man, made perfect and upright,
 Why not the Image of the Infinite?
 Were this a Scandal to his Glory; must
 We for his Honour's sake his Word distrust?
 Or is an Image such a very Same
 With what it represents, that it must claim
 Its full Perfections? Sure my Picture might
 Be painted like me? and yet void of Sight:

62 POEMS on several Occasions.

Must the first Draught of Man be vilify'd,
 Scorn'd and contemn'd, 'cause Man himself hath stray'd?
 Or did not Eve sufficiently transgress,
 And bastardise Posterity? unless
 Man, little as he is, be made much less.
 Though he does not his higher End pursue
 So well as doth the more Ignoble Crew
 Of Birds and Beasts (that little have to do.)
 The Difficulty of his lofty End,
 Above the others doth his Cause defend:
 And in the Means of Disproportion pleads,
 Choice sways the one, Instinct the other leads.
 'Tis not 'cause Jowler's wife he takes the Hare,
 But 'tis because Jowler cannot forbear;
 Though in the Chair of State some lolling sit,
 That therefore none can sit upright in it,
 Is an ill Consequence, and void of Wit.
 But you your self have taught Man such a Way
 Unto his Happiness, that he must stray;
 For if his Sense must usher in his Rest,
 And never be abridg'd of its Request,
 He may be drunk and pockey, but ne'er blest.
 As for Pride-gendering Philosophy
 (A captious Word) 'tis what you'll have it be.
 Its own Distinctions have an Art to shew
 'Tis good or bad, or neither, as please you.
 Some Sects love Wrangling, others Pedantry,
 Yet in the Love of Wisdom all agree.

Wisdom, which all acknowledge to be good,
 But hath the Fate to be misunderstood.
 Yet, though Fools crowd amongst Philosophers,
 The Fault is not the Sciences, but theirs.
 With all their Flaws our Bedlam-Schools I'd choose,
 Before the madder Taverns, lowder Stews.
 Though both are Slaves, I rather do respect
 The Stoick than th'Epicurean Sect.
 If Sense or Reason, one must be deny'd,
 Reason wou'd tell me, Reason must abide,
 The less obnoxious, and the surest Guide.
 But since kind Nature hath design'd them both,
 For human Compliment I should be loth,
 To give up blindfold Sense to its own Will,
 Or grant a Tyrant-Reason leave to kill
 Such useful Faculties; my Reason shall
 Govern my Subject Sense, but not enthrall,
 Nor shall officious Sense presume to act,
 Till Justice Reason authorise the Fact.
 That Human Nature is corrupt, I grant,
 But was't the Use of Reason, or the Want
 That pufft out the warm Breath of Love? From whence
 Sprang Murder first, but from malicious Sense?
 Which having once usurpt Queen Reason's Throne,
 Was not contented with one Sin alone,
 But falling headlong, plainly shows (alas)
 By too too fatal Proof, that that which was
 The best, corrupted, to the worst doth pass.

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Hence

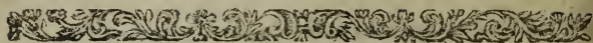
64 POEMS on several Occasions.

Hence the acutest Wits, when they're defil'd,
 Turn most extravagant, profane and wild,
 Defend Debaucheries, and Sense advance,
 To reason Reason out of Countenance,
 Making their Knowledge worse than Ignorance.
 But must Humanity be quite eras'd,
 Because it is from what it was defac'd?
 Or must the little Reason Men yet hold
 For their Improvement, be for Dogs-flesh sold?
 Sometimes the Gamester whom ill Fortune crosses,
 With his last Stake recovers all his Losses.
 He's but a weak Physician that gives o'er
 His weaker Patient, whom he might restore:
 But may he suffer an Eternal Curse,
 That dares prescribe a Remedy that's worse
 Than the Disease it self: When Jowler's lame,
 No one expects that he should catch the Game,
 But that he may hereafter, I am sure
 'Tis best not to cut off his Leg, but cure.
 He that feels Qualms of Conscience in his Breast,
 Let him not batter Reason with a Beast,
 But purge the Guilt, with which he is oppress'd.
 That Honesty's against all common Sense,
 Is a good Argument for my Defence.
 If Sense with that which hath so great a Fame
 Be inconsistent, Sense is much to blame.
 And Reason will (spight of your Rhime and Tide
 Of Ink, Wit and Contempt) more firm abide
 For having such a Virtue on her side.

*And Valour too takes Part with her, for Sense
 (As you contrive it) puts no Difference
 Between the Valiant, that are so for Fear,
 And Cowards, that would be, but do not dare.
 Reason could ne'er frame such a witty Thing,
 That Men should fight for fear of Quarrelling:
 All Men, you say, for Fools or Knaves must go,
 And he's a Man himself that calls them so.
 And being Man is at his own Choice free,
 Or in the Rank of Fools or Knaves to be;
 Let him be either, or else both, for me.
 But let me, Sir, request, before you slip
 Into your Dog, or Bear, or Monkeyship,
 Whether you think their brutish Form procures
 Any Advantages exceeding yours?
 Both Dog and Bear, as well as Men, will fight,
 And (to no purpose too) each other bite.
 And as for Puggy, all his Virtues lie
 In Aping Man, the only Thing you fly.
 The wisest Way these Evils to redress,
 Is to be what you are, nor more, nor less;
 That is, not Man, Dog, Bear, nor Monkey neither,
 But a rare Something of them all together.*

3





THE

MAIM'D DEBAUCHEE.

I.

AS some brave *Admiral*, in former War
 Depriv'd of Force, but prest with Courage still,
 Two Rival Fleets appearing from afar,
 Crawls to the top of an adjacent Hill;

II.

From whence (with Thoughts full of Concern) he views
 The wise and daring Conduct of the Fight:
 And each bold Action to his mind renews,
 His present Glory and his past Delight.

III.

From his fierce Eyes Flashes of Rage he throws,
 As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks away;
 Transported thinks himself amidst his Foes,
 And absent, yet enjoys the bloody Day.

IV.

So when my Days of Impotence approach,
 And I'm by Love and Wine's unlucky Chance
 Driv'n from the pleasing Billows of Debauch,
 On the dull Shore of lazy Temperance;

V.

My Pains at last some Respite shall afford,
 While I behold the Battels you maintain:

When

When Fleets of Glasses sail around the Board,
From whose Broadfides Vollies of Wit shall rain.

VI.

Nor shall the fight of honourable Scars,
Which my too forward Valour did procure,
Frighten new-listed Soldiers from the Wars,
Past Joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Shou'd some brave Youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair Inviter meanly shrink,
'Twould please the Ghost of my departed Vice,
If, at my Council, he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or shou'd some old-complexion'd Sot forbid,
With his dull Morals, our Night's brisk Alarms;
I'll fire his Blood, by telling what I did
When I was strong, and able to bear Arms.

IX.

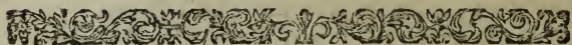
I'll tell of Whores attack'd their Lords at home,
Bawds Quarters beaten up, and Fortrefs won;
Windows demolish'd, Watches overcome,
And handfom Ills by my Contrivance done.

X.

With Tales like these I will such Heat inspire,
As to important Mischief shall incline;
I'll make him long some ancient Church to fire,
And fear no Lewdness they're call'd to by Wine.

XI.

Thus Statesman-like I'll faucily impose,
 And, safe from Danger, valiantly advise;
 Shelter'd in Impotence urge you to Blows,
 And, being good for nothing else, be Wise.



Upon N O T H I N G.

I.

Nothing! thou elder Brother ev'n to Shade,
 That hadst a Being ere the World was made,
 And (well fixt) art alone, of Ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
 When Primitive *Nothing* Something straight begot,
 Then all proceeded from the great united — What.

III.

Something, the gen'ral Attribute of all,
 Sever'd from thee, its sole Original,
 Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

IV,

Yet *Something* did thy mighty Pow'r command,
 And from thy fruitful Emptiness's Hand,
 Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air and Land.

V.

Matter, the wickedst Offspring of thy Race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
And Rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.

VII.

But Turn-coat Time assists the Foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd Reign,
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.

VIII.

Tho' Mysteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,
And the Divine alone, with Warrant, pries
Into thy Bosom, where the Truth in private lies:

IX.

Yet this of thee the Wise may freely say,
Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the Wicked wisely pray.

X.

Great Negative, how vainly wou'd the Wise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
Didst thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies:

XI.

Is, or is not, the Two great Ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the Subject of Debate,
That perfect, or destroy, the vast Designs of Fate;

XII. When

XII.

When they have rack'd the *Politician's* Breast,
 Within thy Bosom most securely rest,
 And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

XIII.

But, *Nothing*, why does *Something* still permit,
 That Sacred Monarchs should at Council sit,
 With Persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

XIV.

Whilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains,
 From Princes Coffers, and from Statesmens Brains,
 And *Nothing* there like stately *Nothing* reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,
 For whom they reverend Shapes, and Forms devise,
 Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they like
 thee look wise.

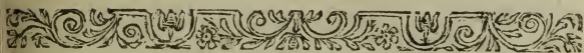
XVI.

French Truth, *Dutch* Prowess, *British* Policy,
Hibernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly seen in thee.

XVII:

The Great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,
 Kings Promises, Whores Vows, towards thee they bend
 Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.





Lucretius, in his First BOOK, has these Lines.

Om̄nis enim per se Divûm Natura necesse est
Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,
Semota ab nostris rebus, sejunctaque longè:
Nam privata dolore om̄ni, privata periclis,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur irâ.

Thus translated.

THE Gods, by Right of Nature, must possess
An everlasting Age of perfect Peace:
Far off remov'd from us and our Affairs;
Neither approach'd by Dangers, or by Cares:
Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add:
Not pleas'd by Good Deeds; nor provok'd by Bad.





E L E G I A IX.

Ovidii Amorum. Lib. 2.

Ad C U P I D I N E M.

O Nunquam pro me satis indignate Cupido,
 O in corde meo defidiose Puer!

Quid me, qui miles nunquam tua signa reliqui,
 Ledis? & in Castris vulneror ipse tuis?

Cur tua fax urit, figit tuus arcus Amicos?
 Gloria pugnantes vincere major erat.

Quid? non Hæmonius, quem cuspide perculit, Heros,
 Confossum medica postmodo juvit ope?

Venator sequitur fugientia, capta relinquit:
 Semper & inventis ulteriora petit.

Nos tua sentimus, populus tibi deditus, arma:
 Pigra reluctanti cessat in Hoste manus.

Quid juvat in nudis hamata recondere tela
 Ossibus? Ossa mihi nuda relinquit Amor.



THE

Ninth E L E G Y

IN THE

Second Book of OVID's Amours,

TRANSLATED.

TO LOVE.

O Love! how cold and slow to take my Part?
Thou idle Wanderer about my Heart:
Why, thy old faithful Soldier wilt thou see
Oppress'd in thy own Tents? They murder me.
Thy *Flames* consume, thy *Arrows* pierce thy Friends;
Rather on Foes pursue more Noble Ends.
Achilles' Sword would certainly bestow
A Cure, as certain as it gave the Blow,
Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o'er
When the Prey's caught, Hopes still lead on before.
Let thine own Slaves feel thy Tyrannick Blows,
Whilst thy tame Hands unmov'd against thy Foes,
In Men disarm'd, how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.

E

Millions

74 POEMS on several Occasions.

Tot sine amore viri, tot sunt sine amore puella :

Hinc tibi cum magna laude triumphus eat.

Roma, nisi immensum Vires promovisset in Orbem,

Stramineis esset tunc quoque tecta casis.

Fessus in acceptos Miles deducitur agros;

Tutaque deposito poscitur ense rudis :

Longaque subductam celant navalia Pinum :

Mittitur in saltus carcere liber equus.

Me quoque, qui toties merui sub amore puellas,

Defunctum placidè vivere Tempus erat.

Vive, Deus, posito siquis mihi dicat amore,

Deprecer ; usque adè dulce puella malum est.

Cum bene partasum est, animique revanuit ardor,

Nescio quo misera turbine mentis agor.

Ut rapit in praeceptis dominum, spumantia frustra

Frana retentantem, durior oris equus ;

Ut subitus, propè jam prensâ tellure, carinam

Tangentem portus ventus in alta rapit ;

Sic me saepe refert incerta Cupidinis aura :

Notaque purpureus tela resumit Amor.

Fige puer ; positus nudus tibi praebeor armis ;

Hic tibi sunt vires, hic tua dextra valet.

Huc tanquam jussa veniunt jam sponte sagitta,

Vix ullis pra me nota pharetra tua est.

Millions of dull Men live, and scornful Maids:
 We'll own Love valiant when he these invades.
Rome from each Corner of the wide World snatch'd
 A Laurel, or't had been to this Day thatch'd.
 But the old Soldier has his resting Place;
 And the good batter'd Horse is turn'd to Grass:
 The harass'd Whore, who liv'd a Wretch to please;
 Has leave to be a Dawd, and take her Ease.
 For me then, who have truly spent my Blood
 (Love) in thy Service; and so boldly stood
 In *Calia's* Trenches; were't not wisely done,
 Ev'n to retire, and live in Peace at home?
 No — might I gain a *Godhead* to disclaim
 My glorious Title to my endless Flame;
Divinity with Scorn I would forswear:
 Such sweet, dear, tempting Devils *Women* are,
 Whene'er those Flames grow faint, I quickly find
 A fierce, black Storm pour down upon my Mind:
 Headlong I'm hurl'd, like Horsemen, who, in vain,
 Their Fury-flaming Coursers would restrain.
 As Ships, just when the Harbour they attain,
 Are snatch'd by sudden Blasts to Sea again:
 So Love's fantastick Storms reduce my Heart
 Half rescu'd, and the God resumes his Dart,
 Strike here, this undefended Bosom wound,
 And for so brave a Conquest be renown'd.
 Shafts fly so fast to me from ev'ry Part,
 You'll scarce discern the Quiver from my Heart.

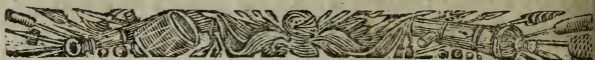
76 POEMS on several Occasions.

*Infelix, totâ quicunque quiscere nocte
Sustinet, & somnos pramia magna vocat.
Stulte, quid est somnus, gelida nisi mortis imago ?
Longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.
Me modò decipiant voces fallacis amica :
Sperando certè gaudia magna feram.
Et modò blanditias dicat; modò jurgia neçtat;
Sape fruar dominâ; sape repulsus eam.
Quòd dubius Mars est; per te, privigne Cupido, est :
Et movet exemplo vitricus arma tuo.
Tu levis es, multòque tuis ventosior alis ;
Gaudiaque ambiguâ dasque negasque fide.
Si tamen exaudis pulchrâ cum matre rogantem ;
Indeserta meo pectore regna gere.
Accedant regno nimium vaga turba puella ;
Ambobus populis sic venerandus eris.*



What Wretch can bear a live-long Night's dull Rest,
 Or think himself in lazy Slumbers blest?
 Fool — is not Sleep the Image of pale Death?
 There's time for Rest, when Fate hath stopt your Breath.
 Me may my soft deluding Dear deceive ;
 I'm happy in my Hopes while I believe.
 Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide :
 Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
 With doubtful Steps the God of War does move
 By thy Example, in ambiguous Love,
 Blown to and fro like Down from thy own Wing ;
 Who knows when Joy or Anguish thou wilt bring,
 Yet at thy Mother's and thy Slaves Request,
 Fix an Eternal Empire in my Breast :
 And let th'inconstant, charming Sex,
 Whose wilful Scorn does Lovers vex,
 Submit their Hearts before thy Throne :
 The Vassal World is then thy own.





THE
CHORUS of the Second Act
OF
S E N E C A's T R O A S,
Concludes with these Lines.

POST mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil,
Velocis spacii meta novissima.

Spem ponant avidi, solliciti metum.

Quaris quo jaceas post obitum loco?

Quo non nata jacent.

Tempus nos avidum devorat, & chaos.

Mors individua est noxia corpori,

Nec parcens anima. Tanara, & aspero

Regnum sub domino, limen & obsidens

Custos non facili Cerberus ostio,

Rumores vacui, verbaque inania,

Et par sollicito fabula somnio.





The latter End of the

CHORUS of the Second Act

OF

SENECA'S TROAS, *Translated.*

After Death Nothing is, and Nothing Death;
 The utmost Limits of a Gasp of Breath.
 Let the ambitious Zealot lay aside
 His Hope of Heav'n; (whose Faith is but his Pride)
 Let slavish Souls lay by their Fear,
 Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
 After this Life they shall be hurl'd:
 Dead, we become the Lumber of the World;
 And to that Mass of Matter shall be swept,
 Where things destroy'd with things unborn are kept;
 Devouring Time swallows us whole,
 Impartial Death confounds Body and Soul.
 For Hell, and the foul Fiend that rules
 The everlasting fiery Goals,
 Devis'd by Rogues, dreaded by Fools,
 With his grim griesly Dog that keeps the Door,
 Are senseless Stories, idle Tales,
 Dreams, Whimsies, and no more.



To His Sacred

M A J E S T Y,

On His Restoration,

In the Y E A R 1660.

(Written at Twelve Years old.)

VIRTUE'S Triumphant Shrine! who do'st engage
At once Three Kingdoms in a Pilgrimage;
Which in extatick Duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their Home:
Whilst *England* grows one Camp, and *London* is
It self the Nation, not *Metropolis*;
And *Loyal Kent* renews her Arts again,
Fencing her Ways with moving Groves of Men;
Forgive this distant Homage, which does meet
Your bless'd Approach on sedentary Feet:
And though my Youth, not patient yet to bear
The Weight of Arms, denies me to appear
In Steel before you; yet, Great SIR, approve
My manly Wishes, and more vig'rous Love;

In whom a cold Respect were Treason to
 A Father's Ashes, greater than to You;
 Whose one Ambition 'tis for to be known,
 By daring Loyalty, your *Wilmot's* Son.

Wadh. Coll.

Rochester.

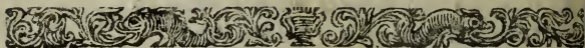


In Obitum Seren. *M A R I Æ*
 Princip. *Auran.*

Impia blasphemæ sileant concilia vulgi:
 Absolvo medicos, innocuamque manum.
 Curâssent alios facili medicamine Morbos:
 Uicera cum veniunt, Ars nihil ipsa valet.
 Vultu femineo quævis vel pustula vulnus
 Lethale est, pulchras certior ense necat.
 Mollia vel temeret se quando mitior ora,
 Evadat forsân femina, Diva nequit.
 Cui par est Anima Corpus, quæ tota venustas,
 Forma qui potis est, hæc superesse sua?

Johan. Comes Roffen.

è Coll. Wadh.



To Her Sacred

M A J E S T Y

T H E

Q U E E N - M O T H E R,

On the Death of

M A R Y, *Princess of Orange.*

(Written at Twelve Years old.)

R Espite, Great Queen, your just and hasty Fears:
There's no Infection lodges in our Tears.
Though our unhappy Air be arm'd with Death,
Yet Sighs have an untainted guiltless Breath.
Oh! stay a-while, and teach your equal Skill
To understand, and to support our Ill.
You that in mighty Wrongs an Age have spent,
And seem'd to have out-liv'd ev'n Banishment:
Whom trait'rous Mischief sought its earliest Prey,
When to most Sacred Blood it made its way;

And

And did thereby its black Design impart,
 To take his Head, that wounded first his Heart:
 You that unmov'd Great *Charles* his Ruin stood,
 When Three Great Nations sunk beneath the Load:
 Then a young Daughter lost, yet Balsam found
 To stanch that new and freshly-bleeding Wound:
 And, after this, with fixt and stedd' Eyes
 Beheld your Noble *Gloucester's* Obsequies:
 And then sustain'd the Royal *Princess's* Fall;
 You only can lament her Funeral.
 But you will hence remove, and leave behind
 Our sad Complaints lost in the empty Wind;
 Those Winds that bid you stay, and loudly roar
 Destruction, and drive back to the firm Shore:
 Shipwreck to Safety, and the Envy fly,
 Of sharing in this Scene of Tragedy.
 While Sickness, from whose Rage you post away,
 Relents, and only now contrives your Stay:
 The lately fatal and infectious Ill
 Courts the fair *Princess*, and forgets to kill,
 In vain on Fevers Curses we dispense,
 And vent our Passion's angry Eloquence:
 In vain we blast the Ministers of Fate,
 And the forlorn Physicians imprecate;
 Say they to Death new Poisons add and Fire;
 Murder securely for Reward and Hire;
 Art's Basilisks, that kill whom e'er they see,
 And truly write Bills of Mortality:

Who;

84 POEMS on several Occasions.

Who, lest the bleeding Corps should them betray,
First drain those vital speaking Streams away.
And will you, by your Flight, take part with these?
Become your self a Third, and new Disease?
If they have caus'd our Loss, then so have you,
Who take your self and the fair Princess too.
For we depriv'd, an equal Damage have
When *France* doth ravish hence, as when the Grave.
But that your Choice th'Unkindness doth improve,
And Dereliction adds to your Remove.

ROCHESTER,

of Wadhams College.





A N

E P I L O G U E.

Some few, from Wit, have this true Maxim got,
That 'tis still better to be pleas'd, than not;
 And therefore never their own Torment plot.
 While the malicious *Criticks* still agree,
 To loath each Play they come and pay to see.
 The first know 'tis a meaner part of Sense
 To find a Fault, then taste an Excellence:
 Therefore they praise, and strive to like, while these
 Are dully vain of being hard to please.
 Poets and Women have an equal Right
 To hate the Dull, who dead to all Delight,
 Feel Pain alone, and have no Joy but Spight.
 'Twas Impotence did first this Vice begin;
 Fools censure Wit, as old Men rail at Sin:
 Who envy Pleasure which they cannot taste,
 And good for nothing, would be wise at last.
 Since therefore to the Women it appears,
 That all the Enemies of Wit are theirs:
 Our Poet the dull Herd no longer fears.
 Whate'er his *Fate* my prove, 'twill be his *Pride*.
 To stand, or fall, with Beauty on his Side.

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An



Q. HORATII FLACCI

LIB. I. SAT. X.

NEmpe incomposito dixi pede currere versus
 Lucilî. quis tam Lucilî fautor ineptè est,
 Ut non hoc fateatur? at idem, quòd sale multo
 Urbem defricuit, chartâ laudatur eâdem.

Nec tamen hoc tribuens, dederim quoque cætera: nam sic
 Et Laberz mimos, ut pulchra poemata, mirer.

Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum

Auditeris: (& est quadam tamen hic quoque virtus).

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, ne se

Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:

Et sermone opus est, modò tristi, sæpe jocosò,

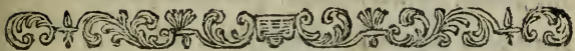
Defendente vicem modò rhetoris, atque poeta,

Interdum urbani parcentis viribus, atque

Extensantis eas consultò. ridiculum acri

Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res.

Illi, scripta quibus comædia prisca viris est,



AN ALLUSION to

The 10th Satyr of the 1st Book of Horace.

Well Sir, 'tis granted, I said *Dryden's* Rhimes
 Were stol'n, unequal, nay dull many times:
 What foolish Patron is there found of his,
 So blindly partial, to deny me this?
 But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down
 With Wit and Learning, justly pleas'd the Town,
 In the same Paper 'I as freely own.
 Yet having this allow'd, the heavy *Mafs*,
 That Stuffs up his loose *Volumes*, must not pass:
 For by that Rule, I might as well admit,
Crown's tedious Scenes, for Poetry and Wit.
 'Tis therefore not enough, when your false Sense
 Hits the false Judgment of an Audience
 Of clapping Fools assembling, a vast Crowd,
 Till the throng'd Playhouse crack with the dull Load;
 Though ev'n that Talent merits, in some sort,
 That can divert the Rattle and the Court;
 Which blund'ring *Settle* never cou'd attain,
 And puzzling *Osway* labours at in vain.
 But within due Proportion, circumscribe
 What e'er you write, that with a flowing Tide,

88 POEMS on several Occasions.

*Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi: quos neque pulcher
Hermogenes unquam legit, neque finius iste,
Nil præter Calvum & doctus cantare Catullum.*

*At magnum fecit, quòd verbis Græca Latinis
Miscuit. O seri studiorum! quine putetis
Difficile & mirum, Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
Contigit. At sermo linguâ coxinnus utrâque
Suavior, ut Chio nota sî commista Falerni est.
Cùm versus facias, teipsum percontor, an, & cùm
Dura tibi peragenda rei sit causa Petilli,
Scilicet oblitus patriæque patrisque, Latine
Cùm Peditus causas exsudet Poplicola, atque
Corvinus; patriis intermiscere petita
Verba foris malis, Canusini more bilinguis?
Atqui ego cùm Græcos facerem, natus mare citra,
Versiculos; vetuit me tali voce Quirinus
Post mediam noctem visus, cùm somnia vera:
In silvam non ligna feras insanius, ac sî
Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas.*

*Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnonæ, dumque
Diffingit Rheni luteum caput, hac ego ludo;*

The Style may rise; yet in its Rise forbear,
 With useles Words, t'oppress the weary'd Ear.
 Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
 Your Rhetorick with your Poetry unite,
 For Elegance sake, sometimes allay the Force
 Of *Epithets*, 'twill soften the Discourse;
 A Jest in Scorn points out, and hits the Thing
 More home, than the morosest Satyr's Sting.
Shakespear and *Johnson* did in this excel,
 And might herein be imitated well;
 Whom refin'd *Etheredge* copies not at all,
 But is himself a sheer Original.
 Nor that slow Drudge in swift Pindaric Strains,
Flatman, who *Cowley* imitates with Pains,
 And rides a jaded Muse, whipt, with loose Reins.
 When *Lee* makes temp'rate *Scipio* fret and rave,
 And *Hannibal* a whining amorous Slave,
 I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd Fustian Fool
 In *Busby's* Hands, to be well lasht at School.
 Of all our Modern Wits, none seem to me
 Once to have touch'd upon true Comedy,
 But hasty *Shadwell*, and slow *Wicherley*.
Shadwell's unfinish'd Works do yet impart,
 Great Proofs of force of Nature, none of Art;
 With just bold Strokes, he dashes here and there,
 Showing great Mastery, with little Care;
 Scorning to varnish his good Touches o'er,
 To make the Fools and Women praise em' more.

90 POEMS on several Occasions.

*Qua nec in aede sonent certantia, iudice Tarpâ,
 Nec redeant iterum atque iterum spectanda theatris.
 Argutâ meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta
 Eludeate senem, comis garrire libellos,
 Unus vivorum, Fundani: Pollio regum
 Facta canit pede ter percusso: fortè epos acer,
 Ut nemo, Varius ducit: molle atque facetum
 Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camœna.
 Hoc erat, experto frustra Varrone Atacino,
 Atque quibusdam aliis, meliùs quod scribere possem;
 Inventor minor: neque ego illi detrahere ausum
 Herentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.*

*At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, saepe ferentem
 Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. age, quaeso,
 Tu nihil in magno doctus reprehendis Homero?
 Nil comis tragici mutat Lucilius Acci?
 Non ridet versus Ennî gravitate minores,
 Cùm de se loquitur, non ut majore repressis?
 Quid vetat & nosmet Lucilâ scripta legentes,
 Quarere num illius, num rerum dura negarit
 Versiculos natura magis factos, & euntes*

But *Wicherley* earns hard whate'er he gains;
 He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains:
 He frequently excels; and at the least,
 Makes fewer Faults than any of the rest.
Waller, by Nature for the *Bays* design'd,
 With Force and Fire, and Fancy unconfin'd,
 In *Panegyrick*, does excel Mankind.
 He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
 To praise great Conquerors, and flatter Kings.
 For pointed Satyr I wou'd *Buckhurst* choose,
 The best good Man, with the worst natur'd Muse.
 For Songs and Verses mannerly obscene,
 That can stir Nature up by Springs unseen,
 And, without forcing Blushes, warm the Queen;
Sidley has that prevailing gentle Art,
 That can with a resistless Power impart
 The loosest Wishes to the chastest Hearts,
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
 Betwixt declining Virtue, and Desire;
 Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away,
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and tears all Day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of Wit;
 For, he to be a tearing *Blade*, thought fit
 To give the Ladies a dry Bawdy Bob;
 And thus he got the name of Poet *Squab*.
 But to be just, 'twill to his Praise be found,
 His Excellencies more than Faults abound:

92 POEMS on several Occasions.

Mollius? ac si quis pedibus quid claudere senis
 Hoc tantum contentus, amet scripsisse ducentos
 Ante cibum versus, totidem coenatus; (Etrusci
 Quale fuit Cassi rapido ferventius anni
 Ingenium; capsis quem fama est esse librisque
 Ambustum propriis) fuerit Lucilius, inquam,
 Comis & urbanus; fuerit limatior idem,
 Quam rudis, & Græcis intacti carminis auctor,
 Quamque poetarum seniorum turba: sed ille,
 Si foret hoc nostrum fato dilatus in ævum;
 Detereret sibi multa; recideret omne, quod ultra
 Perfectum traheretur; & in versu faciendo
 Sape caput scaberet, vivos & roderet ungues.

Sape stylum vertas, iterum qua digna legi sint
 Scripturus: neque te ut miretur turba, labores,
 Contentus paucis lectoribus, an tua demens
 Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?
 Non ego. nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere: ut audax,
 Contemptis aliis, explosa Arbuscula dixit.
 Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? aut crucier, quod
 Vellicet absentem Demetrius? aut quod ineptus
 Fannius Hermogenis ladat conviva Tigelli?

Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear
 The Laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
 What does not *Dryden* find ev'n *Johnson* dull?
Beaumont and *Fletcher* uncorrect, and full
 Of lewd Lines, as he calls 'em? *Shakespear's* Stile
 Stiff and affected? To his own, the while
 Following all the Justice that his Pride
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
 And may not I have leave impartially
 To search and censure *Dryden's* Works, and try
 If those gross Faults his choice Pen doth commit,
 Proceed from want of Judgment, or of Wit?
 Or if his lumpish Fancy does refuse
 Spirit and Grace to his loose flattern Muse?
 Five Hundred Verses ev'ry Morning writ,
 Prove him no more a Poet, than a Wit:
 Such scribbling Authors have been seen before:
Mustapha, the *Island Princess*, Forty more,
 Were things perhaps compos'd in half an Hour.
 To write what may securely stand the Test,
 If being well read over thrice at least;
 Compare each Phrase, examine ev'ry Line,
 Weigh ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought refine;
 To earn all Applause the vile Rout can bestow,
 And be content to please those few who know!
 Must thou be such a vain mistaken Thing,
 To wish thy Works might make a Play-house ring,

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With

94 POEMS on several Occasions.

Plotius, & Varius, Macenas, Virgiliusque
Valgius, & probet hac Octavius optimus, atque
Fuscus; & hac utinam Visconem laudet uterque:
Ambitione relegatâ, te dicere possum,
Pollio; te, Messala, tuo cum fratre; simulque
Vos Bibuli, & Servi; simul his te, candide Furni;
Complures alios, doctos ego quos & amicos
Prudens pratero: quibus hac, sint qualiacunque,
Arridere velim; doliturus, si placeant spe
Deterius nostrâ. Demetri, teque, Tigelli,
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

I puer, atque meo citus hac subscribe libello.

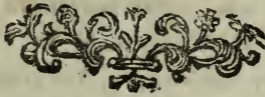


With the unthinking Laughter, and poor Praise
 Of Fops and Ladies, Factious for thy Plays?
 Then send a cunning Friend to learn thy Doom,
 From the shrewd Judges in the drawing Room.
 I've no Ambition on that idle Score,
 But say with *Betty Morice* heretofore,
 When a Court Lady call'd her *Buckley's* Whore;
 I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too,
 Let all the Coxcombs dance to bed to you.
 Should I be troubled when the *Purblind Knight*,
 Who squints more in his Judgment, than his Sight,
 Picks filly Faults, and censures what I write?
 Or when the poor-fed Poets of the Town,
 For Scabs and Coach-room cry my Verses down?
 I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me
 If *Sidley, Shadwel, Shephard, Wicherley,*
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
 And some few more, whom I omit to Name,
 Approve my Sense, I count their Censure Fame.

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The following VERSES were written by Sir *Car. Scrope*, on his being reflected upon at the latter End of the foregoing Copy.

In Defence of SATYR.

When Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher, rul'd the Stag
 They took so bold a Freedom with the Age,
 That there was scarce a Knave, or Fool, in Town,
 Of any Note, but had his Picture shown;
 And (without doubt) though some it may offend,
 Nothing helps more than Satyr, to amend
 Ill Manners, or is trulier Virtue's Friend.
 Princes may Laws ordain, Priests gravely preach
 But Poets most successfully will teach.
 For as a Passing-Bell frights from his Meat,
 The greedy sick Man, that too much wou'd eat;
 So when a Vice ridiculous is made,
 Our Neighbours Shame keeps us from growing bad.
 But wholesom Remedies few Palates please,
 Men rather love what flatters their Disease;
 Pimps, Parasites, Buffoons, and all the Crew,
 That under Friendship's Name, weak Men undo;

Find their false Service kindlier understood,
 Than such as tell bold Truths to do us good.
 Look where you will, and you shall hardly find
 A Man without some Sickness of the Mind.
 In vain we wise wou'd seem, while ev'ry Lust
 Whisks us about, as Whirlwinds do the Dust.
 Here for some needless Gain, a Wretch is hurld
 From Pole to Pole, and slav'd about the World;
 While the Reward of all his Pains and Care,
 Lies in that despicable Thing, his Heir.

There a vain Fop mortgages all his Land,
 To buy that gaudy Play-thing a Command,
 To ride a Cock-horse, wear a Scarf at's Arse,
 And play Jack-pudding in a May-day Farce.

Here one whom Fate to be a Fool thought fit,
 In spite of its Decree will be a Wit.

But wanting Strength t'uphold his ill-made Choice,
 Gets up for Lewdness, Blasphemy and Noise.

Here at his Mistress' Feet a Lover lies,
 And for a tawdry painted Baby dies;
 Falls on his Knees, adores, and is afraid
 Of the vain Idol he himself has made.

These, and a thousand Fools unmention'd here,

Late Poets all, because they Poets fear;

Take heed (they cry) yonder Mad Dog will bite,

He cares not whom he falls on in his Fit;

Come but in's way, and straight a new Lampoon

shall spread your mangled Fame about the Town.

98 POEMS on several Occasions.

*But why am I this Bugbear to ye all ?
 My Pen is dipt in no such bitter Gall.
 He that can rail at one he calls his Friend,
 Or hear him absent wrong'd, and not defend;
 Who for the sake of some ill-natur'd Jest,
 Tells what he shou'd conceal, invents the rest;
 To fatal Midnight Quarrels, can betray
 His brave * Companion, and then run away;
 Leaving him to be murder'd in the Street,
 Then put it off, with some Buffoon Conceit;
 This, this is he, you shou'd beware of all,
 Yet him a pleasant witty Man, you call;
 To whet your dull Debauches up and down,
 You seek him as top Fidler of the Town.*

*But if I laugh when the gay Coxcombs show,
 To see the Booby Sotus dance Provoe.
 Or chatt'ring Porus, from the Side-Box grin,
 Trick'd like a Lady's Monkey new made clean.
 To me the Name of Railer straight you give,
 Call me a Man that knows not how to live.
 But Wenches to their Keepers true shall turn,
 Stale Maids of Honour proffer'd Husbands scorn,
 Great Heroes Flattery and Clinches hate,
 And long in Office die without Estate;
 Without a Fee, great Council Causes plead,
 The Country Knar'ry want, the City Pride;
 Ere that black Malice in my Rhymes you find,
 That wrongs a worthy Man, or hurts a Friend.*

But then perhaps you'll say why do you write?
 What you think harmless Mirth, the World thinks Spight.
 Why shou'd your Fingers itch to have a Lash
 At Simons the Buffoon, or Cully Bash?
 What is't to you, if Alidor's fine Whore
 Lies with some Friend, whilst he's shut out of Door?
 Consider pray, that dang'rous Weapon Wit
 Frightens a Million, when a few you hit.
 Whip but a Cur, as you ride through the Town,
 And straight his fellow Curs the Quarrel own;
 Each Knave or Fool, that's conscious of a Crime,
 Though he scapes now, looks for't another time.
 Sir, I confess all you have said is true,
 But who has not some Folly to pursue?
 Milo turn'd Quixot, fancy'd Battels fights,
 When the fifth Bottle had increas'd your Lights.
 Warlike dirt Pies, our Hero Paris forms,
 Which desprate Bessus without Armour storms.

Cornus, the kindest Husband e'er was born,
 Still courts the Spark that does his Brows adorn.
 Invites him home to Dinner, fills his Veins
 With the hot Blood, which his dear Doxy drains.

Grandio believes himself a Beau-Garçon,
 Goggles his Eyes, writes Letters up and down;
 And with his saucy Love plagues half the Town.
 While pleas'd to have his Vanity thus fed,
 He's caught with Gosnel, that old Hag, a-bed.
 But shou'd I all the crying Follies tell,
 That rouze the sleeping Satyr from his Cell;

I to my Reader shou'd a tedious prove,
 As that old Spark Albanus, making Love,
 Or florid Roscius, when with some smooth Flam,
 He gravely on the Publick tries to sham.

Hold then, my Muse, 'tis time to make an end,
 Lest taxing others, thou thy self offend.
 The World's a Wood, in which all lose their Way,
 Though by a different Path, each goes astray.



On the suppos'd Author of a late
 POEM in Defence of SATYR.

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning Brain,
 In Satyrs Praise, to a low untun'd Strain,
 In thee was most impertinent and vain.
 When in thy Person we more clearly see
 That's Satyr of Divine Authority,
 For God made one on Man when he made thee.
 To shew there were some Men, as there are Apes,
 Fram'd for meer Sport, who differ but in Shapes :
 In thee are all these Contradictions join'd,
 That make an *Ass* prodigious and refin'd.
 A Lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,
 Begot in Love's Despight, and Nature's Scorn;

And art grown up the most ungrateful Wight,
 Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight;
 Yet Love's thy Business, Beauty thy Delight.
 Curse on that silly Hour that first inspir'd
 Thy Madness, to pretend to be admir'd;
 To paint thy grisly Face, to dance, to dress;
 And all those aukward Follies, that express
 Thy loathsome Love, and filthy Daintiness.
 Who needs wilt be an ugly *Beau-Garçon*,
 Spit at, and shun'd by ev'ry Girl in Town;
 Where dreadfully Love's Scare-crow, thou art plac'd
 To fright the tender Flock that long to taste:
 While every coming Maid, when you appear,
 Starts back for Shame, and straight turns chaste for fear.
 For none so poor or prostitute have prov'd,
 Where you made Love, t'endure to be belov'd,
 'Twere Labour lost, or else I wou'd advise:
 But thy half Wit will ne'er let thee be wise.
 Half witty, and half mad, and scarce half brave,
 Half honest (which is very much a Knave)
 Made up of all these Halfs, thou can'st not pass
 For any thing intirely, but an *Ass*.





E P I L O G U E.

AS Charms are Nonsense, Nonsense seems a Charm,
 Which Hearers of all Judgment does disform;
 For Songs, and Scenes, a double Audience bring,
 And Doggrel takes, which *Smiths* in Sattin sing.
 Now to Machines, and a dull Mask you run;
 We find that Wit's the Monster you would shun,
 And by my Troth 'tis most discreetly done.
 For since with Vice and Folly Wit is fed,
 Through Mercy 'tis most of you are not dead,
 Players turn Puppets now at your Desire,
 In their Mouth's Nonsense, in their Tail's a Wire,
 They fly through Crowds of Clouts and Showr's of
 Fire.

A kind of losing *Loadum* is their Game,
 Where the worst Writer has the greatest Fame.
 To get vile Plays like theirs, shall be our Care;
 But of such *awkward* Actors we despair.
 False taught at first ———
 Like Bowls ill bias'd, still the more they run,
 They're further off, than when they first begun.
 In Comedy their unweigh'd Action mark,
 There's one is such a dear familiar Spark,

He yawns as if he were but half awake;
 And fribling for free speaking, does *mistake*;
 False Accent, and neglectful Action too.
 They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,
 That both together, like an Ape's Mock-face,
 By near resembling Man, do Man disgrace.
 Through pac'd ill Actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;
 Half Players, like half Wits, can't be endur'd.
 Yet these are they, who durst expose the Age
 Of the great * Wonder of the *English* Stage;
 Whom Nature seem'd to form for your Delight,
 And bid him speak, as she bid *Shakespear* write.
 Those Blades indeed are Cripples in their Art,
 Mimick his Foot, but not his speaking Part
 Let them the *Traitor*, or *Volpone* try;
 Could they —————

Rage like *Cethegus*, or like *Cassius* die,
 They ne'er had sent to *Paris* for such Fancies,
 As Monsters Heads and *Merry-Andrew's* Dances:
 Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd we appear,
 But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
 Th'old Poets dress'd your Mistress Wit before,
 These draw you on with an old painted Whore,
 And sell, like Bawds, patch'd Plays for Maids twice
 o'er.

Yet they may scorn our House and Actors too,
 Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.

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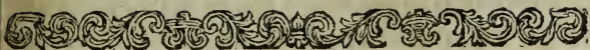
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* *Major Mohun.*

They cry, Pox o' these *Covent-Garden* Men,
 Damn 'em, not one of them but keeps out Ten.
 Were they once gone, we for those thund'ring Blades
 Should have an Audience of substantial Trades,
 Who love our muzzled Boys, and tearing Fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and great Nephew Æolus.
 O how the merry Citizen's in Love
 With _____

Psyche, the Goddess of each Field and Grove.
 He cries, I'faith, methinks 'tis well enough;
 But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd Stuff,
 So to their House the graver Fops repair,
 While Men of Wit find one another here.





A
P R O L O G U E,

Spoken at the

Court at WHITEHALL,

B E F O R E

K I N G C H A R L E S I I.

By the Lady Elizabeth Howard.

WIT has of late took up a Trick t'appear
Unmannerly, or at the best, severe:
And Poets share the Fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to please you all.
'Tis hard your Scorn should against such prevail,
Whose Ends are to divert you, tho' they fail.
You Men would think it an ill-natur'd Jest,
Should we laugh at you when you do your best.
Then rail not here; though you see Reason for't:
If Wit can find it self no better Sport,
Wit is a very foolish thing at Court.

106 POEMS on several Occasions.

Wit's Business is to please, and not to fright;
 'Tis no Wit to be always in the Right;
 You'll find it none, who dare be so to-night.
 Few so ill-bred will venture to a Play,
 To spy out Faults, in what we Women say.
 For us, no matter what we speak, but how:
 How kindly can we say ——— *I hate you now?*
 And for the Men, if you'll laugh at 'em, do;
 They mind themselves so much, they'll ne'er mind you.
 But why do I descend to lose a Pray'r
 On those small Saints in Wit? the God sits there.

To the KING.

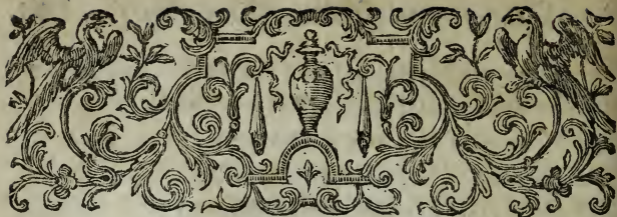
To you, (Great SIR) my Message hither tends:
 From Youth, and Beauty, your Allies and Friends,
 See my Credentials written in my Face,
 They challenge your Protection in this Place;
 And hither come with such a Force of Charms,
 As may give check ev'n to your prosp'rous Arms.
 Millions of *Cupids* hov'ring in the Rear,
 Like Eagles following fatal Troops, appear:
 All waiting for the Slaughter which draws nigh,
 Of those bold Gazers who this Night must die.
 Nor can you 'scape our soft Captivity,
 From which old Age alone must set you free.
 Then tremble at the fatal Consequence,
 Since 'tis well known, for your own part, *Great Prince,*
 'Gainst us you still have made a weak Defence.

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} Be

Be generous and wise, and take our Part:
 Remember we have Eyes, and You a Heart;
 Else You may find, too late, that we are Things
 Born to kill Vassals, and to conquer Kings.
 But oh to what vain Conquest I pretend!
 While *Love* is our Commander, and your Friend!
 Our Victory Your Empire more assures;
 For Love will ever make the Triumph Yours.





*To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and Others,
Whether of City, Town, or Country,*

ALEXANDER BENDO

Wisheth all Health and Prosperity.



HEREAS this famous *Metropolis* of *England*, (and were the Endeavours of its worthy Inhabitants equal to their Power, Merit, and Virtue, I should not stick to denounce it in a short time, the *Metropolis* of the whole *World*): Whereas this City (as most great ones are) has ever been infested with a numerous Company of such, whose Arrogant Confidence, backing their Ignorance, has enabled them to impose upon the People, either premeditated Cheats, or at best, the palpable, dull, and empty Mistakes of their self-deluded Imaginations in Physick, Chymical, and Galenick, in Astrology, Physiognomy, Palmestry, Mathematicks, Alchymy,

Alchymy, and even in Government it self; the last of which I will not propose to discourse of, of meddle at all in, since it no ways belongs to my Trade or Vocation, as the rest do; which (thanks to my God) I find much more safe; I think equally Honest, and therefore more Profitable: But as to all the former, they have been so erroneously practis'd by many unlearned Wretches, whom Poverty and Neediness for the most part (if not the restless Itch of Deceiving) has forc'd to straggle and wander in unknown Paths, that even the Professions themselves, though originally the Products of the most Wise Mens laborious Studies and Experiences; and by them left a wealthy and glorious Inheritance for Ages to come; seem by this Bastard-Race of Quacks and Cheats, to have been run out of all Wisdom, Learning, Perspicuousness, and Truth, with which they were so plentifully stock'd, and now run into a Repute of meer Mists, Imaginations, Errors, and Deceits such as in the Management of these idle Professors indeed they were.

You will therefore (I hope) *Gentlemen, Ladies,* and *Others*; deem it but just, that I, who for some Years have, with all Faithfulness and Assiduity, courted these Arts, and receiv'd such signal Favours from them, that they have admitted me to the happy and full Enjoyment of themselves, and trusted me with their greatest Secrets, should, with an Earnestness and Concern more than ordinary, take

take their Parts against those impudent Fops, whose saucy impertinent Addresses and Pretensions have brought such Scandal upon their most immaculate Honours and Reputations.

Besides, I hope you will not think I could be so impudent, that if I had intended any such foul Play my self, I would have given you so fair Warning by my severe Observations upon others. *Qui alterum incusat probri, ipsum se intueri oportet*, Plaut. However, *Gentlemen*, in a World like this (where Virtue is so exactly counterfeited, and Hypocrisy so generally taken notice of, that every one, arm'd with Suspicions, stands upon his Guard against it) 'twill be very hard for a Stranger especially, to escape a Censure.

All I shall say for my self on this Score, is this: If I appear to any one like a Counterfeit, even for the sake of that chiefly, ought I to be construed a true Man, who is the Counterfeit's Example, his Original, and that which he employs his Industry and Pains to imitate and copy: Is it therefore my Fault, if the Cheat by his Wits and Endeavours makes himself so like me, that consequently I cannot avoid resembling of him? Consider, pray, the Valiant and the Coward; the wealthy Merchant, and the Bankrupt; the Politician and the Fool; they are the same in many things, and differ but in *one* alone. The valiant Man holds up his Head, looks confidently round about him, wears a Sword, courts a Lord's Wife, and owns it: So
 4
 does

does the Coward; one only Point of Honour, and that's Courage (which, like false Metal, one only Trial can discover) makes the Distinction.

The Bankrupt walks the *Exchange*, buys Bargains, draws Bills, and accepts them with the Richest, whilst Paper and Credit are current Coin: That which makes the Difference is real Cash, a great Defect indeed, and yet but one, and that the last found out, and till then the least perceiv'd.

Now for the Politician, he is a grave, deliberating, close, prying Man: Pray, are there not grave, deliberating, close, prying Fools? If then the Difference betwixt all these (though infinite in effect) be so nice in all Appearance, will you expect it should be otherwise betwixt the false Physician, Astrologer, &c. and the true? The first calls himself Learned Doctor, sends forth his Bills, gives Physick and Counsel, tells and foretells; the other is bound to do just as much; 'tis only your Experience must distinguish betwixt them, to which I willingly submit my self: I'll only say something to the Honour of the Mountebank, in case you discover me to be one.

Reflect a little what kind of Creature 'tis: He is one then who is fain to supply some higher Ability he pretends to, with Craft: He draws great Companies to him, by undertaking strange Things which can never be effected.

The Politician (by his Example, no doubt) finding how the People are taken with specious miraculous

culous Impossibilities, plays the same Game, protests, declares, promises I know not what things, which he's sure can ne'er be brought about: The People believe, are deluded, and pleas'd; the Expectation of a future Good, which shall never befall them, draws their Eyes off of a present Evil. Thus are *They* kept and established in Subjection, Peace, and Obedience; *He*, in Greatness, Wealth and Power: So you see the *Politician* is, and must be a *Mountebank* in State-Affairs, and the *Mountebank* (no doubt if he thrives) is an arrant *Politician* in Physick.

But, that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the Things in which I pretend chiefly at this time to serve my Country.

First, I will, by the Leave of God, perfectly cure that *Labe Britannica*, or Grand *English* Disease, the *Scurvy*, and that with such Ease to my *Patient*, that he shall not be sensible of the least Inconvenience whilst I steal his Distemper from him; I know there are many who treat this Disease with *Mercury*, *Antimony*, *Spirits* and *Salts*, being dangerous Remedies, in which I shall meddle very little, and with great Caution, but by more secure, gentle, and less fallible Medicines, together with the Observation of some few Rules in Diet, perfectly cure the *Patient*, having freed him from all the Symptoms, as Looseness of the Teeth, Scorbutick Spots, Want of Appetite, Pains
and

and Laffitude in the Limbs and Joints, especially the Legs. And, to fay Truth, there are few Diftempers in this Nation that are not, or at leaft proceed not originally from, the Scurvy; which were it well rooted out (as I make no queftion to do it of all thofe who fhall come into my Hands) there would not be heard of fo many Gouts, Aches, Dropsies and Confumptions: Nay, even thofe thick and flimy Humours which generate Stones in the Kidnies and Bladder, are for the moft part Offsprings of the Scurvy. It would prove tedious to fet down all its malignant Race; but thofe who addrefs themfelves here, fhall be ftill inform'd by me in the Natures of their Diftempers, and the Grounds I proceed upon to their Cure: fo will all reasonable People be fatisfy'd, that I treat them with Care, Honesty and Underftanding; for I am not of their Opinion, who endeavour to render their Vocations rather myfterious than ufeful and fatisfactory.

I will not here make a Catalogue of Difeaſes and Diftempers; it behoves a *Physician*, I am ſure, to underftand them all: But if any one come to me (as I think there are very few have eſcap'd my *Practice*) I ſhall not be aſham'd to own to my *Patient*, where I find my ſelf to ſeek, and at leaſt he ſhall be ſecure with me from having Experiments try'd upon him; a Privilege he can never hope to enjoy, either in the Hands of the grand Doctors of the Court and Town, or in thoſe of
the

the lesser Quacks and Mountebanks. It is thought fit, that I assure you of great Secrecy, as well as Care in Diseases, where it is requisite, whether Venereal, or other; as some peculiar to Women, the Green-sickness, Weaknesses, Inflammations, or Obstructions in the Stomach, Reins, Liver, Spleen, &c. (For I would put no Word in my Bill that bears any unclean Sound; it is enough that I make my self understood. I have seen Physicians Bills as Bawdy as *Aretine's* Dialogues, which no Man that walks warily before God can approve of). But I cure all Suffocations in those Parts producing Fits of the Mother, Convulsions, Nocturnal Inquietudes, and other strange Accidents, not fit to be set down here; persuading young Women very often that their *Hearts* are like to break for Love, when, God knows, the Distemper lies far enough from that Place.

Likewise Barrenness, proceeding from any accidental Cause, as it often falls out, and no natural Defect; (for Nature is easily assisted, difficultly restor'd, but impossible to be made more perfect by Man, than God himself had at first created and bestowed it). Cures of this kind I have done signal and many, for the which I doubt not but I have the good Wishes and hearty Prayers of many Families, who had else pin'd out their Days under the deplorable and reproachful Misfortunes of Barren Wombs, leaving plentiful Estates and Possessions, to be inherited by Strangers.

As to Astrological Predictions, Physiognomy, Divination by Dreams, and otherwise, (Palmestry I have not Faith in, because there can be no Reason alledg'd for it) my own Experience has convinc'd me more of their considerable Effects, and marvellous Operations, chiefly in the Directions of future Proceedings, to the avoiding of Dangers that threaten, and laying hold of Advantages that might offer themselves.

I say, my own Practice has convinc'd me more than all the sage and wise Writings extant of those Matters: For I might say this for my self, (did it not look like Ostentation) that I have very seldom fail'd in my Predictions, and often been very serviceable in my Advice; how far I am capable in this way, I am sure is not fit to be deliver'd in Print.

Those who have no Opinion of the Truth of this Art, will not, I suppose, come to me about it; such as have, I make no question of giving them ample Satisfaction.

Nor will I be asham'd to set down here, my Willingness to practise rare Secrets (though somewhat collateral to my Profession) for the Help, Conservation, and Augmentation of Beauty and Comeliness: A thing created at first by God, chiefly for the Glory of his own Name, and then for the better Establishment of mutual Love between Man and Woman: God had bestow'd on Man the Power of Strength and Wisdom, and
there-

thereby render'd Woman liable to the Subjection of his absolute Will ; it seem'd but requisite that she should be endu'd likewise in Recompence, with some Quality, that might beget in him Admiration of her, and so enforce his Tendernefs and Love.

The Knowledge of these Secrets I gather'd in my Travels abroad, (where I have spent my Time ever since I was Fifteen Years old, to this my nine and twentieth Year) in *France* and *Italy*: Those that have travell'd in *Italy*, will tell you to what a Miracle Art does there assist Nature in the Preservation of Beauty; how Women of Forty bear the same Countenance with those of Fifteen; Ages are no way distinguish'd by Faces: Whereas here in *England*, look a Horse in the Mouth, and a Woman in the Face, you presently know both their Ages to a Year. I will therefore give you such Remedies, that without destroying your Complexion (as most of your Paints and Dawbings do) shall render them purely fair, clearing and preserving them from all Spots, Freckles, Heats, and Pimples, any Marks of the Small-Pox, or any other accidental ones, so the Face be not seam'd or scarr'd.

I will also preserve and cleanse your Teeth, white and round as Pearls, fastening them that are loose; your Gums shall be kept intire, and red as Coral, your Lips of the same Colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful Kisses.

I will.

I will likewise administer that which shall cure the worst of Breaths, provided the Lungs be not totally perish'd, and imposthumated; as also certain and infallible Remedies for those whose Breaths are yet untainted, so that nothing but either a very long Sickness, or old Age it self, shall ever be able to spoil them.

I will besides (if it be desir'd) take away from their Fatness who have over-much, and add Flesh to those that want it, without the least Detriment to their Constitutions.

Now should *Galen* himself look out of his Grave, and tell me these were Bawbles below the Profession of a Physician, I would boldly answer him, that I take more Glory in preserving God's Image in its unblemish'd Beauty, upon one good Face, than I should do in patching up all the decay'd Carcasses in the World.

They that will do me the favour to come to me, shall be sure from Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, till eight at Night, at my Lodgings in *Tower-street*, next Door to the Sign of the *Black Swan*, at a *Goldsmith's* House, to find

Their Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER BENDO.



FAMILIAR LETTERS.

To the Honourable

H E N R Y S A V I L E.

Dear SAVILE,



O a Charity becoming one of your pious Principles, in preserving your humble Servant *Rochester*, from the imminent Peril of Sobriety; which, for want of good Wine, more than Company (for I can drink like a Hermit betwixt God and my own Conscience) is very like to befall me: Remember what Pains I have formerly taken to wean you from your pernicious Resolutions of *Discretion and Wisdom!* And if you have a grateful Heart, (which is a Miracle amongst you Statesmen) shew it, by directing the Bearer to the best Wine in Town; and pray let not this highest Point of *sacred Friendship* be perform'd *slightly*, but

go about it, *with all due deliberation and care, as holy Priests to Sacrifice, or as discreet Thieves to the wary performance of Burglary and Shop-lifting.* Let your well-discerning Palate (the best judge about you) travel from Cellar to Cellar, and then from Piece to Piece, 'till it has lighted on Wine fit for its noble Choice and my Approbation. To engage you the more in this matter, know I have laid a Plot may very probably betray you to the Drinking of it. My Lord----- will inform you at large.

Dear *Savile!* as ever thou dost hope to *outdo Machiavel, or equal Me,* send some good Wine! So may thy wearied Soul at last find Rest, no longer hov'ring 'twixt th' unequal Choice of *Politicks and Lewdness!* May'st thou be admir'd and lov'd for thy *domestic Wit; belov'd and cherish'd* for thy *foreign Interest and Intelligence.*

ROCHESTER.



To



To the Honourable

H E N R Y S A V I L E.

HARRY,

YOU cannot shake off the Statesman intirely, for, I perceive, you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a Gazette: Now, to me, who think the World as giddy as my self, I care not which way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in 'em: For my own part, I am not at all stung with my Lord M——'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord L——'s generous Philosophy: They who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-boys, who with much Endeavour, and some Danger, climb a Crab-tree, venturing their Necks for Fruit, which solid Pigs would disdain, if they were not starving. These Reflections, how idle soever they seem to the Busy, if taken into Consideration, would save you many weary Step in the Day, and help G——y to many an Hours Sleep, which he wants in the Night: But G——y would be rich;

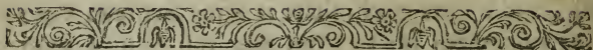
rich; and by my troth, there is some Sense in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find Rest. You write me word, That I'm out of Favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admir'd for the the Disproportion of him and his Attributes: He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, Dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs to shew your self in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Crew together, as may not be asham'd of passing by *Woodstock*; and, if you can debauch Alderman *G—y*, we will make a shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for the declining *D—fs*, and would have you generous to her at this Time; for that is true Pride and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.



G

To



To the Honourable

H E N R Y S A V I L E.

Dear SAVILE,

THIS Day I received the *unhappy News* of my own *Death and Burial*. But, hearing what *Heirs and Successors* were decreed me in my *Place*, and chiefly in my *Lodgings*, it was no small Joy to me, that *those Tidings* prove *untrue*; my *Paffion for Living* is fo increased, that I omit *no Care of my self*; which, *before*, I never thought *Life worth the Trouble of taking*. The King who knows me to be a *very ill-natur'd Man*, will not think it an *easy matter* for me to die, now I live chiefly *out of Spight*. Dear Mr. Savile, afford me some *News from your Land of the Living*; and though I have little *Curiosity* to hear who's *well*, yet I would be *glad* my few *Friends* are *fo*, of whom you are no more *the least* than *the leanest*. I have *better Compliments* for you, but that may not look fo *sincere* as I would have you believe I am, when I profess my self,

Your faithful, affectionate,

Adderbury near
Banbury, Feb. ult.

humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

My Service to my Lord *Middlesex*.

To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

I Am in a great Strait what to write to you; the Stile of *Business* I am not vers'd in, and you may have forgot *the familiar one* we us'd heretofore. What Alterations *Ministry* makes in Men, is not to be imagined; though I can trust with Confidence all those *You* are liable to, *so well I know you*, and *so perfectly I love you*. We are in such a *settled Happiness*, and such *merry Security* in this place, that, if it were not for *Sickness*, I could pass my Time very well, between *my own Ill-nature*, which inclines me very little to pity the Misfortunes of *malicious mistaken Fools*, and the *Policies of the Times*, which expose *new Rarities of that kind* every day. The News I have to send, and the sort alone which could be so to *you*, are things *gyaris & carcere digna*; which I dare not trust to *this pretty Fool, the Bearer*, whom I heartily recommend to your *Favour and Protection*, and *whose Qualities* will recommend him more; and truly if it might suit with your *Character*, at your times of *Leisure*, to Mr. *Baptist's Acquaintance*, the happy Consequence would be *Singiny*, and in which your *Excellence* might have a share not

worthy *the greatest Ambassadors*, nor to be despis'd even by a *Cardinal-Legate*; the *greatest and gravest* of *this Court* of both *Sexes* have tasted his *Beauties*; and, I'll assure you, *Rome* gains upon us *here* in *this point* mainly; and there is no part of the *plot* carried with so much *Secrecy* and *Vigour* as *this*. Profelytes, of consequence, are daily made, and Lord S——'s *Imprisonment* is no check to any. An account of Mr. *George Porter's Retirement*, upon News that Mr. *Grimes*, with *one Gentleman more*, had invaded *England*, Mr. S——'s *Apology*, for making Songs on the Duke of *M.* with his *Oration-Consolatory* on my Lady *D——'s* Death, and a *Politick Dissertation* between my Lady *P——'s* and Captain *Dangerfield* with many other *worthy Treatises* of the like nature, are things worthy your perusal; but I durst not send 'em to you *without leave*, not knowing what *Consequence* it might draw upon your *Circumstances* and *Character*; but if they will admit a *Correspondence* of that kind, in which *alone* I dare presume to think my self *capable*, I shall be very *industrious* in that way, or any other, to keep you from *forgetting*

Your most affectionate,

Whitehall,
Nov. 1.
— 79:

obliged, humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.



To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

WERE I as *Idle* as ever, which I shou'd not fail of being, if Health permitted; I wou'd write a small *Romance*, and make *the Sun* with his *dishevell'd Rays* gild the Tops of the *Palaces in Leather-lane*: Then should *those vile Enchanters Barten and Ginman*, lead forth their *Illustrious Captives in Chains of Quicksilver*, and confining 'em by *Charms to the loathsome Banks of a dead Lake of Diet-drink*; you, as my Friend, shou'd break the horrid Silence, and speak the *most passionate Fine things* that ever *Heroic Lover* utter'd; which being *softly and sweetly* reply'd to by *Mrs. Roberts*, should *rudely* be *interrupted* by the *envious F*——. Thus wou'd I lead the *mournful Tale* along, till the *gentle Reader* bath'd with the *Tribute* of his Eyes *the Names* of such *unfortunate Lovers* — And this (I take it) wou'd be a most excellent way of *celebrating the Memories* of my most *Pocky Friends, Companions and Mistresses*. But it is a *miraculous thing* (as *the wise* have it) when a *Man half in the Grave*, cannot leave off *playing the Fool, and the Buffoon*; but so it falls out in my

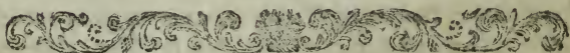
Comfort: For at this Moment I am in a *damn'd Relapse*, brought by a *Fever*, the *Stone*, and some other *ten Diseases more*, which have depriv'd me of the Power of *crawling*, which I happily enjoy'd some days ago; and now I fear I must *fall*, that it may be *fulfilled* which was long since *written for Instruction* in a good old *Ballad*,

*But he who lives not Wise and Sober,
Falls with the Leaf still in October.*

About which time, in all probability, there may be a Period added to a *Ridiculous Being* of

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.



To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

IN my Return from *Newmarket*, I met your *Packet*, and truly was not more *surprized* at the *Indirectness* of *Mr. P's Proceeding*, than *overjoyed* at his *Kindness and Care* for yours. *Misery*
makes

makes all Men less or more dishonest; and I am not astonished to see Villany industrious for Bread; especially living in a place where it is often so de gayeté de Cœur. I believe the Fellow thought of this Device to get some Money, or else he is put upon it by Somebody, who has given it him already; but I give him leave to prove what he can against me: However, I will search into the Matter, and give you a further account within a Post or two. In the mean time you have made my Heart glad in giving me such a Proof of your Friendship; and I am now sensible, that it is Natural for you to be kind to me, and can never more despair of it.

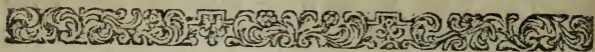
I am your faithful, obliged,

humble Servant,

*Bishop Stafford,
Apr. 5. 80.*

ROCHESTER.





To the Honourable

H E N R Y S A V I L E.

Ambassador in *FRANCE*.

Begun, Whitehall, May 30th, 79.

Dear SAVILE,

TIS neither *Pride* or *Neglect* (for I am not of *the new Council*, and I love you *sincerely*) but *Idleness* on one side, and not *knowing* what to say on the *other*, has hindred me from writing to you, after so *kind a Letter* and *the Present* you sent me, for which I return you at last my humble Thanks. *Changes in this place* are so frequent, that *F— himself* can now no longer give an account, why this was done *to-day*, or what will ensue *to-morrow*; and *Accidents* are so *extravagant*, that my Lord *W—* intending to *Lye*, has with a *Prophetick Spirit*, once told *Truth*. Every Man in this *Court* thinks he stands fair for *Minister*; some give it to *Shaftsbury*, others to *Hallifax*; but Mr *Waller* says *S—* does all; I am sure my Lord *A—* does little, which your Excellence will easily believe. And now the *War in Scotland* takes up all the *Discourse of Politick Persons*. His Grace of *Lauderdale* values himself upon the *Rebellion*, and tells
the

the King, it is very *auspicious* and *advantageous* to the drift of the present Councils: The rest of the Scots, and especially D. H— are very inquisitive after News from Scotland, and really make a handsome Figure in this Conjunction at London. What the D. of Monmouth will effect, is now the general Expectation, who took Post unexpectedly, left all that had offer'd their Service in this Expedition, in the lurch; and being attended only by Sir Thomas Armstrong, and Mr. C— will, without question, have the full Glory as well of the Prudential as the Military Part of this Action intire to himself. The most Profound Politicians have weighty Brows and careful Aspects at present, upon a Report crept abroad, That Mr. Langhorn, to save his Life, offers a Discovery of Priests and Jesuits Lands, to the value of fourscore and ten thousand Pounds a Year; which being accepted, it is feared, Partisans and Undertakers will be found out to advance a considerable Sum of Money upon this Fund, to the utter Interruption of Parliaments, and the Destruction of many hopeful Designs. This, I must call God to witness, was never hinted to me in the least by Mr. P— to whom I beg you will give me your hearty Recommendations. Thus much to afford you a taste of my serious Abilities, and to let you know I have a great Goggle-eye to Business: And now I cannot deny you a share in the high satisfaction I have received at the account which flourishes

rishes here of your high *Protestancy* at *Paris*: *Charenton* was never so honour'd, as since your *Residence* and *Ministry* in *France*, to that *Degree*, that it is not doubted if the *Parliament* be sitting at your Return, or otherwise the *Mayor* and *Common Council* will petition the *King* you may be *Dignified* with the *Title* of that place, by way of *Earldom*, or *Dukedom*, as his Majesty shall think most proper to give, or you accept.

Mr. S— is a Man of that *Tenderness* of Heart and approved *Humanity*, that he will doubtless be highly *afflicted* when he hears of the *unfortunate Pilgrims*, though he appears *very obdurate* to the *Complaints* of his own best *Concubine*, and your fair *Kinswoman M—* who now starves. The Packet inclos'd in your last, I read with all the sense of *Compassion* it merits, and if I can prove so unexpectedly happy to succeed in my *Endeavours* for that Fair *Unfortunate*, she shall have a speedy account. I thank *God*, there is yet a *Harry Savile* in *England*, with whom I drank your Health last Week, at Sir *William Coventry's*, and who, in *Features*, *Proportion* and *Pledging*, gives me so lively an *Idea* of *Your self*, that I am resolved to retire into *Oxfordshire*, and enjoy him till *Shiloe* come, or *You* from *France*.

ROCHESTER.

Ended the 25th of June, 1679.

To



To the Honourable

H E N R Y S A V I L E .

HARRY,

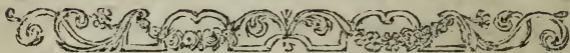
ANY kind of Correspondence with such a Friend as You, is very agreeable; and therefore You will easily believe, I am very ill when I lose the Opportunity of writing to you. But Mr. *Povy* comes into my mind, and hinders farther Compliment: In a plainer way I must tell You, I pray for *Your happy Restoration*; but was not at all sorry for *Your glorious Disgrace*, which is an Honour, considering the *Cause*. I would say something to the *Serious* part (as You were pleas'd to call it) of *Your former Letter*; but it will disgrace my *Politicks* to differ from yours, who have wrought now some time under the *best and keenest Statesmen* our *Cabinet* boasts of; But to confess the Truth, my Advice to the Lady you wot of, has ever been this, *Take your Measures just contrary to your Rivals, live in Peace with all the World, and easily with the King; Never be so Ill-natur'd to stir up his Anger against others, but let him forget the use of a Passion, which is never to do you good: Cherish his Love where-ever it inclines, and be assur'd You can't commit greater Folly,*

Folly, than pretending to be Jealous; but on the contrary, with Hand, Body, Head, Heart, and all the Faculties You have, contribute to his Pleasure all You can, and comply with his Desires throughout: And, for new Intrigues, so you be at one end, 'tis no matter which: Make Sport when You can, at other times help it. ——— Thus I have given You an account how unfit I am to give the Advice You propos'd: Besides this, You may judge, whether I was a good Pimp, or no. But some thought otherwise; and so truly I have renounc'd Business; let abler Men try it. More a great deal I would say, but upon this Subject, and for this time, I beg this may suffice, from

Your humble and most affectionate

faithful Servant,

ROCHESTER.



To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

TIS not that I am the idlest Creature living, and only choose to employ my Thoughts rather upon my Friends, than to languish all the Day
in

in the tediousness of doing nothing, that I write to You; but owning that (tho' You excel most Men in Friendship and Good-nature) You are not quite exempt from all Human Frailty; I send this to hinder You from forgetting a Man who loves You very heartily. The *World*, ever since I can remember, has been still so insupportably the same, that 'twere vain to hope there were any Alterations; and therefore I can have no *Curiosity* for *News*; only I would be glad to know if the Parliament be like to sit any time; for the *Peers* of *England*, being grown of late Years very considerable in the Government, I wou'd make one at the Session. *Livy* and Sickness has a little inclin'd me to *Policy*; when I come to Town, I make no question but to change that *Folly* for some less; whether *Wine* or *Women* I know not; according as my *Constitution* serves me: Till then, (Dear *Harry*) Farewel! When you Dine at my Lord *Lisle's*, let me be remember'd.

Kings and Princes are only as Incomprehensible, as what they *pretend* to represent; but apparently as frail as those they govern — This is a Season of Tribulation; and I piously beg of Almighty *God*, that the *strict Severity* shewn to one scandalous *Sin* amongst us, may expiate for all grievous *Calamities* — So help them *God*, whom it concerns!





To the Honourable

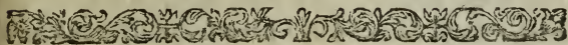
H E N R Y S A V I L E.

HARRY,

I F *Sack and Sugar be a Sin, God help the Wicked;* was the Saying of a merry fat Gentleman, who liv'd in Days of *Yore*, lov'd a Glafs of *Wine*, wou'd be merry with a Friend, and sometimes had an unlucky Fancy for a Wench. Now (dear Mr. *Savile*) forgive me, if I confess, that, upon several Occasions, you have put me in mind of this fat *Person*, and now more particularly, for thinking upon your present Circumstances, I cannot but say with my self, if loving a pretty Woman, and hating *Lauderdale*, bring Banishments and *Pox*, the *Lord* have Mercy upon poor *Thieves* and *S—s*! But, by this time, all your Inconveniences (for, to a Man of your very good Sense, no outward Accidents are more) draw very near their end: For my own part, I'm taking pains not to die, without knowing how to live on, when I have brought it about: But most Human Affairs are carried on at the same *Nonsensical* rate, which makes me, (who am now grown *Superstitious*) think it a Fault to laugh at the *Monkey* we have here,

here, when I compare his *Condition* with *Mankind*. You will be very Good-natur'd, if you keep your Word, and write to me sometimes: And so Good-night, dear Mr. *Savile*.

ROCHESTER.



To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

Whether *Love*, *Wine*, or *Wisdom*, (which rule you by turns) have the present *Ascendant*, I cannot pretend to determine at this *Distance*; but *Good-nature*, which waits about you with more Diligence than *Godfrey* himself, is my *Security*, that you are *Unmindful* of your absent Friends: To be from you, and forgotten by you at once, is a *Misfortune* I never was criminal enough to *merit*, since to the black and fair *Countess* I villainously *betray'd* the daily *Addresses* of your divided Heart: You forgave that upon the *first Bottle*, and upon the *second*, on my Conscience, wou'd have renounc'd *them and the whole Sex*; Oh! *That second Bottle* (Harry!) is the *sincerest*, *wisest*, and *most impartial downright Friend* we have; tells us *Truth of our selves*, and forces us to *speak Truths of others*; banishes *Flattery* from our *Tongues*, and *Distrust* from our *Hearts*; sets

us

us above the *mean Policy of Court Prudence*, which makes us lye to one another *all Day*, for fear of being *Betray'd* by each other *at Night*. And (before God) I believe the *errantest Villain breathing is honest as long as that Bottle lives*, and few of that *Tribe* dare venture upon him, at least among the *Courtiers* and *Statesmen*. I have seriously consider'd one Thing, That of the three Businesses of this Age, *Women*, *Politicks* and *Drinking*; the *last* is the only Exercise at which you and I have not prov'd our selves *errant Fumblers*: If you have not *Vanity* to think *otherwise*; when we meet, let us appeal to Friends of *both Sexes*, and as they shall determine, live and die *their Drunkards*, or *entire Lovers*. For as we mince the Matter, it is hard to say which is the most *tiresome Creature*, *Loving Drunkard*, or the *Drunken Lover*.

If you ventur'd your fat *Buttock* a *Gallop* to *Portsmouth*, I doubt not but through extreme *Gal-ling*, you now lie Bed-rid of the *Piles*, or *Fistula in Ano*, and have the leisure to write to your Country Acquaintance; which if you omit, I shall take the liberty to conclude you very *Proud*. *Such a Letter* should be directed to me at *Adderbury*, near *Banbury*, where I intend to be within these *three Days*. From

Your obedient humble Servant,

Bath, June 22.

ROCHESTER.



To the Honourable

H E N R Y S A V I L E.

Dear SAVILE,

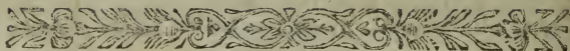
Whether *Love*, or the *Politicks*, have the greater Interest in your Journey to *France*, because it is argued among *wiser* Men, I will not conclude upon; but hoping so much from your Friendship, that, without reserve, you will trust me with the time of your stay in *Paris*; I have writ this to assure you, if it can continue a Month, I will not fail to wait on you there. My Resolutions are to improve this Winter, for the Improvement of my Parts in *Foreign Countries*; and if the *Temptation* of seeing you be added to the *Desires* I have already, the Sin is so sweet, that I am resolved to embrace it, and leave out of my Prayers, *Libera nos à malo*. —

ROCHESTER.

Oxford, Sept. 5.



To



To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

'TIS not the *Least* of my Happiness, that I think you love me; But the *First* of all my *Pretensions* is to make it appear, that I faithfully endeavour to deserve it. If there be a *Real Good* upon Earth, 'tis in the *Name of FRIEND*, without which, all others are meer fantastical. How few of us are fit Stuff to make that Thing, we have daily the melancholy Experience.

However, dear *Harry*! Let us not give out, nor despair of bringing that about, which, as it is the most difficult and rare Accident of Life, is also the best; nay (perhaps) the only good one. This Thought has so intirely possess'd me since I came into the Country, (where, only, one can think; for you at Court think not at all; or, at least, as if you were shut up in a Drum; as you think of nothing but the Noise that is made about you) that I have made many serious Reflections upon it, and amongst others, gather'd one Maxim, which I desire shou'd be communicated to our Friend Mr. G--: That, *We are bound in Morality, and common Honesty.*

Honesty, to endeavour after Competent Riches; since it is certain, that few Men, if any, uneasy in their Fortunes, have prov'd firm and clear in their Friendships. A very poor Fellow is a very poor Friend; and not one of a thousand can be good natur'd to another, who is not pleas'd with himself. But while I grow into Proverbs, I forget that you may impute my Philosophy to the Dog-days, and living alone: To prevent the Inconveniencies of Solitude, and many others, I intend to go to the Bath on Sunday next, in Visitation to my Lord Treasurer. Be so Politick, or be so Kind, or a little of both, which is better) as to step down thither, if famous Affairs at Windsor do not detain you. Dear Harry, I am

Your Hearty, Faithful, Affectionate

Humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

If you see the Dutcheſs of P—— very often, take some Opportunity to talk to her about what I spokē to you at London.





To the Honourable

H E N R Y S A V I L E.

Dear SAVILE,

IF it were the Sign of an honest Man to be happy in his Friends, sure I were marked out for the worst of Men; since no one ne'er lost so many as I have done, or knew to make so few. The Severity you say the Dutchess of P—— shews to me, is a Proof, that 'tis not in my Power to deserve well of any body; since (I call truth to witness) I have never been guilty of an Error, that I know, to her: And this may be a Warning to you, that remain in the Mistake of being kind to me never to expect a grateful Return; since I am so utterly ignorant how to make it: To value you in my Thoughts, to prefer you in my Wishes to serve you in my Words; to observe, study and to obey you in all my Actions, is too little; since I have perform'd all this to her without so much as an offensive Accident. And yet she thinks it just to use me ill. If I were not malicious enough to hope she were in the wrong I must have a very melancholy Opinion of my self. I wish your Interest might prevail with her, as a Friend of hers, not mine, to tell how I have de
served

Served it of her, since she has ne'er accused me of any Crime, but of being Cunning; and I told her, Somebody had been Cunniger than I to persuade her so. I can as well support the Hatred of the whole World as any body, not being generally fond of it. Those whom I have obliged may use me with Ingratitude, and not afflict me much: But to be injur'd by those who have obliged me, and to whose Service I am ever bound, is such a Curse, as I can only wish on them who wrong me to the Dutchess.

I hope you have not forgot what *G---*y and you have promis'd me; but within some time you will come and fetch me to *London*: I shall scarce think of coming till you call me, as not having many prevalent Motives to draw me to the Court, if it be so that my Master has no need of my Service, nor my Friends of my Company.

Mr. *Sheppard* is a Man of a fluent Stile, and coherent Thought; if, as I suspect, he writ your Postscript.

I wish my Lord *Hallifax* Joy of every Thing, and of his Daughter to boot.

ROCHESTER.





To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU, who have known me these Ten Year
 the Grievance of all prudent Persons, the
 By-word of Statesmen, the Scorn of ugly Ladies
 which are very near All, and the irreconcilable
 Aversion of fine Gentlemen, who are the orna-
 mental Part of a Nation, and yet found me sel-
 dom sad, even under these weighty Oppressions
 can you think that the loving of lean Arms, small
 Legs, red Eyes and Nose (if you consider that
 Trifle too) can have the Power to repress the na-
 tural *Alacrity* of my careless Soul; especially upon
 receiving a fine Letter from Mr. Savile, which
 never wants Wit, and Good-nature; two Qual-
 ities able to transport my Heart with Joy, tho'
 were breaking? I wonder at *M——*'s flaunting
 it in Court with such fine Clothes; sure he is a
 alter'd Person since I saw him; for, since I can
 remember, neither his own self, nor any belong-
 ing to him, were out of Rags: His Page alone
 was well cloath'd of all his Family, and that by
 in appearance; for of late he has made no more
 of wearing Second-hand *C—ts*, than Second-hand
 Shoe.

Shoes; tho' I must confess to his Honour, he chang'd 'em oftner. I wish the *King* were soberly advis'd about a main Advantage in this^x Marriage, which may possibly be omitted; I mean the ridding his Kingdom of some old Beauties, and young Deformities, who swarm, and are a Grievance to his Liege People. A Foreign Prince ought to behave himself like a Kite, who is allow'd to take one Royal Chick for his Reward; but then 'tis expected, before he leaves the Country, his Flock shall clear the whole Parish of all the Garbage and Carrion many Miles about. The *King* had never such an Opportunity; for the *Dutch* are very foul Feeders, and what they leave must never expect to be rid of, unless he set up an Intrigue with the *Tartars* or *Cossacks*. For the Libel you speak of, upon that most unwitty Generation, the present *Poets*, I rejoice in it with all my Heart, and shall take it for a Favour if you will send me a Copy. He cannot want Wit utterly that has a Spleen to hose Rogues, tho' never so dully express'd. And now, dear Mr. *Savile*, forgive me, if I do not wind up my self with an handsom Period.

ROCHESTER.



To

*v. willm of Orange probly. with
Mary, dau'r. of the D. of York, in 1678.*



To the Honourable

H E N R Y S A V I L E.

Dear SAVILE,

TH O' I am almost *Blind*, utterly *Lame*, and scarce within the Hopes of ever seeing *London* again, I am not yet so wholly mortified and dead to the Taste of all Happiness, not to be extremely reviv'd at the receipt of a kind Letter from an old Friend, who in all Probability might have laid me aside in his Thoughts, if not quite forgot me by this time. I ever thought you an extraordinary Man, and must now think you such a Friend, who, being a Courtier, as you are, can love a Man, whom it is the great Mode to hate. Catch Sir *G. H.* or Sir *Carr*, at such an ill-bred Proceeding, and I am mistaken: For the hideous Department, which you have heard of, concerning running naked, so much is true, that we went into the River somewhat late in the Year, and had a Frisk for forty Yards in the Meadow to dry our selves. I will appeal to the *King* and the *Duke*, if they had not done as much; nay, my Lord *Chancellor*, and the *Archbishops* both, when they were *Schoolboys*? And, at these Years, I heard the
one

one declaim'd like *Cicero*, the other preach'd like *St. Austin*: Prudenter Persons, I conclude, they were, even in Hanging sleeves, than any of the flashy Fry (of which I must own my self the most unfolid) can hope to appear, even in their Manhood.

And now (Mr. *Savile*) since you are pleas'd to quote your self for a grave Man of the number of the Scandaliz'd, be pleas'd to call to mind the Year 1676, when two large fat *Nudities* led the *Coranto* round *Rosamond's* fair Fountain, while the poor violated *Nymph* wept to behold the strange Decay of Manly Parts, since the Days of her dear *Harry* the Second. And now 'tis time to thank you for your kind inviting me to *London*, to make *Dutchmen* merry; a Thing I would avoid like killing *Punaises*, the filthy Savour of *Dutch Mirth* being more terrible. If *GOD*, in Mercy, has made 'em hush and melancholy, do not you rouse their sleeping *Mirth*, to make the Town mourn; the *Prince* of *Orange* is exalted above 'em, and I cou'd wish my self in Town to serve him in some refin'd Pleasure; which, I fear, you are too much a *Dutchman* to think of.

The best Present I can make at this Time is the Bearer, whom I beg you to take care of, that the *King* may hear his Tunes, when he is easy and private; because I am sure they will divert him extremely: And may he ever have *Harmony* in his Mind, as this Fellow will pour it into his Ears:

H

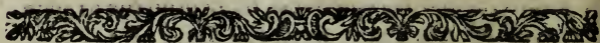
May

May he dream pleasantly, wake joyfully, love safely and tenderly, live long and happily; ever pray
(Dear Savile) *Un Bougre lasse qui sera toute sa fortune reste de Vie,*

Vostre fidel Amy &

tres humble Serviteur,

ROCHESTER.



To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

THAT Night I receiv'd by Yours the surprizing Account of my Lady *Dutchess's* more than ordinary Indignation against me, I was newly brought in dead of a Fall from my Horse, of which I still remain Bruis'd and Bed-rid, and can now scarce think it a Happiness that I sav'd my Neck. What ill *Star* reigns over me, that I'm still mark'd out for *Ingratitude*, and only us'd barbarously to those I am obliged to! Had I been troublesome to her in pinning the Dependance of my *Fortune* upon her Solicitations to the *King*, o
he

her Unmerited Recommendations of me to some Great Man, it would not have mov'd my Wonder much, if she had sought any Occasion to be rid of a useles Trouble: But, a Creature, who had already received of her all the Obligations he ever could pretend to, except the Continuance of her good Opinion, for the which he resolv'd, and did direct every Step of his Life in Duty and Service to her, and all who were concern'd in her; why should she take the Advantage of a false idle Story, to hate such a Man; as if it were an Inconveniency to her to be harmless, or a Pain to continue just? By that *God* that made me, I have no more offended her in Thought, Word, or Deed, no more imagin'd or utter'd the least Thought to her Contempt or Prejudice, than I have plotted *Treason*, conceal'd Arms, train'd Regiments for a *Rebellion*. If there be upon *Earth* a Man of *Common Honesty*, who will justify a Tittle of her Accufation, I am contented never to see her. After this, she need not bid me come to her, I have little Pride or Pleasure in shewing my self where I am accused of a Meanness I were not capable of, even for her Service, which would prove a shrewder Trial of my *Honesty*, than any Ambition I ever had to make my Court to. I thought the *Dutchess* of *P* — more an Angel than I find her a *Woman*; and as this is the first, it shall be the most malicious thing I will ever say of her. For her generous Resolution of not hurting me to the *King*, I thank her; but she must think a

Man much obliged, after the calling of him Knave, to say she will do him no farther Prejudice. For the Countess of P —, whatever she has heard me say, or any body else, of her, I'll stand the *Test* of any impartial Judge, 'twas neither injurious nor unmannerly; and how severe soever she pleases to be, I have always been her humble Servant, and will continue so. I do not know how to assure my self the D. will spare me to the *King*, who would not to you; I am sure she can't say I ever injur'd you to her, nor am I at all afraid she can hurt me with you; I dare swear you don't think I have dealt so indiscreetly in my Service to her, as to doubt me in the Friendship I profess to you. And, to shew You I rely upon yours, let me beg of you to talk once more with her, and desire her to give me the fair hearing she would afford any Footman of hers, who had been complain'd of to her by a less worthy Creature (for such a one, I assure my self, my Accuser is) unless it be for her Service, to wrong the most faithful of her Servants; and then I shall be proud of mine. I would not be run down by a Company of Rogues. and this looks like an Endeavour towards it. Therefore, Dear *Harry*, send me word, how I am with other Folks; if you visit my Lord Treasurer name the Calamity of this matter to him, and tel me sincerely how he takes it: and if you hear the *King* mention me, do the Office of a Friend to

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER



To the Honourable

H E N R Y S A V I L E.

Dear SAVILE,

THE Loufiness of Affairs in this Place is such, (forgive the unmannerly Phrase! Expressions must descend to the Nature of things express'd) 'tis not fit to entertain a private Gentleman, much less one of a publick Character, with the Retail of them; the general Heads, under which this whole Island may be consider'd, are Spies, Beggars, and Rebels, the Transpositions and Mixtures of these make an agreeable Variety; Busy *Fools*, and Cautious *Knaves* are bred out of them, and set off wonderfully; tho' of this latter sort, we have fewer now than ever; *Hypocrisy* being the only Vice in decay amongst us, few Men here dissemble their being Rascals; and no Woman disowns being a Whore. Mr. *Oates* was try'd two Days ago for *Buggery*, and clear'd: The next Day he brought his Action to the *King's Bench* against his Accuser, being attended by the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and other Peers, to the Number of Seven, for the Honour of the *Protestant Cause*.

I have sent you herewith a * Libel, in which my own share is not the least; the *King* having perused it, is no way dissatisfied with his: The Author is apparent Mr. *D* — —, his Patron my *L* — — *M* — — having a Panegyrick in the midst; upon which happen'd a handfom Quarrel between his *L* — p, and Mrs. *B* — — at the Dutcheffs of *P* — —; she call'd him, The Heroe of the Libel, and complimented him upon having made more Cuckolds than any man alive; to which he answer'd, She very well knew one he never made, nor never cared to be employed in making — — Rogue and Bitch ensued, 'till the *King*, taking his Grandfather's Character upon him, became the Peacemaker. I will not trouble you any longer, but beg you still to love

Your faithful, humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

* *Essay on Satyr.*





To the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU are the *Only* Man of *England* that keep
Wit with your *Wisdom*; and I am happy in a
Friend that excels in both; were your *Good-nature*
the least of your *Good Qualities*, I durst not pre-
sume upon it, as I have done; but I know you
are so sincerely concerned in serving your Friends
truly, that I need not make an *Apology* for the
Trouble I have given you in this *Affair*. 142.

I daily expect more considerable Effects of your
Friendship, and have the *Vanity* to think, I shall
be the better for your growing poorer.

In the mean time, when you please to distin-
guish from *Profers* and *Windham*, and comply
with *Rosers* and *Bull*, not forgetting *John Stevens*,
you shall find me

Your most ready

and most obedient Servant,

Quard. Lond.

ROCHESTER.

H 4

LOVE



LOVE-LETTERS.

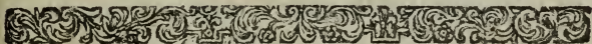
To Mrs. —

MADAM,



O much *Wit* and *Beauty*, as You have, shou'd think of nothing less than doing *Miracles*; and there cannot be a *Greater* than to continue to *love* Me: affecting every thing is *mean*, as loving *Pleasure*, and being *fond* where you find *Merit*; but to pick out the *wildest*, and most *fantastical odd* Man alive, and to place your *Kindness* there, is an Act so *brave* and *daring*, as will shew the *Greatness* of your Spirit, and *distinguish* You in *Love*, as you are in *all things* else, from *Womankind*. Whether I have made a *good* Argument for *my self*, I leave you to *judge*; and beg you to believe me, whenever I tell you what *Mrs. R.* is, since I give you so *sincere* an Account of her humblest Servant: Remember the Hour of a *strict* Account, when, both Hearts are to be *open*, and we obliged to speak *freely* as you order'd

order'd it *Yesterday*, for so I must ever call the *Day* I saw you *last*, since all time between that and the next *Visit* is no part of my *Life*, or at least like a *long Fit* of the *Falling-sickness*, wherein I am *dead* to all *Joy* and *Happiness*. Here's a damn'd impertinent *Fool* bolted in, that hinders me from ending my *Letter*; the Plague of — take him and any Man or Woman alive that take my *Thoughts* off of *You*: But in the *Evening* I will see you, and be *happy* in spite of all the *Fools* in the *World*.



MADAM,

IF there be yet alive within you the least Memory of me, which I can hope only, because of the Life that remains with me, is the dear Remembrance of you; and methinks your Kindness, as the younger, should out-live mine: Give me leave to assure you, I will meet it very shortly with such a share on my side, as will justify me to you from all *Ingratitude*; tho' your *Favours* are to me the greatest *Bliss* this *World*, or *Womankind*, which I think *Heaven*, can bestow, (but the hopes of it:) If there can be any *Addition* to one of the highest Misfortunes, my *Absence* from you has found the way to give it me, in not affording me the least *Occasion* of doing you any *Service* since I left you: It seems, till I am capable of greater *Merit*, you resolve to keep me from the *Vanity* of pretending any at all. Pray consider when you give another

H 5

leave

leave to *serve* you *more* than I, how much *Injustice* you run the hazard of committing, when it will not be in your power to *reward* that *more deserving* Man with half so much Happiness as you have thrown away upon my *Worthless* Self,

Your restless Servant.



MADAM,

I Know not well who has the *worst* on't, you who love but little, or I, who doat to an *Extravagance*; sure, to be half-kind, is as bad as to be half-witted; and *Madness* both in *Love* and *Reason*, bears a better Character than a moderate state of either. Would I could bring you to my *Opinion*, in this Point; I wou'd then confidently pretend you had too just Exceptions either against me or my *Passion*, the *Flesh* and the *Devil*; I mean all the *Fools* of my own *Sex*, and that *fat*, with the other *lean* One of yours, whose prudent Advice is daily concerning you, how dangerous it is to be kind to the Man, upon *Earth*, who loves you best. I, who still persuade my self, by all the Arguments I can bring, that I am Happy, find this none of the least, that you are too unlike these People every way, to agree with them in any Particular. This is writ between sleeping and waking, and I will not answer for its being *Sense*; but, I dreaming you were at Mrs, N—'s with five or six *Fools*, and the *Lean* Lady, wak'd in one of your

Hor-

Horrours, and, in Amaze, Fright, and Confusion, send this to beg a kind one from you, that may remove my *Fears*, and make me as Happy as I am Faithful.



Dear MADAM,

YOU are stark Mad, and therefore the fitter for me to love; and that is the Reason, I think, I can never leave to be

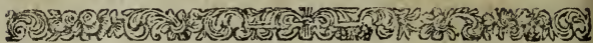
Your humble Servant.



MADAM,

TO convince you how just I must ever be to you, I have sent this on purpose, that you may know you are not a *moment* out of my *Thoughts*; and since so much Merit as you have, and such convincing Charms (to me at least) need not with a greater Advantage over any to forget you, is the only *Reprieve* possible for a Man so much your Creature and Servant as I am; which I am so far from wishing, that I conjure you by all the assurance of *Kindnesses* you have ever made me proud and happy with, that not two Days can pass without some *Letter* from you to me: You must leave 'em, &c. — to be sent to me with *speed*. And till the *blest* Hour wherein I shall see you again, may Happiness of all kinds be as far from me, as I do, both
in

in *Love* and *Jealousy*, pray Mankind may be from you.



MADAM,

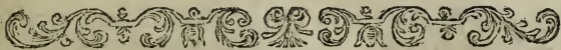
THERE is now no Minute of my Life that does not afford me some new *Argument* how much I love you; the little *Joy* I take in every thing wherein you are not concern'd, the pleasing *Perplexity* of endless *Thoughts* which I fall into, wherever you are brought to my *Remembrance*; and lastly, the continual *Disquiet* I am in, during your *Absence*, convince me sufficiently, that I do you *Justice*, in loving you, so as *Woman* was never loved before.



MADAM,

YOUR safe *Delivery* has delivered me too from *Fears* for your sake, which were, I'll promise you, as *burthensome* to me, as your *Great-belly* cou'd be to you. Every thing has fallen out to my *Wish*, for you are out of *Danger*, and the Child is of the *soft Sex* I love. Shortly my *Hopes* are to see you, and in a little while after to look on you with all your *Beauty* about you. Pray let no Body but your self open the *Box* I sent you; I did not know, but that in *Lying-in* you might have use of those *Trifles*: *Sick*, and in *Bed*, as I am, I could
come

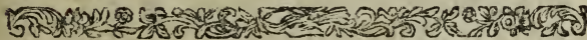
come at no *more* of 'em; but if you find 'em, or whatever is in my power, of use to your Service, let me know it.



MADAM,

THIS is the first Service my Hand has done me, since my being a *Cripple*, and I wou'd not employ it in a *Lie* so soon; therefore, pray believe me *sincere*, when I assure you that you are very *dear* to me; and, as long as I live, I will be *kind* to you:

P. S. This is all my *Hand* wou'd write, but my *Heart* thinks a great deal more.

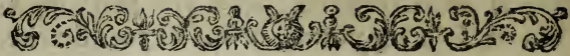


MADAM,

NOTHING can ever be so *dear* to me as you are; and I am so *convinc'd* of this, that I dare undertake to love you whilst I live: Believe all I say, for that is the kindest thing imaginable, and when you can devise any way that may make me appear so to you, instruct me in it, for I need a better *Understanding*, than my own, to shew my *Love*, without wrong to it.

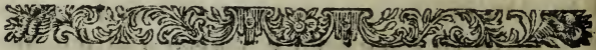


MADAM,



MADAM,

NOW, as I love you, I think I have reason to be *Jealous*; your Neighbour came in last Night with all the *Marks* and *Behaviour* of a *Spy*; every Word and Look imply'd that she came to solicit your *Love* or *Constancy*: May her *Endeavours* prove as vain as I wish my *Fears*. May no Man share the *Blessings* I enjoy, without my *Curses*; and if they fall on him alone, without touching you, I am happy, tho' he deserves 'em not: but shou'd you be concern'd, they'll all flie back upon my self; for he, whom you are kind to, is so blest, he may safely stand the *Curses* of all the *World* without repining; at least, if like me, he be sensible of nothing but what comes from Mrs————



MADAM,

YOU are the most afflicting fair Creature in the World; and however you wou'd persuade me to the contrary, I cannot but believe the *Fault* you pretend to excuse, is the only one I cou'd ever be guilty of to you: When you think of receiving an Answer with Common Sense in it, you must write *Letters* that give less *Confusion* than your last:

I will wait on you, and be reveng'd by continuing to love you, when you grow weariest of it.



MADAM,

YESTERDAY it was impossible to answer your Letter, which I hope, for that reason, you will forgive me; tho' indeed you have been pleas'd to express your self so extraordinarily, that I know not what I have to answer to you: Give me some *Reason* upon your own account only, to be sorry I ever had the Happiness to know you, since I find you repent the *Kindness* you shew'd me, and undervalue the humble Service I had for you; and, that I might be no happier in your Favours, than you could be in my *Love*, you have contriv'd it so well, to make them equal to my Hatred; since that cou'd do no more than these pretend to, take away the *Quiet* of my Life. I tell this not to exempt my self from any Service I can do you, (for I can never *forget* how very happy I have been) but to convince you, the *Love* that gives you the *Torment* of *Repentance* on your side, and me the *Trouble* of perceiving it in the other, is equally unjust and cruel to us both, and ought therefore to die.



MADAM,



MADAM,

YOU shall not fail of — on *Saturday*; and for your *Wretches*, as you call 'em, it is usually my Custom when I wrong such as they to make 'em amends; tho' your Maid has *aggravated* the matter more to my *Prejudice* than I expected from one who belonged to you; and for your own share if I thought you a Woman of *Forms*, you shou'd receive all the *Reparations* imaginable; but it is so unquestionable, that I am thoroughly your humble Servant, that all the World must know, I cannot offend you, without being sorry for it.



MADAM,

THO' upon the Score of *Love*, which is immediately my *Concern*, I find aptness enough to be *jealous*; yet upon that of our *Safety*, which is the only thing in the World *weighs* more with me than my *Love*, I apprehend much more. I know, by woful Experience, what comes of dealing with *Knaves*; such I am sure you have at this time to do with; therefore look well about you, and take it for granted, That unless you can *deceive* them, they will certainly cozen you. If I am not so *wise* as they, and therefore less *fit* to advise you, I am at least more *concern'd* for you, and for that reason
the

the likelier to prove *honest*, and the rather to be *trusted*. Whether you will come to the *Duke's* Play-house to Day, or at least let me come to you when the Play is done, I leave to your Choice; let me know, if you please, by the *Bearer*.



MADAM,

MIGHT I be so happy to receive such *Proofs* of your *Kindness*, as I my self wou'd *choose*, one of the greatest I cou'd think of were, that all my *Actions*, however they appear'd at first, might be interpreted as meant for your *Service*; since nothing is so *agreeable* to my Nature, as seeking my own *Satisfaction*; and since you are the best *Object* of that I can find in the World, how can you entertain a *Jealousy* or *Fear*? You have the strongest *Security* our frail and daily changing Frame can give, that I can *live* to no End so much, as that of pleasing and serving you.



MADAM,

I Have not sinn'd so much as to deserve to live two whole Days without seeing of you From your *Justice* and *Good-nature* therefore I will presume you will give me leave to wait on you at Night, and for your sake use not that Power (which
you

you find you have absolutely over me) so unmercifully as you did last time, to divert and keep me off, from convincing you, by all the Reasons imaginable, how necessary 'tis to preserve you faultless, and make me happy; and also, that you believe and use me like the most Faithful of all your Servants, &c.

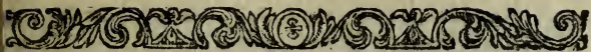


MADAM,

DEAREST of all that ever was Dearest to me, if I love any thing in the World like you, or wish it in my Power to do it, may I ever be as unlucky and as hateful as when I saw you last. I who have no way to express my Kindness to you, but Letters, which cannot speak it half; whether shall I think my self more unfortunate, who cannot tell you how much I love, or you, who can never know how well you are belov'd. I would fain bring it about, if it were possible, to wait upon you to Day; for besides that I never am without the passionate Desire of being with you, at this time I have something to tell you, that is for your Service, and will not be unpleasant News; but I am in Chains here, and must seek out some Device to break 'em for a quarter of an Hour.



MADAM



MADAM,

IT is impossible for me to neglect what I love, as it would be impertinent to profess Love where I had none; but I take the vanity to assure my self, you cannot conclude so severely both of my Truth and Reason, as to suspect me for either of those Faults. If there has been a Misfortune in the Miscarriage of my Letters, I beseech you not to add to it by an uncharitable Censure, but do me the Right to believe the last thing possible in the World, is the least Omission of either Kindness or Service to you : I wish the whole World was as intirely yours as I am, you wou'd then have no reason to complain of any Body, at least, it wou'd be your own Fault, if they were not what you pleas'd. Those Wretches you speak of in your Letter, are so little valuable, that you will easily forget their Malice, and rather look upon the more considerable part of the World, who will ever find their Interest, and make it their Vanity to serve you. And now to let you know how soon I propose to be out of Pain, two Days hence I leave this Place, in order to my Journey towards *London*; and may I then be but as happy as your Kindness can make me, I shall have but very little room either for *Envy* or *Ambition*.

Octob. 6th. *This Morning*
your Messenger came.

MADAM



MADAM,

I Found you in a Chiding Humour to Day, and so I left you; to Morrow I hope for better Luck: 'till when, neither you, nor any you can employ, shall know whether I am under or above Ground; therefore lie still, and satisfy your self, that you are not, nor can be half so kind to Mrs.— as I am:

Good-Night.



MADAM,

MY Faults are such, as among reasonable People, will ever find Excuse; but to you I will make none, you are so very full of *Mystery*: I believe you make your *Court* with good Success, at least I wish it; and as the kindest thing I can say, do assure you, you shall never be my *Pattern*, either in *Good-nature*, or *Friendship*, for I will be after my own rate, not yours,

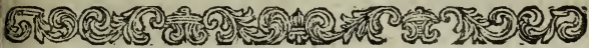
Your humble Servant.



MADAM,

I Am far from delighting in the *Grief* I have given you, by taking away the *Child*; and you, who made

made it so absolutely necessary for me to do so, must take that Excuse from me, for all the Ill-nature of it: On the other side, pray be assur'd, I love *Betty* so well, that you need not apprehend any *Neglect* from those I employ; and I hope very shortly to restore her to you a finer *Girl* than ever. In the mean time you wou'd do well to think of the *Advice* I gave you, for how little shew soever my *Prudence* makes in my own *Affairs*, in yours it will prove very successful, if you please to follow it; and since *Discretion* is the thing alone you are like to want, pray study to get it.

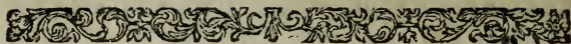


MADAM,

I Came to Town late last Night, tho' time enough to receive News from the King very surprizing, you being chiefly concern'd in't: I must beg that I may speak with you this Morning, at ten a Clock; I will not fail to be at your Door: The *Affair* is unhappy, and to me on many Scores, but on none more than that it has disturb'd the *Heaven of Thought* I was in, to think, after so long an *Absence*, I had liv'd to be again blest with seeing my Dearest Dear, Mrs. —

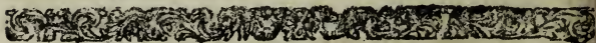


MADAM,



MADAM,

I Am forc'd at last to own, That 'tis very uneasy to me to live so long without hearing a word of you, especially when I reflect how *Ill-natured* the World is to *pretty Women*, and what Occasion you may have for their Service. Besides, I am unsatisfied yet, why that *Inconsiderable* Service you gave me leave to do you, and which I left positive Orders for when I came away, was left unperform'd; and if the *Omission* reflect upon my *Servant*, or my self, that I might punish the one, and clear the other. I have often wish'd, I know not why, but I think for your sake more than my own, that Mrs. ——— might forget me quite: but I find it wou'd trouble me of all things, shou'd she think ill of me, or remember me to hate me, but when-ever she wou'd make me happy; if she can yet wish me so, let her command some real Service, and my *Obedience* will prove the best *Reward* my *Hopes* can aim at.



MADAM,

MY Visit Yesterday was intended to tell you, I had not *Din'd* in Company of *Women*, which (tho' for a certain *Reason* I cou'd not very well express with *Words*) was however sufficiently made
 4 appear,

appear, since you could not be so very *Ill-natured* to make severe Reflections upon me when I was one. Were Men without *Frailties*, how wou'd you bring it about to make 'em love you so blindly as they do. I cannot yet imagine what Fault you wou'd find in my Love-letter; certainly 'twas full of *Kindness* and *Duty* to you; and whilst these two Points are kept inviolable, 'tis very hard when you take any thing ill. I fear staying at Home so much gives you the *Spleen* (for I am loth to believe 'tis I) I have therefore sent you the two *Plays* that are acted this Afternoon; if that *Diversions* wou'd put you into so good a Humour, as to make you able to endure me again, I shou'd be very much oblig'd to the *Stage*. However, if your *Answer* continue, shew your self at the *Play*, that I may look upon you, and go *Mad*. Your *Revenge* is in your own *Eyes*: and if I must suffer I wou'd choose that way.



MADAM,

THO' not for *real Kindness* sake, at least to make your own Words good, (which is a Point of Honour proper for a *Woman*) endeavour to give me some *undeniable Proofs* that you *love* me. If there be any in my *Power* which I have yet neither given nor offer'd, you must explain your self; I am perhaps very dull, but withal very sincere: I could wish, for your sake, and my own, that
 your

your Failings were such: but be they what they will, since I must love you, allow me the liberty of telling you sometimes unmannerly *Truths*, when my *Zeal* for your Service causes, and your own *Interest* requires it: These *Inconveniencies* you must bear with from those that love you with greater regard to you than themselves; such a One I pretend to be, and I hope, if you do not believe it, you will in time find it.

You have said something that has made me fancy to Morrow will prove a happy Day to me; however, pray let me see you before you speak with any other Man, there are Reasons for it. *Dearest* of all my *Desires*. I expect your *Commands*.

An Hour after I left You.



MADAM,

I Have a very just *Quarrel* to *Business*, upon a thousand *Faults*, and will continue it, whilst I live, since it takes from me some Hours of your Company. 'Till two in the Afternoon, I cannot come to you; pity my *Ill-fortune*, and send me word where I shall then find you.

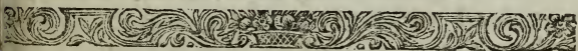


MADAM,



MADAM,

I Was just beginning to write you word, that I am the most *Unlucky* Creature in the World, when your Letter came in, and made me more certain; for you tempt me by desiring me to do the thing upon Earth I have the most *fondness* of, at this time; that is, going with you to *Windsor*; but the *Devil* has laid a *Block* in my way, and I must not, for my Life stir out of Town these ten Days. You will scarce believe me in this Particular, as you shou'd do, but I will convince you of the Truth, when I wait on you; in the mean time (to shew the *Reality* of my *Intentions*) there is a Coach ready hired for To-morrow, which, if not true, you may disprove me by making use of it.



MADAM,

Believe me, (*Dearest* of all *Pleasures*) that those I can receive from any thing but You, are so extremely dull they hardly deserve the Name. If You distrust me, and all my Professions, upon the score of *Truth* and *Honour*, at least let 'em have *Credit* on another, upon which my greatest Enemies will not deny it me; and that is, its being *Notorious*, that I mind nothing but my own
I Satisf-

Satisfaction. You may be sure I cannot choose but love You above the World, whatever becomes of the *King, Court, or Mankind*, and all their *Impertinent* Business. I will come to you this Afternoon.



MADAM,

THAT I do not see You, is not that I wou'd not, for that, the *Devil* take me, if I would not do every Day of my Life, but for these Reasons You shall know hereafter. In the mean time, I can give You no Account of your *Business* as yet; but of my own part, which I am sure will not be agreeable without others, who, I am confident will give full *Satisfaction* in a very short time to all your *Desires*: When 'tis done, I will tell you something that, perhaps, may make you think that I am Mrs. —

Sunday

Your humble Servant



MADAM,

TILL I have mended my Manners I am ashamed to look you in the Face, but seeing you is as necessary to my Life, as Breathing; so that I must see you, or be yours no more; for that's the Image I have

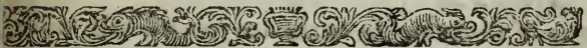
have of Dying. The Sight of you then, being my Life, I cannot but confess, with an humble and sincere Repentance, that I have hitherto liv'd very ill; receive my Confession, and let the Promise of my future Zeal and Devotion obtain my Pardon, for last Night's *Blasphemy* against you, my *Heaven*; so shall I hope, hereafter, to be made Partaker of such Joys in your Arms, as meeting Tongues but faintly can express. *Amen.*



MADAM,

I Assure you I am not half so faulty as unfortunate in serving you; I will not tell you my Endeavours, nor excuse my Breach of Promise; but leave it to you to find the Cause of my doing so ill, to one I wish so well to; but I hope to give you a better account shortly. The Complaint you spoke to me, concerning *Miss*, I know nothing of, for she is as great a Stranger to me, as she can be to you. So, thou pretty Creature, Farewel.

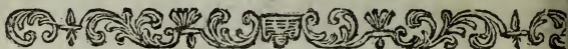
Your humble Servant,



MADAM,

YOUR Letter so transports me, that I know not how to answer it, the Expressions are so soft, and seem to be so sincere, that I were the

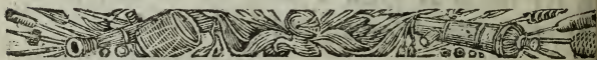
unreasonablest Creature on Earth, could I but seem to distrust my being the happier : and the best Contrivance I can think of, for conveying a Letter to me, is making a *Porter* bring it my *Footman*, where-ever I am, whether at *St. James's*, *Whitehall*, or home. They are at present pulling down some part of my Lodging, which will not permit me to see you there ; but I will wait on you at any other Place, what time you please.



MADAM,

I Could say a great deal to you, but will conceal it till I have Merit: so these shall be only to beg your Pardon for desiring your Excuse till *Monday*, and then you shall find me an honest Man, and one of my Word. So Mrs. —

Your Servant.



MADAM,

MY Omitting to write to you all this while, were an unpardonable Errour, had I been guilty of it through *Neglect* towards you, which I value you too much ever to be capable of. But I have never been two days in a Place, since Mrs. — went away ; which I ought to have given you notice

tice

tice of, and have let you known, that her Crime was, making her Court to — with Stories of you; entertaining her continually with the *Shame* she underwent to be seen in Company of so horrid a Body as your self, in order to the obtaining of her —'s *Employment*; and lastly, that my — was ten times prettier than that nasty B — I was so fond of at *London*, which I had by you. This was the grateful Acknowledgement she made you for all your *Favours*, and this *Recompence* for all the little *Services*, which, upon your Account, she received from

Your humble Servant, &c.



MADAM,

ANGER, Spleen, Revenge, and Shame, are not yet so powerful with me, as to make me disown this great *Truth*, That I love you above all things in the World: But I thank *God*, I can distinguish, I can see very *Woman* in you, and from your self am convinc'd I had never been in the wrong in the Opinion of *Women*: 'Tis impossible for me to curse you; but give me leave to pity my self, which is more than ever you will do for me. You have a Character, and you maintain it; but I am sorry you make me an Example to prove it: It seems (as you excel in every thing) you scorn to grow less in that noble Quality of using

your *Servants* very hardly: You do well not to forget it, and rather practise upon me, than lose the Habit of being very *Severe*; for you that choose rather to be *Wise* than *Just* or *Good-natur'd*, may freely dispose of all things in your Power, without *Regard* to one or the other. As I admire you, I would be glad I could imitate you; it were but *Manners* to endeavour it; which, since I am not able to perform, I confess you are in the right to call that *Rude*, which I call *Kind*; and so keep me in the wrong for ever, which you cannot choose but take great delight in: You need but continue to make it fit for me not to love you, and you can never want something to upbraid me with.

*Three a Clock in the
Morning.*



VALENTINIAN:

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is alter'd by the late

EARL of *Rochester,*

And Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXII.

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LECTURE 1

MECHANICS

LECTURE 1

PHYSICS 101



T H E

P R E F A C E.

I Am desir'd to let the World know, that my late Lord Rochester intended to have alter'd and corrected this Play much more than it is, before it had come abroad, and to have mended not only those Scenes of Fletcher which remain, but his own too, and the Model of the Plot it self. If therefore the Reader do not find it every where to answer the great Reputation of the Author; if he think the Plot too thin, or any of the Scenes too long, 'tis hop'd he will be so just to remember, that he looks upon an unfinish'd Piece, and what Faults soever of this or any other kind some may pretend to see, who cannot yet forgive my Lord the having had more Wit than themselves, we have all the reason imaginable to conclude from the Correctness of his other Poetry, that had he liv'd to put the last Hand to this, he wou'd have left true Criticks and impartial Judges no business but to admire; especially if we consider how much he has mended
the

The P R E F A C E.

old Play by that little he has done to it, for he had but just drawn it into a regular Form, and laid the Plan of what he farther design'd, when his Country and his Friends had the irreparable Misfortune to lose him. But as the loosest Negligence of a great Genius is infinitely preferable to that obscura diligentia, of which Terence speaks, the obscure Diligence and labour'd Ornaments of little Pretenders; and as the rudest Drawings of famous Hands have been always more esteem'd (especially among the knowing) than the most perfect Pieces of ordinary Painters, the Publishers of Valentinian cou'd not but believe, the World wou'd thank 'em for any thing that was of my Lord Rochester's manner, tho' it might want some of those nicer Beauties, those Grace-strokes and finishing Touches, which are so remarkable both in his former and latter Writings: and yet as imperfect as Valentinian is left, I am of Opinion his Enemies will not meet with that occasion in it for their Ill-nature, which perhaps they expect; for besides that my Lord has made it a Play, which he did not find it, the chief Business of it (as Fletcher had contriv'd it) ending with the Fourth Act, and a new Design, which has no kind of relation to the other, is introduc'd in the Fifth, contrary to a Fundamental Rule of the Stage; I say besides that 'tis now adorn'd with that necessary Beauty of a Play, the Unity of Action, and judiciously heighten'd and reform'd through the whole conduct of the Plot from what it was, those Scenes which my Lord has added, have a gracefulness in the Cast, a justness in the Sense, and a nobleness in the Genius, altogether like himself, which (to do my Lord but a bare Right) is far beyond that of most Men who write now, and equal even to the Fancy of Fletcher, which I think no Man's can exceed; there is a chearfulness in it that is every where entertaining, and a Mettle that never tires. But as
my

The P R E F A C E.

my Lord in the suiting of his Style to that of Fletcher, (which he here seems to have endeavour'd, that the Play might look more of a Piece) cannot with any justice be deny'd the Glory of having reach'd his most admir'd Heights, and to have match'd him in his Fancy, which was his chief Excellence, so it must be also confess'd, that my Lord's constant living at Court, and the Conversation of Persons of Quality, to which from his greenest Youth both his Birth and his Choice had accusom'd him, gave him some great Advantages above this so much and so justly applauded Author, I mean, a nicer knowledge both of Men and Manners. If it were at all proper to pursue a Comparison, where there is so little Resemblance, tho' Fletcher might be allow'd some Preference in the skill of a Play-Wright, (a thing my Lord had not much study'd) in the contrivance and working up of a passionate Scene, yet my Lord had so many other far more eminent Virtues to lay in the contrary Scale, as must necessarily weigh down the Balance, for sure there has not liv'd in many Ages (if ever) so extraordinary, and I think I may add so useful a Person, as most Englishmen know my Lord to have been, whether we consider the constant good Sense, and the agreeable Mirth of his ordinary Conversation, or the vast Reach and Compass of his Invention, and the wonderful Depths of his retir'd Thoughts, the uncommon Graces of his Fashion, or the inimitable Turns of his Wit, the becoming gentleness, the bewitching softness of his Civility, or the force and fitness of his Satyr; for as he was both the Delight and the Wonder of Men, the Love and the Dotage of Women, so he was a continual Curb to Impertinence, and the publick Censor of Folly. Never did Man stay in his Company un-entertain'd, or leave it un-instructed; never

The P R E F A C E.

was his Understanding bias'd, or his Pleasantness forc'd; never did he laugh in the wrong Place, or prostitute his Sense to serve his Luxury; never did he stab into the Wounds of fallen Virtue, with a base and cowardly Insult, or smooth the Face of prosperous Villany, with the Paint and Washes of a mercenary Wit; never did he spare a Fop for being rich, or flatter a Knave for being great. As most Men had an Ambition (thinking it an indisputable Title to Wit) to be in the number of his Friends, so few were his Enemies, but such as did not know him, or such as hated him for what others lov'd him; and never did he go among Strangers but he gain'd Admirers, if not Friends, and commonly of such who had been before prejudic'd against him. Never was his Talk thought too much, or his Visit too long; Enjoyment did but increase Appetite, and the more Men had of his Company, the less willing they were to part with it. He had a Wit that cou'd make even his Spleen and his Ill-humour pleasant to his Friends; and the publick chiding of his Servants, which would have been Ill-breeding and intolerable in any other Man, became not only civil and inoffensive, but agreeable and entertaining in him. A Wit that cou'd please the most morose, persuade the most obstinate, and soften the most obdurate. A Wit whose Edge cou'd ease by cutting, and whose Point cou'd tickle while it prob'd. A Wit that us'd to nip in the very Bud the growing Fopperies of the Times, and keep down those Weeds and Suckers of Humanity; nor was it an Enemy to such only as are troublesome to Men of Sense in Conversation, but to those also (of a far worse Nature) that are destructive of publick Good, and pernicious to the common Interest of Mankind; that Vein of Knavery that has of late Years run
through

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through all Orders and Degrees of Men among us, spreading it self like a pestilential Poison through the great and lesser Arteries of our seeming strong-built Leviathan, damping and corrupting the Blood, and choaking the very vital Spirits of the Kingdom.

I might here take occasion to point out in particular, and lash (as they deserve) those daily-increasing Vices and long uncorrected Follies, which are our present Grievances: the Subject is but too fruitful, and the Usefulness too apparent, nor cou'd I ever purchase Reputation at a cheaper Rate; nothing is more easy than to pull off the thin Veil, and bare the vileness of those odious Practices, which some who art ready at any time to run with a Multitude to do mischief, applaud for the highest Virtue and Merit; nothing requires less skill, than to baffle and expose to universal Contempt those slight and trivial Notions, which others who seem given over to believe a Lye, cry up for Masterpieces of Wit and Reason; to name 'em for Arguments is to ridicule 'em, and but to state 'em right is to confute 'em. But common Prudence will teach a Man not to hurt himself, while he vainly endeavours the good of others; for as there never was any Time or Country that wanted Satire so much, that cou'd bear it so little as ours, so the Men I wou'd reform are a sort of harden'd irreclaimable Blockheads, whose Understandings seem perfect Solids, as dead to Wit, and as insensible of Reason, as if their Souls and their Bodies (according to Hobbes's Philosophy) were both made of the same stuff, and equally impenetrable; so ty'd to their little Prejudices, and so wilful in their Blindness, that were they in a Storm at Sea, that threaten'd every moment those Lives and Fortunes of which they are some-
times

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times so unnecessarily prodigal, it wou'd be impossible to make 'em own there were a breath of Wind stirring, unless it suited with their Humours, or was to the purpose of their Folly. With them Seeing in some Cases is not Believing, and the most perfect Sense they have [if it cross their Inclination] must pass for an Irish Evidence. I shall leave therefore to their own Conduct and Destiny this forlorn Hope of Ignorance and Stupidity, and return to what I was saying of my Lord Rochester.

He had a Wit that was accompanied with an unaffected Greatness of Mind, and a natural Love to Justice and Truth; a Wit that was in perpetual War with Knavery, and ever attacking those kind of Vices most, whose malignity was like to be most diffusive, such as tended more immediately to the prejudice of publick Bodies, and were of a common Nuisance to the Happiness of humane kind. Never was his Pen drawn but on the side of good Sense, and usually employ'd like the Arms of the ancient Heroes, to stop the progress of Arbitrary Oppression, and beat down the Brutishness of headstrong Will; to do his King and Country justice upon such publick State-Thieves, as wou'd beggar a Kingdom to enrich themselves, who abusing the Confidence, and undeserving the Favour of a gracious Prince, will not be asham'd to maintain the cheating of their Master, by the robbing and starving of their fellow-Servants, and under the best Form of Government in the World blush not to live upon the Spoil of others, 'till by their impudent Violations of Right they grow like Beasts of Prey, Hostes humani Generis. These were the Vermin whom [to his eternal Honour] his Pen was continually pricking and goading. A Pen, if not so happy in the Success, as generous in the Aim, as either the Sword of Theseus, or the Club of Hercules;

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nor was it less sharp than that, or less weighty than this. If he did not take so much care of himself as he ought, he had the Humanity however to wish well to others, and I think I may truly affirm, he did the World as much good by a right Application of Satire, as he hurt himself by a wrong pursuit of Pleasure.

I must not here forget, that a considerable time before his last Sickness, his Wit began to take a more serious Bent, and to frame and fashion it self to publick Business; he began to inform himself of the Wisdom of our Laws, and the excellent Constitution of the English Government, and to speak in the House of Peers with general Approbation; he was inquisitive after all kind of Histories that concerned England, both ancient and modern, and set himself to read the Journals of Parliament Proceedings. In effect he seem'd to study nothing more, than which way to make that great Understanding God had given him, most useful to his Country; and I am confident, had he liv'd, his riper Age wou'd have serv'd it, as much as his Youth had diverted it. Add to this, the Generousness of his Temper, and the Affability of his good Sense; the Willingness he still show'd to raise the oppress'd, and the Pleasure he took to humble the proud; the constant readiness of his Parts, and that great presence of Mind, that never let him want a fit and pertinent Answer to the most sudden and unexpected Question, [a Talent as useful as 'tis rare] the admirable Skill he was master of, to countermine the Plots of his Enemies, and break through the Traps that were laid for him, to work himself out of the Entanglement of unlucky Accidents, and repair the Indiscretions of his Youth, by the quickness and fineness of his Wit; the strange facility he had to talk to
all

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all Capacities in their own Dialect, and make himself good Company to all kind of People at all times; so that if we wou'd find a Soul to resemble that beautiful Portraiture of Man, with which Lucretius [according to his sublime manner of Description] compliments his Friend Memmius, when he says that Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, and second Cause of all things, had form'd him to excel [and that upon all Occasions] in every necessary Grace and Virtue; I say, if we wou'd justify this charming Picture, and clear it from Flattery even to human Nature, we must set it by my late Lord Rochester; of him it may be truly said in the fullest Sense of the Words,

— Quem tu Dea, tempore in omni,
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus

What last, and most of all, deserves admiration in my Lord, was his Poetry, which alone is Subject enough for perpetual Panegyrick. But the Character of it is so generally known, it has so eminently distinguish'd it self from that of other Men, by a thousand irresistible Beauties; every Body is so well acquainted with it, by the Effect it has had upon 'em that to trace and single out the several Graces, may seem a Task as superfluous, as to describe to a Lover the Lines and Features of his Mistress's Face. 'Tis sufficient to observe, that his Poetry, like himself, was all Original, and has a stamp so particular, so unlike any thing that has been writ before, that as it disdain'd all servile imitation, and copying from others, so neither is it capable (in my Opinion) of being Copy'd, any more than the manner of his Discourse could be Copy'd; the Excellencies are too many and too masterly;

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masterly; on the other side the Faults are few, and those
inconsiderable; their Eyes must be better than ordinary, who
can see the minute Spots with which so bright a Jewel is
tain'd, or rather set off, for those it has are of the kind
which Horace says can never offend,

—— Quas aut incuria fudit;
Aut humana parùm cavit Natura,

Such little Negligences as Humanity cannot be exempt from,
and such as perhaps were necessary to make his Lines rural
natural and easy: For as nothing is more disagreeable either
in Verse or Prose than a slovenly looseness of Style, so on the
other hand too nice a Correctness will be apt to deaden the
Life, and make the Piece too stiff; between these two Ex-
tremes is the just Character of my Lord Rochester's Poetry
to be found; nor do I know any thing that the severest Cri-
tick, who will be impartial, can object, unless he will say
(as some have done) that there is not altogether so much
Strength and Closeness in my Lord's Style as in that of one
of his * Friends, a Person of great Quality and Worth,
whom I think it not proper to name, because he has never
yet publicly own'd any of his Writings, tho' none have been
more generally or more justly admir'd; but if my Lord's
Sense be not always so strong and full [for often it is] as
that of this Honourable Person his Friend, yet in revenge
the Spirit that diffuses it self through the Whole, and warms
and animates every Part, the newness of his Thought, the
swiftness of his Expression, the purity of his Phrase, and the
delicacy of his Turn is admirable; if he does not say so much
in so little Compass, yet he says always enough to please;

* Lord Dorset.

whas

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what he wants in Force, is supply'd in Grace, and where he has not this strength and fulness of Sense, that is so much his Friend's particular Talent, he has Touches that are more affecting, so that when we do not find it, we do not miss it. To conclude this Point, his Poetry has every where a Tincture of that unaccountable Charm in his Fashion and Conversation, that peculiar Becomingness in all he said and did, that drew the Eyes and won the Hearts of all who came near him.





P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. Cook, the First Day.

Written by Mrs. B E H N.

WITH that Assurance we to Day Address,
As Standard Beauties, certain of Success,
With careless Pride, at once they charm and vex,
And scorn the little Censures of their Sex.
Sure of the unregarded Spoil, despise
The needless Affectation of the Eyes,
The soft'ning Languishment that faintly warms,
But trust alone to their resistless Charms.
So we, secur'd by undisputed Wit,
Disdain the damning Malice of the Pit,
Nor need false Arts to set great Nature off,
Or study'd Tricks to force the Clap and Laugh.
Ye wou'd-be-Criticks, ye are all undone,
For here's no Theme for you to work upon.
'Faith seem to talk to Jenny, I advise,
Of who like's who, and how Love's Markets rise.
Try, these hard Times, how to abate the Price;
Tell her how cheap were Damsels on the Ice.
'Mongst City Wives and Daughters that came there,
How far a Guinea went at *Blanket-Fair.
Thus you may find some good Excuse for failing
Of your beloved Exercise of Railing.

That

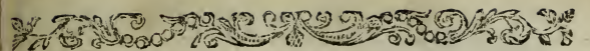
* The Fair on the Thames so call'd.

PROLOGUE.

*That when Friend cries--- How did the Play succeed?
Demme, I hardly minded — what they did.
We shall not your Ill-nature please to Day,
With some fond Scribler's new uncertain Play,
Loose as vain Youth, and tedious as dull Age,
Or Love and Honour that o'er-runs the Stage.
Fam'd and substantial Authors give this Treat,
And 'twill be Solemn, Noble all, and Great.
Wit, sacred Wit, is all the Business here,
Great Fletcher, and the greater Rochester.
Now name the hardy Man one Fault dares find
In the vast Work of Two such Heroes join'd.
None but great Strephon's soft and pow'rful Wit,
Durst undertake to mend what Fletcher writ.
Diff'rent their heav'nly Notes: yet both agree
To make an everlasting Harmony.
Listen, ye Virgins, to his charming Song,
Eternal Musick dwelt upon his Tongue.
The Gods of Love and Wit inspir'd his Pen,
And Love and Beauty was his glorious Theme.*

*Now, Ladies, you may celebrate his Name,
Without a Scandal on your spotless Fame.
With Praise his dear-lov'd Memory pursue,
And pay his Death what to his Life was due.*





PROLOGUE

TO

VALENTINIAN.


Spoken by Mrs. COOK, the Second Day.

'TIS not your Easiness to give Applause,
This long-bid Jewel into Publick draws:
Our matchless Author, who to Wit gave Rules,
Scorns Praise, that has been prostitute to Fools;
To factious Favour, the sole Prop and Fence
Of Hackney-Scriblers, he quits all Pretence,
And for their Flatt'ries brings you Truth and Sense. }
Things we our selves confess to be unfit
For such Side-Boxes and for such a Pit.
To the Fair Sex some Compliment were due,
Did they not slight themselves in liking you;
How can they here for Judges be thought fit,
Who daily your soft Nonsense take for Wit;
Do on your ill-bred Noise for Humour doat,
And choose the Man by the Embroider'd Coat?
Our Author lov'd the Youthful and the Fair,
But ev'n in those their Follies could not spare;
Bid them discreetly use their present Store,
Be Friends to Pleasure, when they please no more;
Desir'd

PROLOGUE.

*Deser'd the Ladies of maturer Ages,
If some remaining Spark their Hearts enrages,
At home to quench their Embers with their Pages.
Pert, patch'd and painted, there to spend their Days;
Nor crowd the Fronts of Boxes at New Plays:
Advis'd young sighing Fools to be more pressing,
And Fops of Forty to give over Dressing.
By this he got the Envy of the Age;
No Fury's like a libell'd Blockhead's Rage.
Hence some despis'd him for his want of Wit,
And others said he too obscenely writ.
Dull Niceness, envious of Mankind's Delight,
Abortive Pang of Vanity and Spite!
It shows a Master's Hand, 'twas Virgil's Praise,
Things low and abject to adorn and raise.
The Sun on Dungbils shining is as bright,
As when his Beams the fairest Flower invite;
But all weak Eyes are hurt by too much Light.
Let then these Owls against the Eagle preach,
And blame those Flights which they want Wing to
reach.
Like Falstaffe let them conquer Heroes dead,
And praise Greek Poets they could never read.
Criticks should Pers'nal Quarrels lay aside,
The Poet from the Enemy divide.
'Twas Charity that made our Author Write,
For your Instruction 'tis we Act to Night;
For sure no Age was ever known before,
Wanting an Æcius and Lucina more.*





PROLOGUE,

Intended for *Valentinian*,

To be spoken by Mrs. *BARREY*.

NOW would you have me rail, swell and look
big,

Like rampant Tory over couchant Whig.
As spit-fire Bullies swagger, swear and roar,
And brandish Bilbo, when the Fray is o'er.
Must we huff on, when we're oppos'd by none?
But Poets are most fierce, on those who're down.
Shall I jeer Popish Plots that once did fright us,
And with most bitter Bobs taunt little Titus?
Or with sharp Style on sneaking Trimmers fall,
Who civilly themselves Prudential call?
Yet Witlings to true Wits as soon may rise,
As a Prudential Man can e'er be wise.
No, even the worst of all, yet I will spare
The nauseous Floater, changeable as Air,
A nasty thing, which on the Surface rides,
Backward and forward with all Turns of Tides,
An Audience I will not so cursely use;
'Tis the lewd way of ev'ry common Muse.
Let Grubstreet Pens such mean Diversion find,
But we have Subjects of a nobler kind.

We

PROLOGUE.

*We of Legitimate Poets sing the Praise,
No kin to th' spurious Issues of these Days.
But such as with Desert their Laurels gain'd,
And by true Wit Immortal Names obtain'd.
Two like Wit-Consuls rul'd the former Age,
With Love and Honour grac'd that flourishing Stage,
And t'ev'ry Passion did the mind engage.
They Sweetness first into our Language brought,
They all the Secrets of Man's Nature sought,
And lasting Wonders in Conjunction wrought.*

*Now joins a Third, a Genius as sublime
As ever flourish'd in Rome's happiest Time.
As sharply could he wound, as sweetly engage,
As soft his Love, and as divine his Rage,
He charm'd the tender'st Virgin to Delight,
And with his Style did fiercest Blockheads fright.
Some Beauties here I see —
Though now demure, have felt his pow'rful Charms
And languish'd in the Circle of his Arms.
But for ye Fops, his Satyr reach'd ye all,
Under his Lash your whole vast Herd did fall.
Oh fatal Loss! that mighty Spirit's gone!
Alas! his too great Heat went out too soon!
So fatal is it vastly to excel;
Thus young, thus mourn'd, his lov'd Lucretius fell.*

*And now ye little Sparks who infest the Pit,
Learn all the Rev'rence due to sacred Wit.*

Disturb

PROLOGUE.

*Disturb not with your empty Noise each Bench,
Nor break your bawdy Jest to th' Orange-Wench;
Nor in that Scene of Fops, the Gallery,
Vent your No-wit, and spurious Railery:
That noisy Place, where meet all sorts of Tools,
Your huge fat Lovers, and consumptive Fools,
Half Wits and Gamesters, and gay Fops, whose Tasks,
Are daily to invade the dang'rous Masks:
And all ye little Brood of Poetasters
Amend, and learn to Write from these your Masters.*



Dramatis Personæ.

Valentinian, Emperor.

Æcius, The Roman General.

Maximus, Lieutenant-General.

Pontius, Captain.

Lycinius,

Balbus,

Proculus,

Chylax.

}

Servants to the Emperor.

Lycius, An Eunuch belonging to *Maximus*.

Lucina, Wife to *Maximus*.

Claudia,

Marcellina,

Ardelia,

Phorba,

Phidias,

Aretus.

}
}
}

Ladies attending *Lucina*.

Lewd Women belonging to the Court.

Friends to *Æcius*, and Servants to the Emperor.

VALEN



VALENTINIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain flies up with the Musick of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, and discovers the Emperor passing through to the Garden, attended with a great Court; Æcius and Maximus stay behind.

MAXIMUS, ÆCIUS.

MAXIMUS.



REAT is the Honour, which our Emperor

Does, by his frequent Visits, throw on
Maximus;

Not less than thrice this Week has his gay
Court,

With all its Splendor shin'd within my Walls:
Nor does this glorious Sun bestow his Beams
Upon a barren Soil: My happy Wife,

Fruitful in Charms for *Valentinian's* Heart,
 Crowns the soft Moments of each welcome Hour,
 With such Variety of successive Joys,
 That lost in Love, when the long Day is done,
 He willingly would give his Empire up,
 For the Enjoyment of a Minute more :

While I ———

Made glorious through the Merit of my Wife,
 Am at the Court ador'd as much as she,
 As if the vast Dominion of the World
 He had exchang'd with me for my *Lucina*.

Æ C I U S.

I rather wish he would exchange his Passions,
 Give you his Thirst of Love for yours of Honour:
 And leaving you the due Possession
 Of your just Wishes in *Lucina's* Arms,
 Think how he may, by force of Worth and Virtue,
 Maintain the Right of his Imperial Crown,
 Which he neglects for Garlands made of Roses;
 Whilst, in Disdain of his ill-guided Youth,
 Whole Provinces fall off, and scorn to have
 Him for their Prince, who is his Pleasures Slave.

M A X I M U S.

I cannot blame the Nations, noble Friend,
 For falling off so fast from this wild Man,
 When, under our Allegiance be it spoken,
 And the most happy Tie of our Affections,
 The whole World groans beneath him: By the Gods,
 I'd rather be a Bondslave to his Panders,
 Constrain'd by Power to serve their vicious Wills,
 Than bear the Infamy of being held
 A Favourite to this Fool-flatter'd Tyrant.

Where lives Virtue,
 Honour, Discretion, Wisdom? Who are call'd
 And chosen to the steering of his Empire,
 But Whores, and Bawds, and Traitors? Oh my *Æcius*,
 The Glory of a Soldier, and the Truth
 Of Men made up for Goodness sake, like Shells
 Grow to the rugged Walls for want of Action;
 Only your happy self, and I that love you,
 Which is a larger means to me than Favour —

Æ C I U S.

No more, my worthy Friend, tho' these be Truths,
 And tho' these Truths would ask a Reformation,
 At least a little Mending — Yet remember
 We are but Subjects, *Maximus*; Obedience
 To what is done, and Grief for what's ill done
 Is all we can call ours. The Hearts of Princes
 Are like the Temples of the Gods. Pure Incense
 ('Till some unhallow'd Hands defile their Off'rings,
 Burns ever there. We must not put 'em out,
 Because the Priests who touch these Sweets are wicked.
 We dare not, dearest Friend; nay more, we cannot,
 While we consider whose we are, and how,
 To what Laws bound, much more to what Lawgiver,
 While Majesty is made to be obeyed;
 And not inquir'd into.

M A X I M U S.

Thou best of Friends and Men, whose wise Instructions
 Are not less charitable, weigh but thus much,
 Nor think I speak it with Ambition,
 For, by the Gods, I do not. Why, my *Æcius*,
 Why are we thus? Or how became thus wretched?

ÆCIUS.

You'll fall again into your Fit.

MAXIMUS.

I will not.

Or are we now no more the Sons of *Romans*?
 No more the Followers of their mighty Fortunes!
 But conquer'd *Gauls*, and Quivers of the *Parthians*?
 Why is the Emperor, this Man we honour,
 This God that ought to be —

ÆCIUS.

You are too Curious.

MAXIMUS.

Give me leave — Why is this Author of us —

ÆCIUS.

I dare not hear you speak thus.

MAXIMUS.

I'll be modest —

Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
 And we Beholders! Misconceive me not,
 I saw no Danger in my Words; but wherefore,
 And to what end are we the Sons of Fathers
 Famous and fast to *Rome*! Why are their Virtues
 Stamp'd in the Dangers of a thousand Battles,
 Their Honours Time out-daring?
 I think for our Example.

ÆCIUS.

You speak well.

MAXIMUS.

Why are we Seeds of those then to shake Hands
 With Bawds and base Informers? Kifs Discredit,
 And court her like a Mistress? Pray your leave yet,
 You'll say the Emperor's young, and apt to take

Impref-

Impression from his Pleasures,
 Yet even his Errors have their good Effects,
 For the same gentle Temper which inclines
 His Mind to Softness, does his Heart defend
 From savage Thoughts of Cruelty and Blood,
 Which thro' the Streets of *Rome* in Streams did flow
 From Hearts of Senators, under the Reigns
 Of our severer warlike Emperors;
 While under this scarcely one Criminal
 Meets the hard Sentence of the dooming Law,
 And the whole World dissolv'd into a Piece,
 Owes its Security to this Man's Pleasures.
 But, *Æcius* — be sincere, do not defend
 Actions and Principles your Soul abhors.
 You know this Virtue is his greatest Vice:
 Impunity is the highest Tyranny:
 And what the fawning Court miscalls his Pleasures,
 Exceeds the Moderation of a Man:
 Nay, to say justly, Friend, they are loath'd Vices,
 And such as shake our Worths with foreign Nations.

Æ C I U S .

You search the Sore too deep; and let me tell you,
 In any other Man, this had been Treason,
 And so rewarded: Pray depress your Spirit;
 For tho' I constantly believe you honest,
 (You were no Friend for me else;) and what now
 You freely speak, but good you owe to th' Empire:
 Yet take heed, worthy *Maximus*, all Ears
 Hear not with that Distinction mine do; few you'll find
 Admonishers, but Urgers of your Actions,
 And to the heaviest (Friend;) and pray consider
 We are but Shadows, Motions others give us;

'And tho' our Pities may become the Times,
 Our Powers cannot; nor may we justify
 Our private Jealousies by open Force.
 Wife, or what else to me it matters not,
 I am your Friend; but durst my own Soul urge me,
 And by that Soul I speak my just Affections,
 To turn my Hand from Truth, which is Obedience,
 And give the Helm my Virtue holds to Anger,
 Tho' I had both the Blessings of the *Bruti*,
 And both their Instigations, tho' my Cause
 Carry'd a Face of Justice beyond theirs,
 And as I am a Servant to my Fortunes,
 That daring Soul that first taught Disobedience,
 Should feel the first Example.

M A X I M U S.

'Mistake me not, my dearest *Æcius*,
 Do not believe, that through mean Jealousy
 How far the Emperor's Passions may prevail
 On my *Lucina's* Thoughts to our Dishonour,
 That I abhor the Person of my Prince.
 Alas! that Honour were a trivial Loss,
 Which she and I want merit to preserve;
 Virtue and *Maximus* are plac'd too near
Lucina's Heart, to leave him such a Fear;
 No private Loss or Wrong inflames my Spirits.
 The *Roman* Glory, *Æcius*, languishes;
 I am concern'd for *Rome*, and for the World,
 And when the Emperor pleases to afford
 Time from his Pleasures, to take care of those,
 I am his Slave, and have a Sword and Life
 Still ready for his Service.

Æ C I U S.

Æ C I U S .

Now you are brave,
 And, like a *Roman*, justly are concern'd.
 But say he be to blame: Are therefore we
 Fit Fires to purge him? No, my dearest Friend,
 The Elephant is never won with Anger,
 Nor must that Man, who would reclaim a Lion,
 Take him by the Teeth.

Our honest Actions, and the Truth that breaks
 Like Morning from our Service, chaste and blushing,
 Is that that pulls a Prince back, then he sees,
 And not 'till then truly repents his Errors.

M A X I M U S ,

My Heart agrees with yours: I'll take your Counsel,
 The Emperor appears; let us withdraw;
 And as we both do love him, may he flourish. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter V A L E N T I N I A N *and* L U C I N A ,

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Which way, *Lucina*, hope you to escape
 The Censure both of Tyrannous and Proud,
 While your Admirers languish by your Eyes,
 And at your Feet an Emperor despairs!
 Gods! why was I mark'd out of all your Brood
 To suffer tamely under mortal Hate?
 Is it not I that do protect your Shrines?
 Am Author of your Sacrifice and Pray'r?
 Forc'd by whose great Commands the knowing World
 Submits to own your Beings and your Power:
 And must I feel the Torments of Neglect?
 Betray'd by Love to be the Slave of Scorn?
 But 'tis not you, poor harmless Deities,

K 5

That

That can make *Valentinian* sigh and mourn!
 Alas! all Power is in *Lucina's* Eyes!
 How soon could I shake off this heavy Earth,
 Which makes me little lower than your selves,
 And fit in Heaven an Equal with the First;
 But Love bids me pursue a nobler Aim;
 Continue Mortal, and *Lucina's* Slave,
 From whose fair Eyes, would Pity take my Part,
 And bend her Will to save a bleeding Heart,
 I in her Arms such Blessings should obtain,
 For which th' unenvy'd Gods might wish in vain.

LUCINA.

Ah! Cease to tempt those Gods and Virtue too!
 Great Emperor of the World, and Lord of me!
 Heav'n has my Life submitted to your Will!
 My Honour's Heav'n's, which will preserve its own.
 How vile a thing am I when that is gone!
 When of my Honour you have rifled me,
 What other Merit have I to be yours?
 With my fair Fame let me your Subject live,
 And save that Humbleness you smile upon:
 Those gracious Looks, whose Brightness should rejoice,
 Make your poor Handmaid tremble, when she thinks
 That they appear like Light'ning's fatal Flash,
 Which by destructive Thunder is pursu'd,
 Blasting those Fields on which it shin'd before!
 And should the Gods abandon worthless Me,
 A Sacrifice to Shame and to Dishonour;
 A Plague to *Rome*, and Blot to *Cesar's* Fame!
 For what Crime yet unknown shall *Maximus*
 By me and *Cesar* be made infamous?
 The faithfull'st Servant, and the kindest Lord?

So true, so brave, so generous, and so just,
 Who ne'er knew Fault; why should he fall to Shame!

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Sweet Innocence! Alas! your *Maximus*
 (Whom I like you esteem!) it is no Danger,
 If Duty and Allegiance be no Shame!
 Have I not Prætors through the spacious Earth,
 Who in my Name do mighty Nations sway?
 Enjoying rich Dominions in my Right,
 Their Temporary Governments I change,
 Divide or take away, as I see good;
 And this they think no Injury nor Shame;
 Can you believe your Husband's Right to you,
 Other than what from me he does derive?
 Who justly may recal my own at pleasure;
 Am I not Emperor? This World my own?
 Given me without a Partner by the Gods?
 And shall those Gods, who gave me all, allow
 That one less than my self should have a Claim
 To you, the Pride and Glory of the whole?
 You, without whom the rest is worthless Dross;
 Life a base Slavery, Empire but a Mock:
 And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curse!
 No, only Blessing, *Maximus* and I
 Must change our Provinces, the World shall bow
 Beneath my Scepter, grasp'd in his strong Hand,
 Whose Valour may reduce rebellious Slaves,
 And wise Integrity secure the rest
 In all those Rights the Gods to me have given:
 While I from tedious Toils of Empire free,
 The servile Pride of Government despise!
 Find Peace and Joy, and Love and Heav'n in Thee;

And

And seek for all my Glory in those Eyes.

LUCINA.

Had Heav'n design'd for me To great a Fate
 As *Cæsar's* Love, I should have been preserv'd
 By careful Providence for him alone,
 Not offer'd up at first to *Maximus*;
 For Princes should not mingle with their Slaves,
 Nor seek to quench their Thirst in troubled Streams.
 Nor am I fram'd with Thoughts fit for a Throne.
 To be commanded still has been my Joy;
 And to obey the height of my Ambition.
 When young, in anxious Cares I spent the Day,
 Trembling for fear, lest each unguided Step
 Should tread the Paths of Error and of Blame:
 'Till Heav'n in gentle Pity sent my Lord,
 In whose Commands my Wishes meet their End,
 Pleas'd and secure while following his Will;
 Whether to live or die, I cannot err.
 You, like the Sun, Great Sir, are plac'd above,
 I, a low Myrtle, in the humble Vale,
 May flourish by your distant Influence;
 But should you bend your Glories nearer me,
 Such fatal Favour withers me to Dust.
 Or I in foolish Gratitude desire
 To kiss your Feet, by whom we live and grow
 To such a height, I should in vain aspire,
 Who am already rooted here below,
 Fix'd in my *Maximus's* Breast I lie!
 Torn from that Bed, like gather'd Flow'rs, I die!

VALENTINIAN.

Cease to oppress me with a thousand Charms!
 There needs no Succour to prevailing Arms!

Your

Your Beauty had subdu'd my Heart before,
 Such Virtue could alone enslave me more:
 If you love *Maximus* to this degree!
 How would you be in love, did you love me?
 In her, who to a Husband is so kind,
 What Raptures might a Lover hope to find?
 I burn, *Lucina*, like a Field of Corn
 By flowing Streams of kindled Flames o'er-born,
 When North Winds drive the Torrent with a Storm: }
 These Fires into my Bosom you have thrown,
 And must in pity quench 'em in your own:
 Heav'n, when it gave your Eyes th'inflaming Pow'r,
 Which was ordain'd to cast an Emperor
 Into Love's Fever kindly did impart
 That Sea of Milk to bathe his burning Heart,
 Thro' all those Joys. [Lays hold on her.

L U C I N A .

Hold, Sir, for Mercy's sake —
 Love will abhor whatever Force can take.
 I may perhaps persuade my self in time,
 That this is Duty which now seems a Crime;
 I'll to the Gods, and beg they will inspire
 My Breast, or yours, with what it should desire.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Fly to their Altars straight, and let 'em know
 Now is their time to make me Friend or Foe,
 If to my Wishes they your Heart incline,
 Or they're no longer Favourites of mine. [Ex. *Lucina*.
 Ho *Chylax*, *Proculus*!

Enter

Enter CHYLAX, PROCULUS, BALBUS
and LYCINIUS.

As ever you do hope to be by me
 Protected in your boundless Infamy,
 For Dissoluteness cherish'd, lov'd and prais'd,
 On Pyramids of your own Vices rais'd
 Above the reach of Law, Reproof, or Shame,
 Assist me now to quench my raging Flame.
 'Tis not as heretofore a lambent Fire,
 Rais'd by some common Beauty in my Breast,
 Vapours from Idleness or loose Desire,
 By each new Motion easily suppress'd,
 But a fix'd Heat that robs me of all Rest.
 Before my dazzled Eyes could you now place
 A Thousand willing Beauties, to allure
 And give me Lust to every loose Embrace,
Lucina's Love my Virtue would secure:
 From the contagious Charm in vain I fly,
 'T has seiz'd upon my Heart, and may defy
 That great Preservative, Variety!
 Go, call your Wives to Council, and prepare
 To tempt, dissemble, promise, fawn and swear;
 To make Faith look like Folly use your Skill,
 Virtue and ill-bred Crossness in the Will.
 Fame, the loose Breathings of a clam'rous Croud!
 Ever in Lyes most confident and loud!
 Honour a Notion! Piety a Cheat!
 And if you prove successful Bawds, be great.

CHYLAX.

All hindrance to your Hopes we'll soon remove,
 And clear the Way to your triumphant Love.

BAL-

BALBUS,

Lucina, for your Wishes we'll prepare,
And shew we know to merit what we are. [Exeunt.

VALENTINIAN.

Once more the Pow'r of Vows and Tears I'll prove,
These may perhaps her gentle Nature move,
To pity first, by Consequence to love.
Poor are the brutal Conquests we obtain
O'er barb'rous Nations by the force of Arms,
But when with humble Love a Heart we gain,
And plant our Trophies in our Conqueror's Charms.

Enter ÆCIUS.

Such Triumphs ev'n to us may Honour bring:
No Glory's vain, which does from Pleasure spring.
How now, *Æcius*! are the Soldiers quiet?

ÆCIUS.

Better I hope, Sir, than they were.

VALENTINIAN.

They're pleas'd, I hear,
To censure me extremely for my Pleasures;
Shortly they'll fight against me.

ÆCIUS.

Gods defend, Sir. And for their Censures, they are
Such shrewd Judges ———
A Donative of Ten Sesterces
I'll undertake shall make 'em ring your Praises
More than they sung your Pleasures.

VALENTINIAN.

I believe thee?
Art thou in Love, *Æcius*, yet?

ÆCIUS.

Oh no, Sir, I am too coarse for Ladies; my Embraces,
That

That only am acquainted with Alarms,
Would break their tender Bodies.

VALENTINIAN.

Never fear it.

They are stronger than you think —
The Empress swears thou art a lusty Soldier,
A good one I believe thee.

ÆCIUS.

All that Goodness is but your Creature, Sir.

VALENTINIAN.

But tell me truly,
For thou dar'st tell me.

ÆCIUS.

Any thing concerns you,
That's fit for me to speak, or you to pardon.

VALENTINIAN.

What say the Soldiers of me! And the same Words!
Mince 'em not, good *Æcius*, but deliver
The very Forms and Tongues they talk withal.

ÆCIUS.

I'll tell you, Sir; but with this Caution,
You be not stirr'd: For should the Gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are Righteous,
Give 'em but Drink, they'd censure them too.

VALENTINIAN.

Forward!

ÆCIUS.

Then to begin, They say you sleep too much;
By which they judge you, Sir, too sensual;
Apt to decline your Strength to Ease and Pleasure:
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much;
From which they fear Suspicions first, then Ruin:

And

And when you neither drink nor sleep, you guess, Sir,
Which they affirm first breaks your Understanding,
Then dulls the Edge of Honour, makes them seem,
That are the Ribs and Rampires of the Empire,
Fencers and beaten Fools, and so regarded:
But I believe 'em not: For were these Truths,
Your Virtue can correct them.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

They speak vainly.

Æ C I U S .

They say moreover, Sir, since you will have it;
For they will take their Freedoms tho' the Sword
Were at their Throats: That of late times, like *Nero*,
And with the same Forgetfulness of Glory,
You have got a vein of Fidling: So they term it.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Some drunken Dreamers, *Æcius*.

Æ C I U S .

So I hope, Sir.

They say besides, you nourish strange Devourers;
Fed with the Fat of th' Empire, they call Bawds,
Lazy and lustful Creatures that abuse you.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

What Sin's next? For I perceive they have no mind
To spare me!

Æ C I U S .

Nor hurt you on my Soul, Sir: But such People
(Nor can the Pow'r of Man restrain it)
When they are full of Meat, and Ease, must prate.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Forward.

Æ C I U S .

I have spoken too much, Sir.

V A :

VALENTINIAN.

I'll have all.

ÆCIUS.

It is not fit

Your Ears should hear their Vanities, no Profit
Can justly arise to you from their Behaviour,
Unless you were guilty of these Crimes,

VALENTINIAN.

It may be I am so. Therefore forward.

ÆCIUS.

I have ever learn'd to obey.

VALENTINIAN,

No more Apologies.

ÆCIUS,—

They grieve besides, Sir,

To see the Nations, whom our ancient Virtue
With many a weary March and Hunger conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring Life subdu'd,
Fall from their fair Obedience; and ev'n murmur
To see the warlike Eagles mew their Honours
In obscure Towns, that us'd to prey on Princes;
They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captain
The Fruits of *Italy* are luscious: Give us *Ægypt*,
Or sandy *Africk* to display our Valours,
There, where our Swords may get us Meat, and Dangers
Digest our well-got Food; for here our Weapons
And Bodies that were made for shining Brass,
Are both unedg'd, and old, with Ease and Women!
And then they cry again, Where are the *Germans*
Lin'd with hot *Spain* or *Gallia*? bring 'em near:
And let the Son of War, steel'd *Mithridates*,

Pour on us his wing'd *Parthians* like a Storm,
 Hiding the Face of Heav'n with Showr's of Arrows,
 Yet we dare fight like *Romans*; then as Soldiers
 Tir'd with a weary March, they tell their Wounds,
 Ev'n weeping ripe, they were no more nor deeper,
 And glory in these Scars that make 'em lovely.
 And sitting where a Camp was, like sad Pilgrims
 They reckon up the Times and loading Labours
 Or *Julius* or *Germanicus*, and wonder
 That *Rome*, whose Turrets once were topt with Honour,
 Can now forget the Custom of her Conquests?
 And then they blame you, Sir — and say, Who leads us
 Shall we stand here like Statues! Were our Fathers
 The Sons of lazy *Moors*, our Princes *Persians*!
 Nothing but Silk and Softness? Curses on 'em
 That first taught *Nero* Wantonness and Blood,
Tiberius Doubts, *Caligula* all Vices,
 For from the Spring of these, succeeding Princes —
 Thus they talk, Sir.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Well?

Why do you hear these things?

Æ C I U S.]

Why do you do 'em?

I take the Gods to witness, with more Sorrow
 And more Vexation hear I these Reproaches,
 Than were my Life dropt from me through an Hour-Glass.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

'Tis like then you believe 'em, or at least
 Are glad they should be so: Take heed — you were better
 Build your own Tomb, and run into it living,
 Than dare a Prince's Anger.

Æ C I U S

ÆCIUS.

I am old, Sir:

And Ten Years more Addition is but nothing:
 Now if my Life be pleasing to you, take it.
 Upon my Knees, if ever any Service
 (As let me brag, some have been worthy notice!)
 If ever any Worth or Trust you gave me
 Deserv'd a Favour, Sir; if all my Actions,
 The Hazards of my Youth, Colds, Burnings, Wants,
 For you and for the Empire, be not Vices:
 By the Stile you have stamp'd upon me, Soldier!
 Let me not fall into the Hands of Wretches.

VALENTINIAN.

I understand you not.

ÆCIUS.

Let not this Body
 That has look'd bravely in his Blood for *Cæsar*,
 And covetous of Wounds, and for your Safety;
 After the 'scape of Swords, Spears, Slings and Arrows,
 'Gainst which my beaten Body was my Armour,
 Thro' Seas, and thirsty Desarts, now be Purchase
 For Slaves and base Informers: I see Anger
 And Death look through your Eyes ——— I am mark'd
 for Slaughter,
 And know the telling of this Truth has made me
 A Man clean lost to this World ——— I embrace it,
 Only my last Petition, Sacred *Cæsar*!
 Is, I may die a *Roman* ———

VALENTINIAN.

Rise! my Friend still,
 And worthy of my Love: Reclaim the Soldiers!
 I'll study to do so upon my self.

Go — keep your Command and prosper.

Æ C I U S .

Life to *Caesar*. —————

[*Exit*.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

The Honesty of this *Æcius*,
 Who is indeed the Bulwark of my Empire,
 Is to be cherish'd for the good it brings,
 Not valu'd as a Merit in the Owner !
 All Princes are Slaves bound up by Gratitude,
 And Duty has no Claim beyond Acknowledgment,
 Which I'll pay *Æcius*, whom I still have found
 Dull, faithful, humble, vigilant and brave,
 Talents as I could wish 'em for my Slave:
 But, oh this Woman! ———

Is it a Sin to love this lovely Woman?
 No; she is such a Pleasure, being good;
 That tho' I were a God she'd fire my Blood.

[*Exit*.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter B A L B U S , P R O C U L U S , C H Y L A X ,
 and L Y C I N I U S .

B A L B U S .

I Never saw the like, she's no more stirr'd,
 No more another Woman, no more alter'd
 With any Hopes or Promises laid to her,
 Let them be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
 Than I am with the Motion of my own Legs.

P R O-

PROCULUS.

Chylax!

You are a Stranger yet in these Designs,
At least in *Rome*. Tell me, and tell me Truth;
Did you e'er know in all your Course of Practice,
In all the Ways of Women you have rode through?
For I presume you have been brought up, *Chylax*,
As we to fetch and carry.

CHYLAX.

True — I have so.

PROCULUS.

Did you, I say again, in all this Progress,
Ever discover such a Piece of Beauty,
Ever so rare a Creature, and no doubt,
One that must know her Worth too, and affect it;
Ay, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none; and Honest,
Honest against the Tide of all Temptations?
Honest to one Man, and to her Husband only,
And yet not Eighteen, not of Age to know
Why she is Honest?

CHYLAX.

I confess it freely,
I never saw her Fellow, nor ever shall:
For all our *Grecian* Dames as I have try'd,
And sure I have try'd a Hundred — if I say Two,
I speak within my compass: All these Beauties,
And all the Constancy of all these Faces,
Maids, Widows, Wives, of what Degree or Calling,
So they be *Greeks* and fat; for there's my Cunning:
I would undertake, and not sweat for't, *Proculus*,
Were they to try again, say twice as many,
Under a Thousand Pound to lay them flat:

But

But this Wench staggers me.

L Y C I N I U S .

Do you see these Jewels?

You would think these pretty Baits now; I'll assure you
Here's half the Wealth of *Asia*.

B A L B U S .

These are nothing

To the full Honours I propounded to her.
I bid her think and be, and presently
Whatever her Ambition, what the Counsel
Of others would add to her, what her Dreams
Could more enlarge, what any Precedent
Of any Woman rising up to Glory;
And standing certain there, and in the highest,
Could give her more: Nay, to be Empress —

P R O C U L U S .

And cold at all these Offers?

B A L B U S .

Cold as Crystal,

Never to be thaw'd.

C H Y L A X .

I try'd her further:

And so far, that I think she is no Woman;
At least as Women go now.

L Y C I N I U S .

Why, what did you?

C H Y L A X .

I offer'd that, that had she been but Mistress
Of as much Spleen as Doves have, I had reach'd her,
A safe Revenge of all that ever hate her,
The crying down for ever of all Beauties,
That may be thought come near her:

P R O -

PROCULUS.

That was pretty.

CHYLAX.

I never knew that way fail; yet I tell you,
 I offer'd her a Gift beyond all yours,
 That, that had made a Saint start, well consider'd;
 The Law to be her Creature; she to make it,
 Her Mouth to give it: Every thing alive
 From her Aspect to draw their Good or Evil,
 Fix'd in 'em spight of Fortune, a new Nature
 She should be call'd, and Mother of all Ages;
 Time should be hers, what she did, flatt'ring Virtues
 Should blest to all Posterities, her Air
 Should give us Life, her Earth and Water feed us,
 And last, to none but to the Emperor
 (And then but when she pleas'd to have it so)
 She should be held a Mortal.

LYCINIUS.

And she heard you?

CHYLAX.

Yes, as a sick Man hears a Noise, or he
 That stands condemn'd; his Judgment.
 Well, if there can be Virtue, if that Name
 Be any thing but Name, and empty Title,
 If it be so as Fools are us'd to feign it,
 A Power that can preserve us after Death,
 And make the Names of Men out-reckon Ages,
 This Woman has a God of Virtue in her.

BALBUS.

I would the Emperor were that God.

CHYLAX.

She has in her.

All the Contempt of Glory, and vain seeming
 Of all the *Stoicks*, all the Truth of Christians,
 And all their Constancy; Modesty was made
 When she was first intended; when she blushes
 It is the holiest thing to look upon;
 The purest Temple of her Sex, that ever
 Made Nature a blest'd Founder,
 If she were any way inclining
 To Ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
 Proud to be seen or worshipp'd, 'twere a venture:
 But, on my Soul, she is chaster than cold Camphire.

B A L B U S,

I think so too: For all the ways of Woman
 Like a full Sail she bears against: I ask'd her,
 After my many Offers, walking with her,
 And her many down Denials, How
 If the Emperor, grown mad with Love, should force her?
 She pointed to a *Lucrece* that hung by,
 And with an angry look — that from her Eyes
 Shot Vestal Fire against me, she departed,

P R O C U L U S.

This is the first Woman I was ever pos'd in,
 Yet I have brought young loving things together
 This two and thirty Year.

C H Y L A X.

I find by this fair Lady
 The Calling of a Bawd to be a strange,
 A wise and subtle Calling; and for none
 But staid, discreet and understanding People:
 And as the Tutor to Great *Alexander*
 Would say, A young man should not dare to read
 His Moral Books 'till after Five and Twenty,

So must that He or She that will be Bawdy,
 (I mean discreetly Bawdy, and be trusted)
 If they will rise and gain experience,
 Well steeped in Years and Discipline, begin it —
 I take it 'tis no Boy's Play:

BALBUS.

What's to be thought of?

PROCLUSUS.

The Emperor must know it.

LYCINIUS.

If the Women should chance for fail too —

CHYLAX.

As 'tis Ten to One.

PROCLUSUS.

Why, what remains but new Nets for the purpose —
 Th' Emperor. ——— .

Enter VALENTINIAN.

VALENTINIAN.

What! Have you brought her?

CHYLAX.

Brought her, Sir! alas,

What would you do with such a Cake of Ice,
 Whom all the Love i'th' Empire cannot thaw.
 A dull cross thing, insensible of Glory,
 Deaf to all Promises, dead to Desire,
 A tedious Stickler for her Husband's Rights,
 Who, like a Beggar's Cur, hath brought her up
 To fawn on him, and bark at all besides.

VALENTINIAN.

Lewd and ill-manner'd Fool, were't not for fear
 To do thee good by mending of thy Manners,

I'd have thee whipt ! Is this th' Account you bring
To ease the Torments of my restless mind ?

B A L B U S *kneeling.*

Cesar! In vain your Vassals have endeavour'd
By Promises, Persuasions, Reasons, Wealth,
All that can make the firmest Virtue bend,
To alter her. Our Arguments, like Darts
Shot in the Bosom of the boundless Air,
Are lost, and do not leave the least Impression:
Forgive us, if we fail'd to overcome
Virtue that could resist the Emperor.

V A L E N T I N A N .

You impotent Provokers of my Lust,
Who can incite, and have no Power to help;
How dare you be alive, and I unsatisfy'd,
Who to your Beings have no other Title
Nor least Hopes to preserve 'em, but my Smiles?
Who play like poisonous Insects all the Day,
In the warm Shine of me your vital Sun;
And when Night comes must perish ———
Wretches ! whose vicious Lives, when I withdraw
The absolute Protection of my Favour,
Will drag you into all the Miseries
That your own Terrors, universal Hate,
And Law, with Jails and Whips can bring upon you;
As you have fail'd to satisfy my Wishes,
Perdition is the least you can expect,
Who durst to undertake and not perform !
Slaves ! Was it fit I should be disappointed ?
Yet live ———
Continue infamous a little longer ;
You have deserv'd to end. But for this once

I'll not tread out your nasty snuffs of Life ;
 But had your poisonous Flatteries prevail'd
 Upon her Chastity I so admire,
 A Virtue that adds Fury to my Flames !
 Dogs had devour'd ere this your Carcases ;
 Is that an Object fit for my Desires,
 Which lies within the reach of your Persuasions!
 Had you by your Infectious Industry
 Shew'd my *Lucina* frail to that degree,
 You had been damn'd for undeceiving me.
 But to possess her chaste and uncorrupted,
 There lies the Joy and Glory of my Love !
 A Passion too refin'd for your dull Souls,
 And such a Blessing as I scorn to owe
 The gaining of to any but my self :
 Haste straight to *Maximus*, and let him know
 He must come instantly and speak with me ;
 The rest of you wait here — I'll play to-night.
 You saucy Fool! send privately away
 For *Lycias* hither by the Garden-Gate,
 That sweet-fac'd Eunuch that sung
 In *Maximus's* Grove the other Day,
 And in my Closet keep him 'till I come.

[To Chyl]

[Ex. Val]

CHYLAX.

I shall, Sir.

'Tis a soft Rogue, this *Lycias* ;
 And rightly understood,
 He's worth a thousand Womens Nicenesses !
 The Love of Women moves even with their Lust,
 Who therefore still are fond, but seldom just :
 Their Love is Usury, while they pretend
 To gain the Pleasure double which they lend.

Bu

But a dear Boy's disinterested Flame
 Gives Pleasure, and for meer Love gathers Pain;
 In him alone Fondness sincere does prove,
 And the kind, tender, naked Boy is Love.

[Exit.

S C E N E . II. *A Garden.*

Enter LUCINA, ARDELIA and PHORBA.

A R D E L I A .

You still insist upon that Idol Honour,
 Can it renew your Youth? Can it add Wealth?
 Or take off Wrinkles? Can it draw Mens Eyes,
 To gaze upon you in your Age? Can Honour,
 That truly is a Saint to none but Soldiers,
 And look'd into, bears no Reward but Danger,
 Leave you the most respected Woman living?
 Or can the common Kisses of a Husband
 (Which to a sprightly Lady is a Labour)
 Make you almost immortal? You are cozen'd,
 The Honour of a Woman is her Praises,
 The way to get these, to be seen and sought to,
 And not to bury such a happy Sweetness
 Under a smoaking Roof.

L U C I N A .

I'll hear no more.

P H O R B A .

That white and red, and all that blooming Beauty,
 Kept from the Eyes that make it so, is nothing:
 Then you are truly fair, when Men proclaim it:
 The *Phoenix* that was never seen is doubted,
 But when the Virtue's known, the Honour's doubled:
 Virtue is either lame, or not at all,

L 3

And

And Love a Sacrilege, and not a Saint,
When it bars up the Way to Mens Petitions.

ARDELIA.

Nay, you shall love your Husband too; we
Come not to make a Monster of you.

LUCINA.

Are you Women?

ARDELIA.

You'll find us so; and Women you shall thank too,
If you have but Grace to make your Use,

LUCINA.

Fie on you.

PHORBA.

Alas! poor bashful Lady! By my Soul,
Had you no other Virtue but your Blushes,
And I a Man, I should run mad for those!
How prettily they set her off! how sweetly!

ARDELIA.

Come, Goddess, come! you move too near the Earth;
It must not be, a better Orb stays for you.

LUCINA.

Pray leave me.

PHORBA,

That were a Sin, sweet Madam, and a way
To make us guilty of your Melancholy,
You must not be alone: In Conversation,
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the Conscience
Made easy and allowable.

LUCINA.

Ye are Devils.

ARDELIA.

That you may one day blefs for your Damnation.

LU

L U C I N A .

I charge you, in the name of Chastity,
 Tempt me no more: How ugly you seem to me!
 There is no wonder Men defame our Sex,
 And lay the Vices of all Ages on us,
 When such as you shall bear the name of Women:
 If you had Eyes to see your selves, or Sense
 Above the base Rewards ye earn with Shame!
 If ever in your Lives ye heard of Goodness,
 Tho' many Regions off, — as Men hear Thunder:
 If ever you had fathers, and they Souls,
 Or ever Mothers, and not such as you are!
 If ever any thing were constant in you
 Besides your Sins!
 If any of your Ancestors,
 Dy'd worth a noble Deed — that would be cherish'd.
 Soul-frighted with this black Infection,
 You would run from one anothers Repentance,
 And from your guilty Eyes drop out those Sins
 That made ye blind and Beasts.

P H O R B A .

You speak well, Madam!
 A sign of fruitful Education,
 If your Religious Zeal had Wisdom with it.

A R D E L I A .

This Lady was ordain'd to bless the Empire,
 And we may all give thanks for her.

P H O R B A .

I believe you.

A R D E L I A .

If any thing redeem the Emperor,
 From his wild flying Courses, this is she!

She can instruct him — if you mark — she's wife too.

PHORBA.

Exceeding wife, which is a Wonder in her;
And so religious, that I well believe,
Tho' she would sin she cannot.

ARDELIA.

And besides

She has the Empire's Cause in Hand, not Love's:
There lies the main Consideration,
For which she is chiefly born.

PHORBA.

She finds that Point

Stronger than we can tell her, and believe it,
I look by her means for a Reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carry'd.

ARDELIA.

I never thought the Emperor had Wisdom,
Pity, or fair Affection to his Country,
'Till he profess'd this Love. Gods give 'em Children
Such as her Virtues merit, and his Zeal;
I look to see a *Numa* from this Lady,
Or greater than *Octavius*.

PHORBA.

Do you mark too,

Which is a noble Virtue — how she blushes,
And what flowing Modesty runs through her
When we but name the Emperor.

ARDELIA.

Mark it!

Yes, and admire it too: For she considers
Tho' she be fair as Heav'n, and virtuous
As holy Truth; yet to the Emperor,

She

She is a kind of Nothing — but her Service;
 Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it;
 And when her Country's Cause commands Affection,
 She knows Obedience is the Key of Virtues;
 Then fly the Blushes out like *Cupid's* Arrows:
 And though the Tie of Marriage to her Lord,
 Would fain cry, Stay *Lucina* — yet the Cause
 And general Wisdom of the Prince's Love
 Makes her find surer Ends, and happier,
 And if the first were chaste, these are twice doubled!

P H O R B A .

Her Tartness to us too.

A R D E L I A .

That's a wife one.

P H O R B A .

I like it, it shews a rising Wisdom,
 That chides all common Fools, who dare enquire
 What Princes would have private.

A R D E L I A .

What a Lady shall we be bless'd to serve?

L U C I N A .

Go — get you from me,
 Ye are your Purfes Agents, not the Prince's,
 Is this the virtuous Love you train'd me out to?
 Am I a Woman fit to imp your Vices?
 But that I had a Mother, and a Woman
 Whose ever-living Fame turns all it touches
 Into the Good it self was, I should now
 Even doubt my self; I have been search'd so near
 The very Soul of Honour, Why should you Two,
 That happily have been as chaste as I am!
 Fairer I think by much (for yet your Faces,

L 5

Like

Like ancient well-built Piles, shew worthy Ruins)
 After that Angel-Age, turn Mortal Devils!
 For Shame, for Womanhood, for what you have been,
 (For rotten Cedars have born goodly Branches)
 If you have hope of any Heav'n but Court,
 Which, like a Dream, you'll find hereafter vanish:
 Or at the best but subject to Repentance!
 Study no more to be ill spoken of,
 Let Women live themselves, if they must fail;
 Their own Destruction find 'em.

ARDELIA.

You are so excellent in all,
 That I must tell you with Admiration!
 So true a Joy you have, so sweet a Fear!
 And when you come to Anger — 'tis so noble;
 That for my own part, I could still offend,
 To hear you angry: Women that want that,
 And your way guided, (else I count it nothing)
 Are either Fools or fearful.

PHORBA.

She were no Mistress for the World's great Lord,
 Could she not frown a ravish'd Kiss from Anger,
 And such an Anger as this Lady shews us,
 Stuck with such pleasing Dangers (Gods I ask ye)
 Which of you all could hold from?

LUCINA.

I perceive you,
 Your own dark Sins dwell with you, and that Price
 You sell the Chastity of modest Wives at,
 Run to Diseases with you — I despise you,
 And all the Nets you have pitch'd to catch my Virtue,
 Like Spider's webs, I sweep away before me

Go! tell th'Emperor, you have met a Woman,
 That neither his own Person, which is God-like,
 The World he rules, nor what that World can purchase,
 Nor all the Glories subject to a *Cæsar*!
 The Honours that he offers for my Honour,
 The Hopes, the Gifts, and everlasting Flatteries,
 Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt;
 No! not to be the Mother of the Empire,
 And Queen of all the holy Fires he worships,
 Can make a Whore of me.

A R D E L I A .

You mistake us, Madam.

L U C I N A :

Yet tell him this, h'as much weaken'd me,
 That I have heard his Slaves, and you his Matrons,
 Fit Nurses for his Sins! which Gods forgive me,
 But ever to be leaning to his Folly,
 Or to be brought to love his Vice — assure him,
 And from her Mouth, whose Life shall make it certain,
 I never can; I have a noble Husband,
 Pray tell him that too: Yet a noble Name,
 A noble Family, and last a Conscience.
 Thus much by way of answer; for your selves,
 You have liv'd the Shame of Women — die the better.

[Exit Lucina.

P H O R B A .

What's now to do ?

A R D E L I A .

Even as she said, to die,
 For there's no living here and Women thus,
 I am sure for us two.

P H O R B A .

Nothing stick upon her ?

A R

ARDELIA.

We have lost a Mass of Money; well, Dame, Virtue,
Yet you may halt, if good Luck serve!

PHORBA.

Worms take her.

ARDELIA.

So Godly ———

This is ill Breeding, *Phorba*.

PHORBA.

If the Women

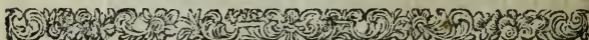
Should have a longing now to see the Monster,
And she convert 'em all!

ARDELIA.

That may be, *Phorba*!

But if it be I'll have the young Men hang'd.

— Come — let's go think — she must not 'scape us thus.

[*Exeunt*.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, and discovers the Emperor at Dice.

MAXIMUS, LYCINIUS, PROCULUS, and
CHYLAX.

VALENTINIAN:

NAY! set my Hand out: 'Tis not just
I should neglect my Luck when 'tis so prosp'rous.

CHYLAX.

If I have any thing to set you, Sir, but Clothes
And good Conditions, let me perish;
You have all my Mony.

PRO:

P R O C U L U S.

And mine.

L Y C I N I U S.

And mine too.

M A X I M U S.

You may trust us sure 'till to-morrow;

Or, if you please, I'll send home for Money presently.

V A L E N T I N I A N.

'Tis already Morning, and staying will be tedious.

My Luck will vanish ere your Money comes.

C H Y L A X.

Shall we redeem 'em if we set our Horses?

V A L E N T I N I A N.

Yes fairly.

C H Y L A X.

That at my *Villa*. —

V A L E N T I N I A N.

At it — 'Tis mine.

C H Y L A X.

Then farewell, Fig-trees; for I can ne'er redeem 'em.

V A L E N T I N I A N.

Who sets? — Set any thing.

L Y C I N I U S.

At my Horse.

V A L E N T I N I A N.

The Dapple *Spaniard*?

L Y C I N I U S.

He.

V A L E N T I N I A N.

He's mine.

L Y C I N I U S.

He is so.

M A X I M U S.

MAXIMUS,

Ha!

LYCINIUS:

Nothing, my Lord! But Pox on my damn'd Fortune!

VALENTINIAN.

Come, *Maximus*; you were not wont to flinch.

MAXIMUS.

By Heav'n, Sir, I have not a Penny.

VALENTINIAN.

Then that Ring.

MAXIMUS.

O good Sir, this was not given to lose!

VALENTINIAN.

Some Love-Token ——— Set it, I say!

MAXIMUS.

I beg you, Sir.

VALENTINIAN.

How silly and how fond you are grown of Toys!

MAXIMUS.

Shall I redeem it?

VALENTINIAN:

When you please; to-morrow,

Or next day as you will: I do not care.

Only for Luck sake ———

MAXIMUS.

There, Sir, will you throw?

VALENTINIAN.

Why then, have at it fairly; the last Stake!

'Tis mine.

MAXIMUS.

Y'are ever fortunate; to-morrow

I'll bring you ——— what you please to think it worth.

VA-

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Then your *Arabian* Horse; but for this Night
I'll wear it as my Victory.

Enter B A L B U S .

B A L B U S .

From the Camp

Æcius in haste has sent these Letters, Sir;

It seems the Cohorts mutiny for Pay.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Maximus--This is ill News. Next Week they are to march;

You must away immediately; no stay,

No, not so much as to take leave at home.

This careful haste may probably appease 'em;

Send word, what are their Numbers;

And Money shall be sent to pay 'em all.

Besides something by way of Donative.

M A X I M U S .

I'll not delay a Moment, Sir.

The Gods preserve you in this mind for ever:

V A L E N T I N I A N .

I'll see 'em march my self.

M A X I M U S .

Gods ever keep you —————

[Exit Max.]

V A L E N T I N I A N .

To what end now d'ye think this Ring shall serve?

For you are the dull'st and the veriest Rogues——

Fellows that know only by rote, as Birds

Whistle and sing.

C H Y L A X .

Why, Sir, 'tis for the Lady.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

The Lady, Blockhead! which end of the Lady?

Her Nose!

C H Y —

CHYLAX.

Faith, Sir, that I know not.

VALENTINIAN.

Then pray for him that does ———

Fetch in the Eunuch;

[Ex. Chyl.]

You! See th' Apartment made very fine

That lies upon the Garden, Masks and Musick,

With the best speed you can. And all your Arts

Serve to the highest, for my Master-piece

Is now on foot,

PROCLUS.

Sir, we shall have a care.

VALENTINIAN.

I'll sleep an Hour or two; and let the Women
Put on a graver shew of Welcome!

Your Wives! they are such Haggard Bawds,

A Thought too eager.

[Enter Chyl. and Lycias.]

CHYLAX.

Here's *Lycias*, Sir:

LYCIAS.

Long Life to mighty *Cesar*.

VALENTINIAN.

Fortune to thee, for I must use thee, *Lycias*.

LYCIAS.

I am the humble Slave of *Cesar's* Will,
By my Ambition bound to his Commands,
As by my Duty.

VALENTINIAN.

Follow me.

LYCIAS.

With Joy, ———

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E II. *Grove and Forest.**Enter* L U C I N A .

Dear solitary Groves where Peace does dwell,
 Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!
 How willingly could I for ever stay
 Beneath the Shade of your embracing Greens,
 List'ning to Harmony of warbling Birds,
 Tun'd with the gentle Murmurs of the Streams,
 Upon whose Banks in various Livery,
 The fragrant Offspring of the early Year,
 Their Heads like graceful Swans bent proudly down,
 Sees their own Beauties in the Crystal Flood?
 Of these I could mysterious Chaplets weave,
 Expressing some kind innocent Design,
 To shew my *Maximus* at his Return,
 And fondly chiding make his Heart confess,
 How far my busy Idleness excels
 The idle Business he pursues all day,
 At the contentious Court or clamorous Camp,
 Robbing my Eyes of what they love to see,
 My Ears of his dear Words they wish to hear,
 My longing Arms of th' Embrace they covet;
 Forgive me Heav'n! if when I these enjoy,
 So perfect is the Happiness I find,
 That my Soul satisfy'd feels no Ambition,
 To change these humble Roofs and sit above.

Enter M A R C E L L I N A .

M A R C E L L I N A .

Madam, my Lord, just now alighted here.
 Was, by an Order from th' Emperor,
 Call'd back to Court!

This

This he commanded me to let you know,
And that he would make haste in his Return!

LUCINA.

The Emperor!

Unwonted Horror seizes me all o'er,
When I but hear him nam'd: sure 'tis not Hate;
For tho' his impious Love with Scorn I heard,
And fled with Terror from his threatning Force,
Duty commands me humbly to forgive,
And bless the Lord to whom my Lord does bow!
Nay more, methinks, he is the gracefullest Man,
His Words so fram'd to tempt, himself to please,
That 'tis my Wonder how the Pow'rs above,
Those wise and careful Guardians of the Good,
Have trusted such a force of tempting Charms
To Enemies declar'd of Innocence!

'Tis then some strange Prophetick Fear I feel,
That seems to warn me of approaching Ills.
Go, *Marcellina*, fetch your Lute, and sing that Song
My Lord calls his: I'll try to wear away
The melancholy Thoughts his Absence breeds!
Come gentle Slumbers, in your flatt'ring Arms
I'll bury these Disquiets of my Mind,
'Till *Maximus* returns — for when he's here,
My Heart is rais'd above the reach of Fear.

[*Marcellina sings.*]

S O N G.

By Mr. W.

W HERE would coy *Aminta* run
From a despairing Lover's Story?
When her Eyes have Conquests won,
Why should her Ear refuse the Glory?

Shall

*Shall a Slave, whom Racks constrain,
Be forbidden to complain?
Let her scorn me, let her fly me,
Let her Looks her Life deny me.
Ne'er can my Heart change for Relief,
Or my Tongue cease to tell my Grief;
Much to love, and much to pray,
Is to Heaven the only Way.*

M A R C E L L I N A .

She sleeps.

*[The Song ended, Exeunt Claudia and Marcellina
before the Dance.]*

S C E N E III. *Dance of Satyrs.*

*Enter CLAUDIA and MARCELLINA to
LUCINA.*

C L A U D I A .

Prithee, what ails my Lady, that of late
She never cares for Company ?

M A R C E L L I N A .

I know not,
Unless it be that Company causes Cuckolds!

C L A U D I A .

Ridiculous! That were a childish Fear;
'Tis Opportunity does cause 'em rather,
When two made one are glad to be alone.

M A R C E L L I N A .

But *Claudia* — why this sitting up all Night;
In Groves by purling Streams? This argues Heat,
Great Heat and Vapours, which are main Corrupters.
Mark when you will, your Ladies that have Vapours,

They

They are not Flinchers, that insulting Spleen,
Is the Artillery of powerful Lust;
Discharg'd upon weak Honour, which stands out,
Two Fits of Headach at the most, then yields.

CLAUDIA.

Thou art the frailest Creature, *Marcellina!*
And think'st all Woman's Honour like thine own!
So thin a Cobweb, that each blast of Passion
Can blow away: But for my own part, Girl,
I think I may be well stil'd Honour's Martyr,
With firmest Constancy I have endur'd
The raging Heats of passionate Desires!
While flaming Love and boiling Nature both,
Were pour'd upon my Soul with equal Torture:
Iarm'd with Resolution stood it out,
And kept my Honour safe.

MARCELLINA.

Thy Glory's great!
But, *Claudia*, Thanks to Heav'n that I am made
The weakest of all Women; fram'd so frail,
That Honour ne'er thought fit to choose me out
His Champion against pleasure: My poor Heart,
For divers Years, still tosd from Flame to Flame,
Is now burnt up to Tinder, every Spark,
Dropt from kind Eyes, sets it a-fire afresh;
Press'd by a gentle Hand I melt away:
One Sigh's a Storm that blows me all along;
Pity a Wretch who has no Charm at all,
Against the impetuous Tide of flowing Pleasure,
Who wants both Force and Courage to maintain
The glorious War made upon Flesh and Blood,
But is a Sacrifice to every Wish,

And

And has no Power left to resist a Joy.

C L A U D I A .

Poor Girl! how strange a Riddle Virtue is!
 They never miss it who possess it not;
 And they who have it, ever find a want.
 With what Tranquillity and Peace thou liv'st!
 For stript of Shame, thou hast no Cause to fear;
 While I, the Slave of Virtue, am afraid
 Of every thing I see; and think the World
 A dreadful Wilderness of Savage Beasts;
 Each Man I meet I fancy will devour me;
 And sway'd by Rules not natural but affected,
 I hate Mankind for fear of being lov'd.

M A R C E L L I N A .

'Tis nothing less than Witchcraft can constrain,
 Still to persist in Errors we perceive!
 Prithee reform; what Nature prompts us to,
 And Reason seconds, why should we avoid?
 This Honour is the veriest Mountebank,
 It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks,
 And makes us freakish; what a Cheat must that be,
 Which robs our Lives of all their softer Hours!
 Beauty our only Treasure it lays waste,
 Hurries us over our neglected Youth,
 To the detested State of Age and Ugliness,
 Tearing our dearest Hearts Desire from us;
 Then in Reward of what it took away,
 Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wishes and Delights,
 It bountifully pays us all with Pride!
 Poor Shifts! still to be proud, and never pleas'd,
 Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.

C L A U -

CLAUDIA.

Concluded like thy self, for sure thou art
 The most corrupt corrupting Thing alive;
 Yet glory not too much in cheating Wit:
 'Tis but false Wisdom; and its Property
 Has ever been to take the Part of Vice,
 Which tho' the Fancy with vain Shews it please,
 Yet wants a Power to satisfy the Mind. [*Lucina wakes.*]

But see my Lady wakes, and comes this way.
 Bless me! how pale, and how confus'd she looks!

LUCINA.

In what fantastick new World have I been?
 What Horrors past? what threatning Visions seen?
 Wrapt as I lay in my amazing Trance,
 The Host of Heav'n and Hell did round me dance:
 Debates arose betwixt the Powr's above,
 And those below: Methoughts they talk'd of Love,
 And nam'd me often; but it could not be,
 Of any Love that had to do with me.
 For all the while they talk'd and argu'd thus,
 I never heard one Word of *Maximus*,
 Discourteous Nymphs! who own these murm'ring Floods,
 And you unkind Divinities o' h' Woods!
 When to your Banks and Bowers I came distress'd,
 Half dead thro' Absence, seeking Peace and Rest,
 Why would you not protect, by these your Streams,
 A sleeping Wretch from such wild dismal Dreams!
 Mis-shapen Monsters round in Measures went,
 Horrid in Form, with Gestures insolent:
 Grinning thro' Goatish Beards with half-clos'd Eyes,
 They look'd me in the Face! frighted, to rise

In vain I did attempt; methought no Ground
Was, to support my sinking Footsteps, found.
In clammy Fogs like one half choak'd I lay,
Crying for help, my Voice was snatch'd away.

And when I would have fled,
My Limbs benum'd or dead,
Could not my Will with Terror wing'd obey:
Upon my absent Lord for help I cry'd;
But in that Moment when I must have dy'd,
With Anguish of my Fears confuting Pains,
Relenting Sleep loos'd his Tyrannick Chains.

C L A U D I A .

Madam, alas! such Accidents as these,
Are not of value to disturb your Peace.
The cold damp Dews of Night have mixt and wrought,
With the dark Melancholy of your Thought;
And thro' your Fancy these Illusions brought;
I still have mark'd your Fondness will afford
No Hour of Joy, in th' Absence of my Lord.

Enter LYCIAS with a Ring.

L U C I N A .

Absent; all Night — and never send me word!

L Y C I A S .

Madam, while sleeping by those Banks you lay,
One from my Lord commanded me away.
In all obedient haste I went to Court,
Where busy Crowds confus'dly did resort;
News from the Camp it seems was then arriv'd,
Of Tumults rais'd, and Civil Wars contriv'd;
The Emperor frighted from his Bed, does call
Grave Senators to Council in the Hall —

Throng's

Throngs of ill-favour'd Faces fill'd with Scars
 Wait for Employments, praying hard for Wars.
 At Council Door attend with fair Pretence,
 In Knavish Decency and Reverence,
 Bankers, who with officious diligence
 Lend Money to supply the present Need,
 At treble Use, that greater may succeed,
 So publick Wants will private Plenty breed.
 Whisp'ring in ev'ry Corner you might see.

LUCINA.

But what's all this to *Maximus* and me?
 Where is my Lord? what Message has he sent?
 Is he in health? What fatal Accident
 Does all this while his wish'd Return prevent?

LYCIA S.

When e'er the Gods that happy Hour decree,
 May he appear safe, and with Victory;
 Of many Heroes, who stood candidate
 To be the Arbiters 'twixt *Rome* and Fate;
 To quell Rebellion, and protect the Throne,
 A choice was made of *Maximus* alone;
 The People, Soldiers, Senate, Emperor,
 For *Maximus* with one Consent concur.
 Their new-born Hopes now hurry him away,
 Nor will their Fears admit one moment's stay:
 Trembling through Terror lest he come too late
 They huddle his Dispatch, while at the Gate
 The Emperor's Chariots to conduct him wait.

LUCINA.

These fatal Honours my dire Dream foretold!
 Why should the Kind be ruin'd by the Bold?
 He ne'er reflects upon my Destiny,
 So careless of himself, undoing me.

Ah, *Claudia*! in my Visions so unskill'd,
 He'll to the Army go, and there be kill'd.
 Forgetful of my Love; he'll not afford
 The easy Favour of a parting Word;
 Of all my Wishes he's alone the Scope,
 And he's the only end of all my Hope,
 My fill of Joy, and what is yet above
 Joys, Hopes and Wishes— He is all my Love:
 Mysterious Honour, tell me what thou art!
 That takes up different Forms in ev'ry Heart;
 And dost to divers Ends and Interests move:
 Conquest is his— my Honour is my Love.
 Both these do Paths so oppositely choose,
 By following one, you must the other lose.
 So two straight Lines from the same Point begun,
 Can never meet, tho' without end they run ———
 Alas, I rave!

L Y C I A S .

Look on thy Glory, Love, and smile to see
 Two faithful Hearts at Strife for Victory!
 Who blazing in thy sacred Fires contend,
 While both their equal Flames to Heav'n ascend.
 The God that dwells in Eyes light on my Tongue,
 Lest in my Message I his Passion wrong;
 You'll better guess the Anguish of his Heart,
 From what you feel, than what I can impart;
 But, Madam, know the Moment I was come,
 His watchful Eye perceiv'd me in the Room;
 When with a quick precipitated haste
 From *Cesar's* Bosom where he stood embrac'd,
 Piercing the busy Crowd to me he past ———

Tears in his Eyes; his Orders in his Hand,
 He scarce had breath to give this short Command.
 With thy best speed to my *Lucina* fly,
 If I must part, unseen by her, I die;
 Decrees inevitable from above,
 And Fate which takes too little care of Love,
 Force me away: Tell her, 'tis my Request,
 By those kind Fires she kindled in my Breast,
 Our future Hopes, and all that we hold dear,
 She instantly would come and see me here:
 That parting Griefs to her I may reveal,
 And on her Lips propitious Omens seal.
 Affairs that press in this short space of time,
 Afford no other Place without a Crime;
 And that thou may'st not fail of wish'd-for Ends,
 In a Success whercon my Life depends,
 Give her this Ring. *[Looks on the Ring.]*

LUCINA.

How strange soever these Commands appear,
 Love awes my Reason, and controls my Fear.
 But how couldst thou employ thy lavish Tongue
 So idly, to be telling this so long;
 When ev'ry Moment thou hast spent in vain,
 Was half the Life that did to me remain.
 Flatter me, Hope, and on my Wishes smile,
 And make me happy yet a little while.
 If through my Fears I can such Sorrow show,
 As to convince I perish if he go:
 Pity perhaps his gen'rous Heart may move,
 To sacrifice his Glory to his Love,
 I'll not despair!

Who knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,
 Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love.

[Exit Lucina.]

L Y C I A S .

Thanks to the Devil, my Friend, now all's our own,
 How easily this mighty Work was done!
 Well! first or last all Women must be won ——— }

“ It is their Fate, and cannot be withstood,
 “ The Wife do still comply with Flesh and Blood;
 “ Or if through peevish Honour, Nature fail,
 “ They do but lose their Thanks; Art will prevail.

[Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter ÆCIUS pursuing PONTIUS, and MAXIMUS following.

M A X I M U S .

Temper your self, Æcius.

P O N T I U S .

Hold, my Lord — I am a Soldier and a Roman.]

M A X I M U S .

Pray Sir!

Æ C I U S .

Thou art a lying Villain and a Traitor,
 Give me my self, or by the Gods, my Friend,
 You'll make me dang'rous: How dar'st thou pluck
 The Soldiers to Sedition, and I living?
 And sow Seeds of rank Rebellion even then,
 When I am drawing out to Action?

P O N T I U S .

Hear me,

M A X I M U S .

Are you a Man?

M 2

Æ C I U S .

ÆCIUS.

I am true, *Maximus!*

And if the Villain live we are dishonour'd,

MAXIMUS.

But hear him what he can say!

ÆCIUS.

That's the way

To pardon him; I am so easy natur'd,

That if he speak but humbly, I forgive him;

PONTIUS.

I do beseech you, worthy General;

ÆCIUS.

H' has found the way already. Give me room;

And if he 'scape me then, h' has Mercy.

PONTIUS.

I do not call you Worthy, that I fear you:

I never car'd for Death; if you will kill me,

Consider first for what; not what you can do:

'Tis true, I know you are my General;

And by that great Prerogative may kill —

ÆCIUS.

He argues with me!

By Heav'n, a made-up finish'd Rebel.

MAXIMUS.

Pray consider what certain ground you have;

ÆCIUS.

What Grounds?

Did I not take him preaching to the Soldiers;

How lazily they liv'd, and what Dishonour

It was to serve a Prince so full of Softness!

These were his very Words, Sir.

MAXIMUS.

These! *Æcius,*

Tho

Tho' they were rashly spoke, which was an Error,
 A great one, *Pontius!* yet from him that hungers
 For War, and brave Employment, might be pardon'd.
 The Heart, and harbour'd Thoughts of Ill, makes Traitors,
 Nor spleeny Speeches ———

ÆCIUS.

Why should you protect him?
 Go to — it scarce shews honest ———

MAXIMUS.

Taint me not;
 For that shews worse, *Æcius:* All your Friendship;
 And that pretended Love you lay upon me,
 (Hold back my Honesty) is like a Favour,
 You do your Slave to-day — to-morrow hang him;
 Was I your Bosom Friend for this?

ÆCIUS.

Forgive me!
 So zealous is my Duty for my Prince,
 That oft it makes me to forget my self;
 And tho' I strive to be without my Passion;
 I am no God, Sir: For you, whose Infection
 Has spread it self like Poison thro' the Army,
 And cast a killing Fog on fair Allegiance;
 First thank this noble Gentleman; you had dy'd else;
 Next, from your Place and Honour of a Soldier
 I here seclude you.

PONTIUS.

May I speak yet?

MAXIMUS.

Hear him.

ÆCIUS.

And while *Æcius* holds a Reputation;

M 3.

At

At least Command; You bear no Arms for *Rome*, Sir.
PONTIUS.

Against her I shall never: The condemn'd Man
Has yet the Privilege to speak, my Lord,
Law were not equal else.

MAXIMUS.

Pray hear him, *Æcius*.

For happily the Fault he has committed,
Tho' I believe it mighty; yet consider'd,
If Mercy may be thought upon, will prove
Rather a hasty Sin than heinous.

ÆCIUS.

Speak.

PONTIUS.

'Tis true, my Lord, you took me tir'd with Peace,
My Words as rough and ragged as my Fortune,
Telling the Soldiers what a Man we serve,
Led from us by the Flourishes of Fencers;
I blam'd him too for Softness.

ÆCIUS.

To the rest, Sir,

PONTIUS,

'Tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at home to shew our Country
We durst go naked, durst want Meat and Money;
And when the Slaves drink Wine, we durst be thirsty.
I told 'em too, the Trees and Roots
Were our best Pay-masters.

'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn
Their warlike Pikes to Plowshares, their sure Targets,
And Swords hatcht with the Blood of many Nations,
To Spades and Pruning-knives; their warlike
Eagles, into Daws and Starlings.

ÆCIUS.

ÆCIUS.

What think you?

Were these Words to be spoken by a Captain,
One that should give Example?

M A X I M U S,

'Twas too much.

PONTIUS.

My Lord, I did not woo 'em from the Empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring Steel 'gainst *Cesar*;
The Gods for ever hate me, if that Motion
Were part of me: Give me but Employment,
And way to live, and where you find me vicious,
Bred up to Mutiny, my Sword shall tell you,
And if you please that Place I held maintain it,
'Gainst the most daring Foes of *Rome*: I'm honest,
A Lover of my Country, one that holds
His Life no longer his, than kept for *Cesar*:
Weigh not — (I thus low on my Knees beseech you!)
What my rude Tongue discover'd, 'twas my Want,
No other part of *Pontius*. You have seen me,
And you, my Lord, do something for my Country,
And both the Wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward Traitor.

ÆCIUS.

All your Language
Makes but against you, *Pontius*! You are cast,
And by my Honour, and my Love to *Cesar*,
By me shall never be restored in Camp;
I will not have a Tongue, tho' to himself,
Dare talk but near Sedition: As I govern,
All shall obey, and when they want, their Duty
And ready Service shall redress their Needs,

M. 4.

Not

Not prating what they would be,
PONTIUS.

Thus I leave you;
Yet shall my Pray'rs, altho' my wretched Fortune
Must follow you no more, be still about you.
Gods give you where you fight the Victory.
You cannot cast my Wishes.

ÆCIUS.

Come, my Lord;
Now to the Field again.

MAXIMUS.

Alas, poor *Pontius*.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter CHYLAX at one Door, LYCINIUS and
BALBUS at another.

LYCINIUS.

HOW now!

CHYLAX.

She's come.

BALBUS.

Then I'll to the Emperor.

[*Exit Balbus.*]

CHYLAX.

Is the Musick plac'd well?

LYCINIUS.

Excellent.

CHYLAX.

Lycinius, you and *Proculus* receive 'em
In the great Chamber, at her Entrance.

LYCI-

LYCINIUS.

Let us alone.

CHYLAX.

And do you hear, *Lycinius*,
Pray let the Women ply her farther off,
And with much more Discretion. One Word more,
Are all the Maskers ready?

LYCINIUS.

Take no care, Man.

[Exit.]

CHYLAX.

I am all over in a sweat with pimping;
'Tis a laborious moiling Trade this ———

Enter VALENTINIAN, BALBUS, and
PROCLUS.

VALENTINIAN.

Is she come!

CHYLAX.

She is, Sir! but 'twere best
That you were last seen to her.

VALENTINIAN.

So I mean.

Keep your Court empty, *Proculus*.

PROCLUS.

'Tis done, Sir.

VALENTINIAN.

Be not too fudden to her.

CHYLAX.

Good sweet Sir,
Retire and man your self: Let us alone;
We are no Children this way: One thing, Sir!
'Tis necessary, that her She-Companions

Be cut off in the Lobby by the Women,
They'll break the Business else.

VALENTINIAN.

'Tis true: They shall.

CHYLAX.

Remember your Place, *Proculus*.

PROCLUS.

I warrant you — [Exe. Valen. Balb. and Proc.]

Enter LUCINA, CLAUDIA, MARCELLINA
and LYCIAS.

CHYLAX.

She enters! Who waits there?

The Emperor calls for his Chariots, he will take the air.

LUCINA.

I am glad I came in such a happy Hour
When he'll be absent: This removes all Fears;
But *Lycias*, lead me to my Lord.
Heav'n grant he be not gone.

LYCIAS.

'Faith, Madam, that's uncertain!
I'll run and see. But if you miss my Lord,
And find a better to supply his room,
A Change so happy will not discontent you — [Exit]

LUCINA.

What means that unwonted Insolence of this Slave?
Now I begin to fear again. Oh — Honour,
If ever thou hadst Temple in weak Woman,
And Sacrifice of Modesty offer'd to thee,
Hold me fast now, and I'll be safe for ever.

CHYLAX.

The Fair *Lucina*! Nay, then I find
Our slander'd Court has not sinn'd up so high

To fright all the good Angels from its Care,
 Since they have sent so great a Blessing hither:
 Madam, — I beg th' Advantage of my Fortune,
 Who as I am the first have met you here,
 May humbly hope to be made proud and happy
 With the Honour of your first Command and Service.

LUCINA.

Sir, I am so far from knowing how to merit,
 Your Service, that your Compliment's too much,
 And I return it you with all my heart.
 You'll want it, Sir, for those who know you better.

CHYLAX.

Madam, I have the Honour to be own'd
 By *Maximus*, for his most humble Servant,
 Which gives me confidence.

MARCELLINA.

Now, *Claudia*, for a Wager,
 What thing is this that cringes to my Lady?

CLAUDIA.

Why, some grave Statesman,
 By his looks a Courtier.

MARCELLINA.

Claudia, a Bawd: By all my hopes a Bawd!
 What use can reverend Gravity be of here,
 To any but a trusty Bawd?
 Statesmen are mark'd for Fops by it; besides,
 Nothing but Sin and Laziness could make him
 So very fat, and look so fleshly on't.

LUCINA.

But is my Lord not gone yet, do you say, Sir?

CHYLAX.

He is not, Madam, and must take this kindly,

. Exceed

Exceeding kindly of you, wondrous kindly,
You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.

LUCINA.

Whither?

CHYLAX.

Why to my Lord.

LUCINA.

Is it impossible

To find him in this Place without a Guide?

For I would willingly not trouble you.

CHYLAX.

My only Trouble, Madam, is my fear

I'm too unworthy of so great an Honour:

But here you're in the publick Gallery,

Where th' Emperor must pass, unless you'd see him.

LUCINA.

Bless me, Sir, — No — pray lead me any whither.

My Lord cannot be long before he finds me. [Exeunt.]

Enter LYCINIUS, PROCULUS, and BALBUS. *Musick.*

LYCINIUS.

She's coming up the Stairs; now the Musick!

And as that softens — her Love will grow warm;

'Till she melt down. Then *Cæsar* lays his Stamp.

Burn these Perfumes there.

PROCULUS,

Peace, no Noise without.

A S O N G .

N Y M P H .

INjurious Charmer of my vanquish'd Heart,
 Canst thou feel Love, and yet no Pity know?
 Since of my self from thee I cannot part,
 Invent some gentle way to let me go.

For what with Joy thou didst obtain,
 And I with more did give;
 In time will make thee false and vain,
 And me unfit to live.

S H E P H E R D .

Frail Angel, that wou'dst leave a Heart forlorn,
 With vain Pretence Falshood therein might lie;
 Seek not to cast wild Shadows o'er your Scorn,
 You cannot sooner change than I can die.

To tedious Life I'll never fall,
 Thrown from thy dear lov'd Breast;
 He merits not to live at all,
 Who cares to live unblest.

C H O R U S .

Then let our flaming Hearts be join'd;
 While in that sacred Fire,
 Ere thou prove false, or I unkind,
 Together both expire.

Enter CHYLAX, LUCINA, CLAUDIA,
 MARCELLINA.

L U C I N A .

Where is this Wretch, this Villain Lycias?
 Pray Heav'n my Lord be here; for now I fear it,

I am

I am certainly betray'd. This curf'd Ring
Is either counterfeit or ftoln

CLAUDIA.

Your Fear
Does but difarm your Refolution,
Which may defend you in the worft Extremes:
Or if that fail, are there not Gods and Angels?

LUCINA.

None in this Place, I fear, but evil ones,
Heav'n pity me!

CHYLAX.

But tell me, deareft Madam,
How do you like the Song?

LUCINA.

Sir, I am no Judge
Of Mufick, and the Words, I thank my Gods,
I did not underftand.

CHYLAX.

The Emperor
Has the beft Talent at expounding 'em;
You'll ne'er forget a Leffon of his teaching.

LUCINA.

Are you the worthy Friend of *Maximus*,
Would lead me to him? He fhall thank you, Sir,
As you defire.

CHYLAX.

Madam, he fhall not need,
I have a Master will reward my Service,
When you have made him happy with your Love,
For which he hourly languifhes — Be kind — [Whifpers]

LUCINA.

The Gods fhall kill me firft.

CHY-

C H Y L A X .

Think better on't.

'Tis sweeter dying in the Emperor's Arms.

Enter PHORBA *and* ARDELIA.

But here are Ladies come to see you, Madam,
They'll entertain you better. I but tire you,
Therefore I'll leave you for a while, and bring
Your lov'd Lord to you —

[*Exit*]

LUCINA,

Then I'll thank you.

I am betray'd for certain.

PHORBA.

You are a welcome Woman.

ARDELIA:

Bless me, Heav'n!

How did you find your way to Court?

LUCINA.

I know not; would I had never trod it;

PHORBA.

Prithee tell me.

Good pretty Lady, and dear Sweetheart, love us;
For we love thee extremely. Is not this Place
A Paradise to live in?

LUCINA.

Yes, to you,

Who know no Paradise but guilty Pleasure.

ARDELIA.

Heard you the Musick yet?

LUCINA.

'Twas none to me.

PHORBA

PHORBA.

You must not be thus froward. Well, this Gown
Is one o' th' prettiest, by my Troth, *Ardelia*,
I ever saw yet; 'twas not made to frown in, Madam.
You put this Gown on when you came,

ARDELIA.

How d'ye?

Alas, poor Wretch, how cold it is!

LUCINA.

Content you.

I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
So you will let me be so — Where's my Lord?
For that's the Business I came for hither.

PHORBA.

We'll lead you to him, he's i' th' Gallery.

ARDELIA.

We'll shew you all the Court too.

LUCINA.

Shew me him,

And you have shew'd me all I come to look on.

PHORBA.

Come on, we'll be your Guides; and as you go,
We have some pretty Tales to tell you, Madam,
Shall make you merry too. You come not hither
To be sad, *Lucina*.

LUCINA.

Would I might not —

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *CHYLAX* and *BALBUS* in haste.

CHYLAX.

Now see all ready, *Balbus*; run.

BAL-

B A L B U S .

I fly, Boy, —————

Exit!

C H Y L A X .

The Women by this time are warming of her,
 If she holds out them, the Emperor
 Takes her to task — he has her, — Hark, I hear 'em.

Enter V A L E N T I N I A N , *drawing in* L U C I N A .

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Would you have run away so flily, Madam?

L U C I N A . . .

I beseech you, Sir,

Consider what I am, and whose.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

I do so.

For what you are, I am fill'd with such amaze,
 So far transported with Desire and Love,
 My slippery Soul flows to you while I speak:
 And whose you are I care not, for now you are mine,
 Who love you, and will dote on you more
 Than you do on your Virtue.

L U C I N A .

Sacred *Cesar!*

V A L E N T I N I A N .

You shall not kneel to me; rise.

L U C I N A .

Look upon me,

And if you be so cruel to abuse me,
 Think how the Gods will take it. Does this Face
 Afflict your Soul? I'll hide it from you ever;
 Nay more, I will become so leprous,
 That you shall curse me from you. My dear Lord

Has

Has ever serv'd you truly ——— fought your Battles,
As if he daily long'd to die for *Caesar*;
Was never Traitor, Sir, nor never tainted,
In all the Actions of his Life.

VALENTINIAN.

How high does this fantastick Virtue swell?
She thinks it Infamy to please too well.

[*Aside.*

I know it ———

[*To her.*

LUCINA.

His Merits and his Fame have grown together,
Together flourish'd like two spreading Cedars,
Over the *Roman* Diadem. O let not
(As you have a Heart that's human in you)
The having of an honest Wife decline him;
Let not my Virtue be a Wedge to break him;
Much less my Shame his undeserv'd Dishonour.
I do not think you are so bad a Man;
I know report belyes you; you are *Caesar*,
Which is the Father of the Empire's Glory:
You are too near the Nature of the Gods,
To wrong the weakest of all Creatures, Woman.

VALENTINIAN.

I dare not do it here. [*Aside.*] Rise, fair *Lucina*.
When you believe me worthy, make me happy.
Chylax; wait on her to her Lord within.

Wipe your fair Eyes ——— [*Ex. Chyl. and Lucina.*

Ah Love! ah cursed Boy!

Where art thou that torments me thus unseen,
And ragest with thy Fires within my Breast,
With idle purpose to inflame her Heart,
Which is as inaccessible and cold,
As the proud Tops of those aspiring Hills,

Whose

Whose Heads are wrapt in everlasting Snow,
 Tho' the hot Sun roll o'er 'em ev'ry Day?
 And as his Beams which only shine above,
 Scorch and consume in Regions round below,
 Soft Love, which throws such Brightness thro' her Eyes;
 Leaves her Heart cold, and burns me at her Feet;
 My Tyrant, but her flattering Slave thou art,
 A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my Heart.
 Who waits without? *Lycinius?*

Enter LYCINIUS.

LYCINIUS.

My Lord.

VALENTINIAN.

Where are the Maskers that should dance to-night?

LYCINIUS.

In the old Hall, Sir, going now to practise.

VALENTINIAN.

About it straight. 'Twill serve to draw away
 Those list'ning Fools who trace it in the Gallery;
 And if by chance odd Noises should be heard,
 As Womens Shrieks, or so; say, 'tis a Play
 Is practising within.

LYCINIUS.

The Rape of *Lucrece*, or some such merry Prank.
 It shall be done, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

VALENTINIAN.

'Tis nobler, like a Lion, to invade
 Where Appetite directs, and seize my Prey;
 Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,
 'Till dull Consent throws out the Scraps of Love.
 I scorn those Gods who seek to cross my Wishes,

And

And will in spite of 'em be happy: Force,
 Of all the Power, is the most generous;
 For what that gives it freely does bestow,
 Without the After-Bribe of Gratitude.
 I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires,
 And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame,
 And tear up Pleasures by the Roots: No matter
 (Tho' it never grow again) what shall ensue,
 Let Gods and Fate look to it; 'tis their Business. [Exit.

SCENE III. *Opens and discovers Five or Six
 Dancing-Masters practising.*

1 DANCER.

That is the damn'dst shuffling Step, Pox on't.

2 DANCER.

I shall never hit it.

Thou hast naturally
 All the neat Motions of a merry Tailor,
 Ten thousand Riggles with thy Toes inward,
 Cut clear and strong; let thy Limbs play about thee;
 Keep Time, and hold thy Back upright and firm:
 It may prefer thee to a Waiting-woman.

1 DANCER.

Or to her Lady, which is worse.

[Ten dance.

Enter LYCINIUS.

LYCINIUS.

Bless me! the loud Shrieks and horrid Outcries
 Of the poor Lady! Ravishing d'ye call it?
 She roars as if she were upon the Rack:
 'Tis strange there should be such a difference
 Betwixt half ravishing, which most Women love,

And

And thorough Force, which takes away all Blame;
 And should be therefore welcome to the Virtuous,
 These tumbling Rogues, I fear, have over-heard 'em;
 But their Ears with their Brains are in their Heels.
 Good-morrow, Gentlemen;

What, is all perfect? I have taken care
 Your Habits shall be rich and glorious.

3 DANCER.

That will set off. Pray sit down and see;
 How the last Entry I have made, will please you.

[*Second Dance.*]

LYCINIUS.

'Tis very fine indeed.

2 DANCER.

I hope so, Sir——

[*Exe. Dancers.*]

Enter CHYLAX, PROCULUS and LYCIAS.

PROCULUS.

'Tis done, *Lycinius.*

LYCINIUS.

How?

PROCULUS.

I blush to tell it.

If there be any Justice we are Villains,
 And must be so rewarded.

LYCIAS.

Since 'tis done,

I take, it is not time now to repent it,
 Let's make the best of our Trade.

CHYLAX.

Now Vengeance take it:

Why should not he have settled on a Beauty,

Whose

Whose Modesty stuck in a piece of Tissue;
 Or one a Ring might rule? Or such a one
 That had a Husband itching to be honourable,
 And Ground to get it? If he must have Women,
 And no allay without them, Why not those
 That know the Mystery, and are best able
 To play a game with Judgment? Such as she is,
 Grant they be won with long Siege, endless Travel;
 And brought to Opportunities with Millions,
 Yet when they come to Motion, their cold Virtue
 Keeps 'em like Beds of Snow.

LYCINIUS.

A good Whore
 Had fav'd all this, and happily as wholesome,
 And the thing once done, as well thought of too.
 But this same Chastity, forsooth.

CHYLAX.

A Pox on't.
 Why should not Women be as free as we are?
 They are but will not own it, and far freer:
 And the more bold you bear your self, more welcome;
 And there is nothing you dare say, but Truth,
 But they dare hear.

PROCLUSUS.

No doubt of it ——— away.
 Let them, who can repent, go home and pray. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE opens, discovers *Valentinian's Chamber;*
 [*Lucina newly unbound by him.*]

VALENTINIAN.

Your only Virtue now is Patience,
 Be wise, and save your Honour; if you talk —

LUCI-

LUCINA.

As long as there is Life in this Body,
And Breath to give me Words, I'll cry for Justice.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Justice will never hear you; I am Justice.

LUCINA.

Wilt thou not kill me, Monster, Ravisher,
Thou bitter Bane o' th' Empire, look upon me,
And if thy guilty Eyes dare see the Ruins
Thy wild Lust hath laid level with Dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of that Temple,
The Tempter to thy black Sins would have blush'd at;
Behold, and curse thy self. The Gods will find thee,
That's all my Refuge now, for they are righteous;
Vengeance and Horror circle thee. The Empire,
In which thou liv'st a strong continu'd Surfeit,
Like Poison will disgorge thee; good Men raze thee
From ever being read again;
Chaste Wives and fearful Maids make Vows against thee;
Thy worst Slaves, when they hear of this, shall hate thee,
And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee,
And if thou let'st me live, the Soldier,
Tir'd with thy Tyrannies, break thro' Obedience,
And shake his strong Steel at thee.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

This prevails not,
Nor any Agony you utter, Madam:
If I have done a Sin, curse her that drew me;
Curse the first Cause, the Witchcraft that abus'd me;
Curse your fair Eyes, and curse that heav'nly Beauty,
And curse your being good too.

LUCI-

LUCINA.

Glorious Thief!

What Restitution canst thou make to save me?

VALENTINIAN.

I'll ever love — and ever honour you.

LUCINA.

Thou can'st not;

For that which was my Honour, thou hast murder'd;
And can there be a Love in Violence?

VALENTINIAN.

You shall be only mine.

LUCINA.

Yet I like better

The Villany than Flattery; that's thy own;
The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me,
Or for thy Safety's sake and Wisdom kill me;
For I am worse than thou art: Thou may'st pray,
And so recover Grace — I am lost for ever;
And if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thy self too.

VALENTINIAN.

I fear no Loss but Love — I stand above it.

LUCINA

Gods! What a wretched thing has this Man made me.
For I am now no Wife for *Maximus*;
No Company for Women that are Virtuous;
No Family I now can claim, or Country,
Nor Name but *Cæsar's* Whore: Oh, sacred *Cæsar*!
(For that should be your Title) was your Empire;
Your Rods and Axes that are Types of Justice,
And from the Gods themselves — to ravish Women?
The Curses that I owe to Enemies, even those the *Sabinæ* sent,

When

When *Romulus* (asthou hast me) ravish'd their noble Maids,
Made more and heavier light on thee.

V A L E N T I N I A N.

This helps not.

L U C I N A.

The Sins of *Tarquin* be remember'd in thee,
And where there has a chaste Wife been abus'd,
Let it be thine, the Shame thine, thine the Slaughter,
And last for ever thine the fear'd Example.

Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am fallen?
What can your Honours now and Empire make me,
But a more glorious Whore?

V A L E N T I N I A N.

A better Woman.

If you be blind and scorn it, who can help it?
Come, leave these Lamentations; you do nothing
But make a noise — I am the same Man still,
Were it to do again: Therefore be wiser; by all
This holy Light I would attempt it.
You are so excellent, and made to ravish,
There were no Pleasure in you else.

L U C I N A.

Oh Villain!

V A L E N T I N I A N.

So bred for Man's Amazement, that my Reason,
And every Help to do me right, has left me:
The God of Love himself had been before me,
Had he but Eyes to see you; tell me justly
How should I choose but err — then if you will
Be mine, and only mine, for (you are so precious)
I envy any other should enjoy you,
Almost look on you, and your daring Husband

N

Shall

Shall know he has kept an Off'ring from th' Emperor,
 Too holy for the Altars — Be the greatest;
 More than my self I'll make you; if you will not,
 Sit down with this and Silence; for which Wisdom,
 You shall have use of me; if you divulge it,
 Know, I am far above the Faults I do;
 And those I do, I am able to forgive;
 And where your Credit in the telling of it
 May be with Gloss enough suspected,
 Mine is as my own Command shall make it. Princes,
 Tho' they be sometimes subject to loose Whispers,
 Yet wear they two-edg'd Swords for open Censures:
 Your Husband cannot help you, nor the Soldiers;
 Your Husband is my Creature, they my Weapons;
 And only, where I bid 'em, strike — I feed 'em.
 Nor can the Gods be angry at this Action,
 Who, as they made me greatest, meant me happiest,
 Which I had never been without this Pleasure.
 Consider, and farewell. You'll find your Women
 Waiting without. [Ex. Valentinian.]

LUCINA.

Destruction find thee.
 Now which way shall I go — my honest House
 Will shake to shelter me — my Husband fly me,
 My Family,
 Because they're honest, and desire to be so.
 Is this the End of Goodness? This the Price
 Of all my early Prayers to protect me?
 Why then I see there is no God — but Power;
 Nor Virtue now alive that cares for us,
 But what is either lame or sensual;
 How had I been thus wretched else?

Enter MAXIMUS and ÆCIUS.

Æ C I U S .

Let *Titus*

Command the Company that *Pontius* lost.

M A X I M U S .

How now, sweet Heart !

What make you here, and thus?

Æ C I U S ,

Lucina weeping !

This is some strange Offence.

M A X I M U S .

Look up and tell me.

Why art thou thus? my Ring! Oh Friend,

I have found it, you are at Court then?

L U C I N A .

This, and that vile Wretch *Lycias*,

Brought me hither.

M A X I M U S .

Rise and go home, I have my Fears, *Æcius*:

Oh my best Friend! I am ruin'd. Go, *Lucina*,

Already in thy Tears I've read thy Wrongs.

Already found a *Cesar*! Go, thou Lily,

Thou sweetly drooping Flower; be gone, I say,

And if thou dar'st ——— out-live this Wrong.

L U C I N A .

I dare not.

Æ C I U S .

Is that the Ring you lost?

M A X I M U S .

That, that, *Æcius*,

That cursed Ring, my self

And all my Fortunes have undone.

Thus pleas'd the Emperor, my noble Master,
 For all my Services and Dangers for him,
 To make me my own Pander! Was this Justice?
 Oh my *Æcius*! Have I liv'd to bear this?

L U C I N A .

Farewel for ever, Sir.

M A X I M U S .

That's a sad Saying;
 But such a one becomes you well, *Lucina*.
 And yet, methinks, we should not part so slightly;
 Our Loves have been of longer growth, more rooted
 Than the sharp Blast of one Farewel can scatter.
 Kifs me ——— I find no *Cesar* here. These Lips
 Taste not of Ravisher, in my Opinion.
 Was it not so?

L U C I N A .

O yes.

M A X I M U S .

I dare believe you.
 I know him, and thy Truth, too well to doubt it.
 Oh my most dear *Lucina*! Oh my Comfort!
 Thou Blessing of my Youth! Life of my Life!

Æ C I U S .

I have seen enough to stagger my Obedience.
 Hold me, ye equal Gods! this is too sinful.

M A X I M U S .

Why wert thou chosen out to make a Whore of,
 Thou only among Millions of thy Sex?
 Unfeignedly Virtuous! fall, fall Crystal Fountains,
 And ever feed your Streams, you rising Sorrows,
 'Till you have wept your Mistress into Marble.
 Now go for ever from me.

LUCINA.

A long Farewel, Sir!
And as I have been faithful, Gods, think on me.

ÆCIUS.

Madam, farewel, since you resolve to die.
Which well consider'd,
If you can cease a while from these strange Thoughts,
I wish were rather alter'd.

LUCINA.

No.

ÆCIUS.

Mistake not.
I would not stain your Virtue for the Empire,
Nor any way decline you to Dishonour:
It is not my Profession, but a Villain's:
I find and feel your Loss as deep as you do,
And still am the same *Æcius*, still as honest;
The same Life I have still for *Maximus*,
The same Sword wear for you where Justice bids me,
And 'tis no dull one. Therefore misconceive me not.
Only I'd have you live a little longer.

LUCINA.

Alas, Sir! Why,
Am I not wretched enough already?

ÆCIUS.

To draw from that wild Man a sweet Repentance;
And Goodness in his Days to come.

MAXIMUS.

They are so,
And will be ever coming, my *Æcius*.

ÆCIUS.

For who knows, but the sight of you, presenting

His swoln Sins at the full, and your wrong'd Virtue,
 May, like a fearful Vision, fright his Follies,
 And once more bend him right again, which Blessing,
 If your dark Wrongs would give you leave to read,
 Is more than Death, and the Reward more glorious;
 Death only eases you; This the whole Empire.
 Besides, compell'd and forc'd by Violence
 To what was done, the Deed was none of yours.
 For should th' Eternal Gods desire to perish,
 Because we daily violate their Truth,
 Which is the Chastity of Heav'n? No, Madam —

LUCINA.

The Tongues of Angels cannot alter me.
 For, could the World again restore my Honour,
 As fair and absolute as e'er I bred it,
 That World I should not trust again; the Emperour
 Can by my Life get nothing, but my Story,
 Which whilst I breathe must be his Infamy:
 And where you counsel me to live, that *Cesar*
 May see his Errors and repent; I'll tell you,
 His Penitence is but increase of Pleasure;
 His Pray'rs are never said but to deceive us;
 And when he weeps (as you think, for his Vices)
 'Tis but as killing Drops from baleful Yew-trees,
 That rot his harmless Neighbours: If he can grieve,
 As one that yet desires his free Conversion,
 I'll leave him Robes to mourn in — my sad Ashes.

ÆCIUS.

The Farewel then of happy Souls be with thee.
 And to thy Memory be ever sung,
 The Praises of a just and constant Woman:
 This sad Day, whilst I live, a Soldier's Tears
 I'll offer on thy Monument.

M A X I M U S .

All that is chaste upon thy Tomb shall flourish;
 All living Epitaphs be thine: Time's Story,
 And what is left behind to piece our Lives,
 Shall be no more abus'd with Tales and Triffles.

Æ C I U S .

But full of thee stand to Eternity.
 Once more farewell ——— Go, find *Elysium*,
 There where deserving Souls are crown'd with Blessings.

M A X I M U S .

There where no vicious Tyrants come: Truth, Honour,
 Are Keepers of that blest Place; go thither.

[Exit *Lucina*.

Æ C I U S .

Gods give thee Justice.
 His Thoughts begin to work, I fear him yet;
 He ever was a worthy *Roman*, but
 I know not what to think on't. He has suffer'd
 Beyond a Man, if he stand this.

M A X I M U S .

Æcius,

Am I alive, or has a dead Sleep seiz'd me?
 It was my Wife th' Emperor abus'd thus,
 And I must say — I am glad I had her for him;
 Must I not, *Æcius*?

Æ C I U S .

I am stricken
 With such a stiff Amazement, that no Answer
 Can readily come from me, nor no Comfort.
 Will you go home, or go to my House?

M A X I M U S .

Neither. I have no Home, and you are mad, *Æcius*;

To keep me Company — I am a Fellow,
My own Sword would forsake, not ty'd to me.
By Heav'n, I dare do nothing.

ÆCIUS.

You do better.

MAXIMUS.

I am made a branded Slave, *Æcius*.
Yet I must bless the Maker.
Death on my Soul! Shall I endure this tamely?
Must *Maximus* be mention'd for his Wrong?
I am a Child too; what do I do railing?
I cannot mend my self. 'Twas *Cæsar* did it,
And what am I to him?

ÆCIUS.

'Tis well remember'd;
However you are tainted, be no Traitor.

MAXIMUS.

O that thou wert not living, and my Friend!

ÆCIUS.

I'll bear a wary Eye upon your Actions:
I fear you, *Maximus*, nor can I blame you,
If you break out; for, by the Gods your Wrong
Deserves a general Ruin. Do you love me?

MAXIMUS.

That's all I have to live on.

ÆCIUS.

Then go with me.

You shall not to your own House.

MAXIMUS.

Nor to any.

My Grievs are greater far than Walls can compass;
And yet I wonder how it happens with me.

I am

I am not dang'rous, and in my Conscience,
Should I now see the Emperor i' th' heat on't,
I should scarce blame him for't; an Awe runs thro' me,
I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it,
'Tis at my Heart now, there it fits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a Pleasure to obey it,

Æ C I U S.

This is a Mask to cozen me, I know you,
And how far you dare do. No *Roman* farther,
Nor with more fearless Valour, and I'll watch you.

M A X I M U S.

Is a Wife's Loss —
More than the fading of a few fresh Colours?

Æ C I U S.

No more, *Maximus*, to one that truly lives.

M A X I M U S.

Why then I care not, I can live well enough,
Æcius; for look you, Friend, for Virtue and those Trifles,
They may be bought, they say.

Æ C I U S.

He's craz'd a little.
His Grief has made him talk things from his Nature.
Will you go any ways?

M A X I M U S.

I'll tell thee, Friend,
If my Wife for all this should be a Whore now,
'Twould vex me:
For I am not angry yet. The Emperor
Is young and handfom, and the Woman Flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?

Æ C I U S.

Alas, my *Maximus*!

MAXIMUS.

Alas not me, I am not wretched, for
There's no Man miserable, but he
That makes himself so.

ÆCIUS.

Will you walk yet?

MAXIMUS.

Come, come; she dares not die, Friend,
That's the Truth on't.

She knows the enticing Sweets and Delicacies
Of a young Prince's Pleasure, and, I thank her,
She has made way for *Maximus* to rise.

Will't not become me bravely?

ÆCIUS.

Dearest Friend,

These wild Words shew your violated Mind;
Urg'd with the last Extremity of Grief;
Which since I cannot like a Man redress,
With Tears I must lament it like a Child;
For when 'tis *Cæsar* does the Injury,
Sorrow is all the Remedy I know.

MAXIMUS.

'Tis then a certain Truth that I am wrong'd;
Wrong'd in that barbarous manner I imagin'd.
Alas! I was in hopes I had been mad,
And that these Horrors which invade my Heart,
Were but distracted melancholy Whimsies:
But they are real Truths (it seems) and I
The last of Men, and vilest of all Beings.
Bear me, cold Earth, who am too weak to move
Beneath my Load of Shame and Misery!
Wrong'd by my lawful Prince, robb'd of my Love,

Branded

Branded with everlasting Infamy.

Take pity, Fate, and give me leave to die:

Gods! would you be ador'd for being good,

Or only fear'd for proving mischievous?

How would you have your Mercy understood?

Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,

Ordain'd, tho' guiltless, to be infamous?

Supreme first Causes! you, whence all things flow,

Whose Infiniteness does each Little fill,

You who decree each seeming Chance below,

(So great in Power) were you as good in Will,

How could you ever have produc'd such Ill?

Had your eternal Minds been bent to Good?

Could human Happiness have prov'd so lame,

Rapine, Revenge, Injustice, Thirst of Blood,

Grief, Anguish, Horror, Want, Despair and Shame,

Had never found a Being nor a Name.

'Tis therefore less Impiety to say,

Evil with you has Coeternity,

Than blindly taking it the other way,

That merciful, and of Election free,

You did create the Mischiefs you foresee.

Wretch that I am, on Heav'n to exclaim,

When this poor Tributary Worm below,

More than my self in nothing but in Name,

Who durst invade me with this fatal Blow,

I dare not crush in the Revenge I owe.

Not all his Power shall the wild Monster save;

Him and my Shame I'll tread into one Grave.

Æ C I U S.

Does he but seem so?

Or is he mad indeed?————— Now to reprove him

Were

Were Counsel lost; but something must be done,
 With speed and care, which may prevent that Fate,
 Which threatens this unhappy Emperor.

MAXIMUS.

O Gods! my Heart, would it would fairly break;
 Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was,
 And yet I thank the Gods, I know my Duty.

Enter CLAUDIA.

CLAUDIA.

Forgive me my sad Tidings, Sir — She's dead.

MAXIMUS.

Why so it should be — [*He rises.*] How?

CLAUDIA.

When first she enter'd

Into the House, after a world of Weeping,
 And blushing like the Sun-set —————

Dare I, said she, defile my Husband's House,
 Wherein his spotless Family has flourish'd?

At this she fell — choak'd with a thousand Sighs:
 And now the pleas'd expiring Saint,

Her dying Looks, where new-born Beauty shines,
 Oppress'd with Blushes, modestly declines,

While Death approach'd with a majestick Grace,
 Proud to look lovely once in such a Face:

Her Arms spread to receive her welcome Guest,
 With a glad Sigh she drew into her Breast:

Her Eyes then languishing towards Heav'n she cast,
 To thank the Pow'rs that Death was come at last:

And at the Approach of the cold silent God,
 Ten thousand hidden Glories rush'd abroad.

MAXI-

M A X I M U S .

No more of this — Be gone. Now, my *Æcius*,
 If thou wilt do me Pleasure, weep a little;
 I am so parch'd I cannot — Your Example
 Has taught my Tears to flow — Now lead away, Friend,
 And as we walk together — Let us pray,
 I may not fall from Truth.

Æ C I U S .

That's nobly spoken.

M A X I M U S .

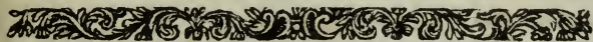
Was I not wild, *Æcius*?

Æ C I U S .

You were troubled.

M A X I M U S .

I felt no Sorrows then, but now my Grief,
 Like festering Wounds grown cold, begins to smart,
 The raging Anguish gnaws and tears my Heart.
 Lead on and weep, but do not name the Woman. [*Exe.*



A C T V. S C E N E I.

Æ C I U S *solus.* *Letter.*

Æ C I U S .

LOOK down, ye equal Gods, and guide my Heart,
 Or it will throw upon my Hands an Act
 Which After-ages shall record with Horror:
 As well may I kill my offended Friend,
 As think to punish my offending Prince.
The Laws of Friendship we ourselves create;

And

And 'tis but simple Villany to break 'em ;
 But Faith to Princes broke, is Sacrilege,
 An Injury to the Gods, and that lost Wretch,
 Whose Breast is poison'd with so vile a Purpose,
 Tears Thunder down from Heav'n on his own Head,
 And leaves a Curse to his Posterity:
 Judge him your selves, ye mighty Gods, who know
 Why you permit sometimes that Honour bleed,
 That Faith be broke, and Innocence oppress'd.
 My Duty's my Religion, and howe'er
 The great Account may rise 'twixt him and you,
 Through all his Crimes, I see your Image on him,
 And must protect it no way then but this,
 To draw far off the injur'd *Maximus*,
 And keep him there fast Prisoner to my Friendship;
 Revenge shall thus be flatter'd or destroy'd,
 And my bad Master, whom I blush to serve,
 Shall by my means at least be safe. This Letter
 Informs him I am gone to *Ægypt*;
 There I shall live secure and innocent;
 His Sins shall ne'er o'ertake me, nor his Fears.

Enter PROCULUS.

Here comes one for my Purpose, *Proculus*,
 Well met, I have a Courtesy to ask of you.

PROCULUS.

Of me, my Lord! Is there a House on Fire?
 Or is there some knotty Point now in debate,
 Betwixt your Lordship and the Scavengers?
 For you have such a popular and publick Spirit,
 As in dull Times of Peace will not disdain
 The meanest Opportunity to serve your Country.

ÆCIUS,

Æ C I U S .

You wirty Fools are apt to get your Heads broke:
 This is no Season for buffooning, Sirrah;
 Though heretofore I tamely have endur'd
 Before th'Emperor your ridiculous Mirth,
 Think not you have a Title to be faucy;
 When Monkies grow mischievous they are whipt;
 Chain'd up and whipt. There has been Mischief done,
 And you (I hear) a wretched Instrument:
 Look to't, whene'er I draw this Sword to punish,
 You, and your grinning Crew will tremble, Slaves;
 Nor shall the ruin'd World afford a Corner
 To shelter you, nor that poor Prince's Bosom,
 You have envenom'd and polluted so;
 As if the Gods were willing it should be:
 A Dungeon, for such Toads to crawl and croak in.

P R O C U L U S .

All this in earnest to your humblest Creature?
 Nay then, my Lord, I must no more pretend,
 With my poor Talent to divert your Ears;
 Since my well-meaning Mirth is grown offensive,
 Tho' Heav'n can tell,
 There's not so low an Act of Servile Duty,
 I would not with more Pride throw my self on,
 For great Æcius's sake, than gain a Province,
 Or share with *Valentinian* in his Empire.

Æ C I U S .

Thou art so fawning and so mean a Villain,
 That I disdain to hate, tho' I despise thee:
 When e'er thou art not fearful, thou art faucy;
 Be so again, my Pardon gives thee leave,
 And to deserve it, carry this my Letter:

To the Emperor: Tell him I'm gone for *Ægypt*,
 And with me, *Maximus*; 'twas scarce fit two
 Should take our leaves of him: Pray use your Interest,
 He may forgive us. 'Twill concern you much;
 For when we are gone, to be base vicious Villains
 Will prove less dangerous ————— [Exit.]

PROCLUSUS.

What the Devil possesses
 This rusty Back and Breast without a Head-piece?
 Villains and vicious! *Maximus* and *Ægypt*!
 This may be Treason, or I'll make it so:
 The Emperor's apt enough to Fears and Jealousies,
 Since his late Rape. I must blow up the Fire,
 And aggravate this doting Hero's Notions,
 'Till they such Terrors in the Prince have bred,
 May cost the Fool his worst part, that's his Head. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter VALENTINIAN, LYCINIUS,
 CHYLAX, and BALBUS.

VALENTINIAN.

Dead?

BALBUS.

'Tis too certain.

VALENTINIAN:

How?

LYCINIUS:

Grief and Disgrace, as People say.

VALENTINIAN.

No more, I have too much on't,

Too much by you. You Whettors of my Follies;

Ye

Ye Angel-formers of my Sins; but Devils;
 Where is your Cunning now? you would work Wonders.
 There was nō Chastity above your Practice;
 You'd undertake to make her love her Wrongs,
 And dote upon her Rape. Mark what I tell you
 If she be dead!

C H Y L A X .

Alas, Sir!

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Hang you Rascals.

Ye Blasters of my Youth, if she be gone,
 'Twere better ye had been your Fathers Camels,
 Groan'd under Weights of Wool and Water ———
 Am I not *Casár*?

L Y C I N I U S .

Mighty, and our Maker ———

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Than thus have given my Pleasures to Destruction —
 Look she be living, Slaves ———

C H Y L A X .

We are no Gods, Sir,
 If she be dead, to make her live again.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

She cannot die, she must not die: Are those
 I plant my Love upon but common Livers?
 Their Hours told out to them: Can they be Ashes?
 Why do you flatter a Belief in me,
 That I am all that is? The World my Creature;
 The Trees bring forth their Fruit, when I say Summer;
 The Wind that knows no Limits, but its Wildness,
 At my Command moves not a Leaf: The Sea,
 With his proud Mountain Waters envying Heav'n,

When

When I say Still, runs into Crystal Mirrors.
 Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye Bubbles,
 That with my last Breath break, no more remember'd,
 Ye Moths that fly about my Flames and perish;
 Why do you make me a God that can do nothing?
 Is she not dead?

CHYLAX.

All Women are not dead with her.

VALENTINIAN.

A common Whore serves you, and far above you,
 The Pleasures of a Body lam'd with Lewdness,
 A meer perpetual Motion makes you happy.
 Am I a Man to traffick with Diseases?
 You think, because ye have bred me up to Pleasures,
 And almost run me over all the rare ones,
 Your Wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em.
 Your Wives are Fencers *Whores*, and shall be Footmens.
 Tho' sometimes my fantastick Lust or Scorn,
 Has made you Cuckolds for Variety;
 It would not have ye hope or dream, ye poor ones,
 Always so great a Blessing from me. Go,
 Get your own Infamy hereafter, Rascals; ye enjoy
 Each one an Heir, the Royal Seed of *Cæsar*,
 And I may curse ye for it.

Thou, *Lycinius*,

Hast such a *Messalina*, such a *Lais*,

The Backs of Bulls cannot content, nor Stallions,

The Sweat of fifty Men a-night does nothing.

LYCINIUS.

I hope, Sir, you know better things of her.

VALENTINIAN.

'Tis Oracle.

The City can bear Witness, thine's a Fool, *Chylax*,
 Yet she can tell her Twenty, and all Lovers,
 All have lain with her too; and all as she is,
 Rotten, and ready for an Hospital.

Yours is a holy Whore, Friend *Balbus*.

B A L B U S .

Well, Sir.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

One that can pray away the Sins she suffers,
 But not the Punishment; she has had ten Bastards,
 Five of 'em now are Lictors, yet she prays.
 She has been the Song of *Rome*, and common Pasquil,
 Since I durst see a Wench, she was Camp-Mistress,
 And muster'd all the Cohorts, paid 'em too,
 They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays.
 She is now to enter old Men turn'd Children,
 That have forgot their Rudiments; and am I
 Left for these wither'd Vices? And was there but one,
 But one of all the World, that could content me,
 And snatch'd away in shewing? If your Wives
 Be not yet Witches, or your selves, now be so,
 And save your Lives; raise me the dearest Beauty,
 As when I forc'd her full of Chastity,
 Or by the Gods——

L Y C I N I U S .

Most sacred *Cesar*——

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Slaves.

Enter P R O C U L U S .

P R O C U L U S .

Hail, *Cesar*! Tidings of Concern and Danger,
 My Message does contain in furious manner:

With

With Oaths and Threatnings, stern *Æcius*
 Enjoin'd me on the Peril of my Life,
 To give this Letter into *Cæsar's* Hands;
 Arm'd at all Points, prepar'd to march he stands,
 With Crowds of mutinous Officers about him;
 Among these, full of Anguish and Despair,
 Like pale *Typhisone* along Hell Brinks,
 Plotting Revenge and Ruin — *Maximus*
 With ominous Aspect, walks in silent Horror,
 In threatening Murmurs and harsh broken Speeches:
 They talk of *Ægypt* and their Provinces,
 Of Cohorts ready with their Lives to serve 'em.
 And then with bitter Curses they nam'd you.

VALENTINIAN.

Go tell thy Fears to thy Companions, Slave!
 For 'tis a Language Princes understand not.
 Be gone, and leave me to my self. [Ex. all but Emp-
The Names of Æcius and of Maximus
 Run thro' me like a Fever, shake and burn me;
 But to my Slaves I must not shew my Poorness.
 They know me vicious, should they find me base,
 How would the Villains scorn me, and insult?

He reads the Letter.

SIR,

*Would some God inspire me with another way
 To serve you, I would not thus fly from you without
 Leave; but Maximus his Wrongs have touch'd too
 Many, and should his Presence here encourage 'em,
 Dangers to you might follow; in Ægypt he will be
 More forget, and you more safe by his Absence.*

VALEN-

V A L E N T I N I A N .

A Plot, by Heav'n! a Plot laid for my Life,
This is too subtle for my dull Friend, *Æcius*.

*Heav'n give you, Sir, a better Servant to guard you,
A faithfuller you will never find than Æcius*

Since heresents his Friend's Wrongs, he'll revenge 'em:
I know the Soldiers love him more than Heav'n,
Me they hate more than Peace; what this may breed,
If dull Security and Confidence
Let him grow up, a Fool may find, and laugh at.
Who waits there? *Proculus*,

Enter P R O C U L U S .

Well, hast thou observ'd
The growing Pow'r and Pride of *Æcius* ?
He writes to me with Terms of Insolence,
And shortly will rebel if not prevented;
But in my base lewd Herd of vicious Slaves,
There's not a Man that dares stand up to strike
At my Command, and kill this rising Traitor.

P R O C U L U S .

The Gods forbid *Cæsar* should thus be serv'd:
The Earth will swallow him, did you command it!
But I have studied a safe sure way
How he shall die, and your Will ne'er suspected.
A Soldier waits without, whom he has wrong'd,
Cashier'd, disgrac'd, and turn'd to beg or starve.
This Fellow, for Revenge, would kill the Devil;
Encouragement of Pardon and Reward,
Which in your Name I'll give him instantly,
Will make him fly more swiftly on the Murther,
Than longing Lovers to their first Appoiatment.

V A L E N -

VALENTINIAN.

Thou art the wisest, watchful, wary Villain,
 And shalt partake the Secrets of my Soul,
 And ever feel my Favour and my Bounty.
 Tell the poor Soldier, he shall be a General,
Æcius once dead.

PROCULUS.

Ay, there y'have found the Point, Sir,
 If he can be so brutish to believe it.

VALENTINIAN.

Oh never fear! urge it with Confidence,
 What will not flatter'd angry Fools believe?
 Minutes are precious, lose not one.

PROCULUS.

I fly, Sir —

[Exit.]

VALENTINIAN.

What an infected Conscience do I live with,
 And what a Beast am I grown? when Lust has gain'd
 An uncontroll'd Dominion in Man's Heart,
 Then Fears succeed with Horror and Amazement,
 Which rack the Wretch, and tyrannize by Turns.
 But hold — Shall I grow then so poor as to repent?
 Tho' *Æcius*, Mankind, and the Gods forsake me,
 I'll never alter and forsake my self.
 Can I forget the last Discourse he held?
 As if he had intent to make me odious
 To my own Face, and by a way of Terror,
 What Vices I was grounded in, and almost
 Proclaim'd the Soldiers Hate against me.
 Is not the Name and Dignity of *Cæsar* sacred?
 Were this *Æcius* more than Man, sufficient
 To shake off all his Honesty? He is dangerous,

Tho'

Tho' he be good; and tho' a Friend, a fear'd one,
 And such I must not sleep by; as for *Maximus*,
 I'll find a time when *Æcius* is dispatch'd.
 I do believe this *Proculus*, and I thank him;
 Twas time to look about; if I must perish,
 Yet shall my Fears go foremost, that's determin'd. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter PROCULUS and PONTIUS.

P R O C U L U S .

Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
 The noble Name of *Patrician*; more than that too,
 The Friend of *Cæsar* y'are stil'd. There's nothing
 Within the Hopes of *Rome*, or present being,
 But you may safely say is yours.

P O N T I U S .

Pray stay, Sir.
 What has *Æcius* done to be destroy'd?
 At least I would have a Colour.

P R O C U L U S .

You have more.
 Nay, all that can be given; he is a Traitor.
 One, any Man would strike that were a Subject.

P O N T I U S .

Is he so foul?

P R O C U L U S .

Yes, a most fearful Traitor.

P O N T I U S .

A fearful Plague upon thee, for thou ly'st. [*Aside.*]
 I ever thought the Soldiers would undo him,
 With their too much Affection.

P R O :

PROCULUS.

You have it.

They have brought him to Ambition.

PONTIUS.

Then he is gone.

PROCULUS.

The Emperor, out of a foolish Pity,
Would save him yet.

PONTIUS.

Is he so mad?

PROCULUS.

He's madder, would go to the Army to him.

PONTIUS.

Would he so?

PROCULUS.

Yes, *Pontius*, but we consider.

PONTIUS.

Wifely.

PROCULUS.

How else Man, that the State lies in it.

PONTIUS.

And your Lives.

PROCULUS.

And every Man's.

PONTIUS.

He did me

All the Disgrace he could.

PROCULUS.

And scurvily.

PONTIUS,

Out of a Mischief meerly. Did you mark it?

PROCULUS.

Yes, well enough.

Now

Now you have Means to quit it ;
The Deed done, take his Place.

P O N T I U S.

Pray let me think on't, 'tis ten to one I do it.

P R O C U L U S.

Do, and be happy ———

[Exit.]

P O N T I U S!

This Emperor is made of nought but Mischief,
Sure Murther was his Mother. None to lop
But the main Link he had? Upon my Conscience
The Man is truly honest, and that kills him.
For to live here, and study to be true,
Is all one as to be Traitor. Why should he die?
Have they not Slaves and Rascals for their Offerings,
In full abundance? Bawds, more than Beasts for Slaughter?
Have they not singing Whores enough, and Knaves besides?
And Millions of such Martyrs to sink *Charon*,
But the best Sons of *Rome* must fall too? I will shew him,
(Since he must die) a way to do it truly.

And tho' he bears me hard, yet shall he know,

I'm born to make him bless me for a Blow.

[Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter PHIDIUS, ARETUS and ÆCIUS.

A R E T U S.

The Treason is too certain; fly, my Lord.
I heard that Villain *Proculus* instruct
The desperate *Pontius* to dispatch you here,
Here in the Anti-chamber.

P H I D I U S.

Curs'd Wretches!

Yet you may escape to the Camp, we'll hazard with you.

O

A R E

A R E T U S.

Lose not your Life so basely, Sir you are arm'd,
And many when they see your Sword, and know why,
Must follow your Adventures.

Æ C I U S.

Get you from me.

Is not the Doom of *Cæsar* on this Body ?
Do I not bear my last Hour here now sent me ?
Am I not old *Æcius* ever dying ?
You think this Tenderness and Love you bring me ;
'Tis Treason, and the Strength of Disobedience ;
And if ye tempt me further ye shall feel it.
I seek the Camp for Safety, when my Death
Ten times more glorious than my Life, and lasting,
Bids me be happy ! Let Fools fear to die,
Or he that weds a Woman for his Honour,
Dreaming no other Life to come but Kisses.
Æcius is not now to learn to suffer ;
If ye dare shew a just Affection, kill me :
I stay but those that must. Why do you weep ?
Am I so wretched as to deserve Mens Pities ?
Go, give your Tears to those that lose their Worths,
Bewail their Miseries : For me wear Garlands,
Drink Wine, and much. Sing *Pæans* to my Praise,
I am to triumph, Friends, and more than *Cæsar*,
For *Cæsar* fears to die, I love to die.

P H I D I U S.

O my dear Lord !

Æ C I U S.

No more, go, go, I say,
Shew me not Signs of Sorrow, I deserve none.
Dare any Man lament I should die nobly ?

When I am dead, speak honourably of me;
 That is, preserve my Memory from dying;
 There, if you needs must weep your ruin'd Master,
 A Tear or two will seem well; this I charge you,
 (Because ye say ye yet love old *Æcius*)
 See my poor Body burnt, and some to sing
 About my Pile what I have done and suffer'd,
 If *Cæsar* kill'd not that too: At your Banquets,
 When I am gone, if any chance to number
 The Times that have been sad and dangerous,
 Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.
 No more I say; he that laments my End,
 By all the Gods, dishonours me; be gone,
 And suddenly, and wisely from my Dangers,
 My Death is catching else.

PHIDIUS.

We fear not dying.

ÆCIUS.

Yet fear a wilful Death, the just Gods hate it,
 I need no Company to that, that Children
 Dare do alone, and Slaves are proud to purchase,
 Live 'till your Honesties, as mine has done,
 Make this corrupted Age sick of your Virtues,
 Then die a Sacrifice, and then you'll know
 The noble use of dying well, and *Romans*.

ARETUS.

And must we leave you, Sir?

ÆCIUS.

We must all die,
 All leave our selves; it matters not where, when,
 Nor how, so we die well. And can that Man that does so
 Need Lamentation for him? Children weep,

Because they have offended, or for Fear;
 Women for want of Will, and Anger; is there
 In noble Man, that truly feels both Poises,
 Of Life and Death, so much of this Weakness,
 To drown a glorious Death in Child and Woman?
 I am asham'd to see you, yet you move me,
 And were it not, my Manhood would accuse me,
 For covetous to live, I should weep with you.

PHIDIUS.

O we shall never see you more!

ÆCIUS.

'Tis true. Nor I the Miferies that *Rome* shall suffer.
 Which is a Benefit Life cannot reckon;
 But what I have been, which is just and faithful;
 One that grew old for *Rome*, when *Rome* forgot him,
 And for he was an honest Man durst die.
 Ye shall have daily with you, could that die too,
 And I return no Traffick of my Travels,
 No Annals of old *Æcius*, but he liv'd,
 My Friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly;
 The common Overthrows of tender Women,
 And Children new born; Crying were too little,
 To shew me then most wretched; if Tears must be,
 I should in Justice weep 'em, and for you;
 You are to live, and yet behold those Slaughters,
 The dry and wither'd Bones of Death would bleed at.
 But sooner than I have time to think what must be,
 I fear you'll find what shall be. If you love me,
 Let that Word serve for all. Be gone, and leave me;
 I have some little Practice with my Soul,
 And then the sharpest Sword is welcomest — Go,
 Pray be gone. Ye have obey'd me living.

Be not for shame now stubborn — So — I thank ye —
And fare you well — A better Fortune guide ye.

P H I D I U S .

What shall we do to save our best lov'd Master? [*Aside.*]

A R E T U S .

I'll to *Afranius*, who with half a Legion
Lies in the old *Suburra*, all will rise for the brave *Æcius*.

P H I D I U S .

I'll to *Maximus*,
And lead him hither to prevent this Murther,
Or help in the Revenge, which I'll make sure of.

[*Exit Phidius and Aretus.*]

Æ C I U S .

I hear 'em come; who strikes first? I stay for you.

Enter BALBUS, CHYLAX, and LYCINIUS.

Yet will I die a Soldier, my Sword drawn,
But against none. Why do you fear? come forward.

B A L B U S .

You were a Soldier, *Chylax*.

C H Y L A X .

Yes, I muster'd, but never saw the Enemy.

L Y C I N I U S .

He's arm'd. By Heav'n I dare not do it.

Æ C I U S ,

Why do you tremble?

I am to die. Come ye not from *Cæsar* to that end? Speak.

B A L B U S .

We do, and we must kill you; 'tis *Cæsar's* Will.]

C H Y L A X .

I charge you put your Sword up,
That we may do it handsomly.

ÆCIUS.

Ha, ha, ha!

My Sword up! Handsomly! Where were you bred?
 You are the merriest Murtherers, my Masters,
 I ever met withal. Come forward, Fools.
 Why do you stare? Upon my Honour, Bawds,
 I will not strike you.

LYCINIUS.

I'll not be the first.

BALBUS.

Nor I.

CHYLAX.

You had best die quietly. The Emperor
 Sees how you bear your self.

ÆCIUS.

I would die, Rascals,
 If you would kill me quietly.

BALBUS.

Plague on *Proculus*,
 He promis'd to bring a Captain hither,
 That has been us'd to kill.

ÆCIUS.

I'll call the Guard,
 Unless you kill me quickly, and proclaim
 What beastly, base, cowardly Companions
 The Emperor has trusted with his Safety;
 Nay, I'll give out you fell on my Side, Villains;
 Strike home, you bawdy Slaves.

CHYLAX.

He will kill us; I mark'd his Hand; he waits
 But time to reach us: Now do you offer.

ÆCIUS.

Æ C I U S .

If you do mangle me,
And kill me not at two Blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me, my Senses fail me,
Look to your selves.

C H Y L A X .

I told ye.

Æ C I U S .

Strike me manly,
And take a thousand Strokes.

Enter P O N T I U S .

B A L B U S .

Here's *Pontius*.

[*Lycinius runs away*.]

P O N T I U S .

Not kill him yet!
Is this the Love you bear the Emperor?
Nay, then I see you are Traitors all; have at ye.

C H Y L A X .

Oh, I am hurt.

B A L B U S .

And I am kill'd — [Ex. *Chylax and Balbus*]

P O N T I U S .

Die Bawds, as you have liv'd and flourish'd,

Æ C I U S .

Wretched Fellow, what hast thou done?

P O N T I U S .

Kill'd them that durst not kill, and you are next,

Æ C I U S .

Art thou not *Pontius*?

P O N T I U S .

I am the same you cast, *Æcius*,
And in the Face of all the Camp disgrac'd,

ÆCIUS.

Then so much nobler, as thou art a Soldier,
Shall my Death be. Is it Revenge provokes thee?
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?

PONTIUS.

Both.

ÆCIUS.

Then do it.

PONTIUS.

Is that all?

ÆCIUS.

Yes.

PONTIUS.

Would you not live?

ÆCIUS.

Why should I? to thank thee for my Life?

PONTIUS.

Yes, if I spare it.

ÆCIUS.

Be not deceiv'd, I was not made to thank
For any Courtesy but killing me,
A Fellow of thy Fortune. Do thy Duty.

PONTIUS.

Do you not fear me?

ÆCIUS.

No.

PONTIUS.

Nor love me for it?

ÆCIUS.

That's as thou dost thy Business.

PONTIUS.

When you are dead your Place is mine, *Æcius.*

ÆCIUS.

Æ C I U S .

Now I fear thee,
And not alone thee, *Pontius*, but the Empire.

P O N T I U S .

Why, I can govern, Sir.

Æ C I U S .

I wou'd thou coud'st, and first thy self:
Thou can'st fight well and bravely, thou canst
Endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers;
Heav'ns angry Flames are not suddener,
Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal;
The winged Feet of flying Enemies
I have stood and see the mow away like Rushes.
And still kill the Killer; were thy Mind
But half so sweet in Peace as rough in Dangers,
I dy'd to leave a happy Heir behind me.
Come strike, and be a General ———

P O N T I U S .

Prepare then,
And, for I see your Honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a Shame for me to strike a Man,
Fight your short Span out.

Æ C I U S .

No, thou know'st I must not;
I dare not give thee such Advantage of me
As Disobedience.

P O N T I U S .

Dare you not defend you
Against your Enemy?

Æ C I U S .

Not sent from *Cesar*,
I have no Power to make such Enemies;

For, as I am condemn'd, my naked Sword
 Stands but a Hatchment by me; only held
 To shew I was a Soldier. Had not *Cæsar*
 Chain'd all Defence in this Doom, Let him die,
 Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows,
 Yet would I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders,
 And open in an Enemy such Wounds,
 Mercy would weep to look on.

PONTIUS.

Then have at you,
 And look upon me, and be sure you fear not,
 Remember who you are, and why you live,
 And what I have been to you: Cry not Hold,
 Nor think it base Injustice I should kill thee.

ÆCIUS.

I am prepar'd for all.

PONTIUS.

For now *Æcius*,
 Thou shalt behold and find I was no Traitor:
 And as I do it, bless me ——— Die as I do ———

[*Pontius kills himself.*]

ÆCIUS.

Thou hast deceiv'd me, *Pontius*, and I thank thee,
 By all my Hopes in Heav'n thou'rt a *Roman*.

PONTIUS.

To shew you what you ought to do this is not;
 But, noble Sir, you have been jealous of me,
 And held me in the Rank of dangerous Persons,
 And I must dying say it was but Justice,
 You cast me from my Credit; yet believe me,
 For there is nothing now but Truth to save me,
 And your Forgiveness, tho' you hold me heinous

And of a troubled Spirit, that like Fire
 Turns all to Flames it meets with: You mistook me,
 If I were Foe to any thing, 'twas Ease,
 Want of the Soldier's Due — The Enemy!
 The Nakedness we found at Home, and Scorn,
 Children of Peace and Pleasures, no Regard,
 Nor Comfort for our Scars, nor how we got 'em;
 To rusty Time that eats our Bodies up,
 And ev'n began to prey upon our Hours,
 To Wants at home, and more than Wants, Abuses;
 To them that when the Enemy invaded,
 Made us the Saints, but now the Sores of *Rome*;
 To silken Flattery, and Pride plain'd over,
 Forgetting with what Wind their Fathers sail'd,
 And under whose Protection their soft Pleasures
 Grow full and Numberless. To this I am a Foe.
 Not to the State, or any Point of Duty;
 And let me speak but what a Soldier may;
 Truly I ought to be so, yet I err'd,
 Because a far more nobler Sufferer
 Shew'd me the way to Patience, and I lost it;
 This is the End I die for: To live basely,
 And not the Follower of him that bred me,
 In full Account and Virtue, *Pontius* dares not;
 Much less to out-live all that is good, and flatter.

Æ C I U S.

I want a Name to give thy Virtue, Soldier,
 For only Good is far below thee, *Pontius*,
 The Gods shall find thee one: Thou hast fashion'd Death
 In such an excellent and beauteous manner,
 I wonder Men can live! Canst thou speak one word more?
 For thy Words are such a Harmony, a Soul
 Wou'd choose to fly to Heav'n in.

P O N T I U S

PONTIUS.

A Farewel, good noble General, your Hand :
 Forgive me, and think whatever was displeasing to you,
 Was none of mine; you cannot live.

ÆCIUS.

I will not ; yet one Word more.

PONTIUS.

Die nobly ; Rome farewel ;
 And *Valentinian* fall.

In Joy you've given me a quiet Death,
 I would strike more Wounds if I had more Breath. [*Dies.*]

ÆCIUS,

Is there an Hour of Goodness beyond this ?
 Or any Man that would out-live such Dying ?
 Would *Cesar* double all my Honours on me,
 And stick me o'er with Favours like a Mistress ;
 Yet would I grow to this Man : I have lov'd,
 But never doted on a Face 'till now : Oh Death !
 Thou art more than Beauty, and thy Pleasures
 Beyond Posterity : Come, Friends, and kill me.
Cesar, be kind, and send a thousand Swords,
 The more, the greater is my Fall. Why stay you ?
 Come, and I'll kiss your Weapons : Fear me not,
 By all the Gods, I'll Honour ye for killing.
 Appear, or thro' the Court and World I'll search ye,
 I'll follow ye, and ere I die proclaim ye,
 The Weeds of *Italy*, the Dross of Nature.
 Whereare ye, Villains, Traitors, Slaves ——— [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

VALENTINIAN *and the Eunuch discover'd
on a Couch.*

VALENTINIAN.

Oh let me press these balmy Lips all Day,
And bathe my Love-scorch'd Soul in thy moist Kisses;
Now by my Joys thou art all sweet and soft,
And thou shalt be the Altar of my Love;
Upon thy Beauties hourly will I offer,
And pour out Pleasure and bless'd Sacrifice,
To the dear Memory of my *Lucina*.
No God nor Goddesses ever was ador'd with such Religion;
As my Love shall be; for in these charming Raptures
Of my Soul, claspt in thy Arms I'll waste my self away;
And rob the ruin'd World of their great Lord;
While to the Honour of *Lucina's* Name,
I leave Mankind to mourn the Loss for ever;

A S O N G.

I.

*K*indness hath resistless Charms;
All besides can weakly move;
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.

II.

*Beauty does the Heart invade;
Kindness only can persuade,
It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain;*

Enter

Enter ÆCIUS with Two Swords.

VALENTINIAN.

Ha! what desperate Mad-man weary of his Being,
 Presumes to press upon my happy Moments?
 Æcius? And arm'd whence comes this impious Boldness?
 Did not my Will, the World's most sacred Law,
 Doom thee to die?
 And dar'st thou in Rebellion be alive?
 Is Death more fruitful grown than Disobedience?

ÆCIUS.

Not for a hated Life condemn'd by you,
 Which in your Service has been still expos'd
 To Pain and Labours, Famine, Slaughter, Fire,
 And all the dreadful Toils of horrid War,
 Am I thus lowly laid before your Feet:
 For what mean Wretch, who has his Duty done,
 Would care to live, when you declare him worthless?
 If I must fall, which your severe Disfavour
 Hath made the easier and the nobler Choice;
 Yield me not up a wretched Sacrifice,
 To the poor Spleen of a base Favourite.
 Let not vile Instruments destroy the Man,
 Whom once you lov'd; but let your Hand bestow
 That welcome Death your Anger has decreed.

[Lays his Sword at his Feet.]

VALENTINIAN.

Go, seek the common Executioner,
 Old Man, thro' Vanity and Years grown mad:
 Or to reprieve thee from the Hangman's Stroke,
 Go, use thy military Interest,

To beg a milder Death among the Guards,
And tempt my kindled Wrath no more with Folly,

Æ C I U S .

Ill-counsell'd, thankless Prince, you did indeed
Bestow that Office on a Soldier;
But in the Army could you hope to find,
With all your Bribes, a Murderer of *Æcius*?
Whom they so long have follow'd, known and own'd;
Their God in War? and thy good Genius ever!
Speechless and cold without, upon the Ground,
The Soldier lies, whose generous Death will teach
Posterity true Gratitude and Honour;
And press as heavily upon thy Soul,
Lost *Valentinian*, as by the barb'rous Rape.
For which since Heav'n alone must punish thee,
I'll do Heav'n's Justice on thy base Assister,

[*Runs at Lycias*]

L Y C I A S .

Save me, my Lord.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Hold, honest *Æcius*, hold,
I was too rash. Oh spare the gentle Boy!
And I'll forgive thee all.

L Y C I A S .

Furies and Death.

[*Dies*]

V A L E N T I N I A N .

He bleeds! Mourn ye Inhabitants of Heav'n!
For sure my lovely Boy was one of you!
But he is dead, and now ye may rejoice,
For ye have stoln him from me, spiteful Powers!
Empire and Life, I ever have despis'd,
The Vanity of Pride, of Hope and Fear,

In Love alone my Soul found real Joys!
 And still ye tyrannize and cross my Love.
 Oh that I had a Sword [Æcius throws him a Sword.
 To drive this raving Fool headlong to Hell. [Fight.

ÆCIUS.

Take your Desire, and try if lawless Lust
 Can stand against Truth, Honesty, and Justice :
 I have my Wish. Gods give you true Repentance;
 And bless you still. Beware of *Maximus*.

[They fight. Æcius runs on the Emperor's Sword,
 falls and dies.

VALENTINIAN.

Farewel, dull Honesty, which tho' despis'd,
 Canst make thy Owner run on certain Ruin.
 Old *Æcius*! Where is now thy Name in War?
 Thy Interest with so many conquer'd Nations?
 The Soldier's Reverence, and the People's Love?
 Thy mighty Fame and Popularity?
 With which thou kept'st me still in certain Fear,
 Depending on thee for uncertain Safety :
 Ah! what a lamentable Wretch is he,
 Who, urg'd by Fear or Sloth, yields up his Pow'r;
 To hope Protection from his Favourite?
 Wallowing in Ease and Vice, feels no Contempt,
 But wears the empty Name of Prince with Scorn;
 And lives a poor led Pageant to his Slave?
 Such have I been to thee, honest *Æcius*!
 Thy Pow'r kept me in Awe, thy Pride in Pain;
 Till now. I liv'd; but since thou'rt dead, I'll reign.

Enter

Enter PHIDIUS with MAXIMUS.

P H I D I U S .

Behold, my Lord, the cruel Emperor,
By whose tyrannick Doom the noble *Æcius*
Was judg'd to die.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

He was so, faucy Slave!
Struck by this Hand, here groveling at my Feet
The Traitor lies! as thou shalt do, bold Villain!
Go to the Furies, carry my Defiance, [Kills him]
And tell 'em, *Cæsar* fears not Earth nor Hell.

P H I D I U S .

Stay, *Æcius*, and I'll wait thy mightier Ghost,
Oh *Maximus*, thro' the long Vault of Death,
I hear thy Wife cry out, Revenge me!
Revenge me on the Ravisher! no more!
Aretus comes to aid thee! Oh! farewell. [Dies]

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Ha! what not speak yet? thou whose Wrongs are
greatest;
Or do the Horrors that we have been doing
Amaze thy feeble Soul? If thou art a *Roman*,
Answer the Emperor: *Cæsar* bids thee speak!

M A X I M U S .

A *Roman*? Ha! and *Cæsar* bids thee speak!
Pronounce thy Wrongs, and tell 'em o'er in Groans;
But oh! the Story is ineffable!
Cæsar's Commands back'd with the Eloquence
Of all the inspiring Gods, cannot declare it.
Oh Emperor, thou Picture of a Glory!
Thou mangled Figure of a ruin'd Greatness!

Speak

Speak, say'st thou? Speak the Wrongs of *Maximus*?
 Yes, I will speak. Imperial Murderer!
 Ravisher! Oh thou Royal Villany!
 In Purple dipt to give a gloss to Mischief.
 Yet ere thy Death enriches my Revenge,
 And swells the Book of Fate, you statelier Madman,
 Plac'd by the Gods upon a Precipice,
 To make thy Fall more dreadful. Why hast thou slain
 Thy Friend, thy only Stay for sinking Greatness?
 What Frenzy, what blind Fury did possess thee,
 To cut off thy right Hand, and fling it from thee?
 For such was *Æcius*.

VALENTINIAN.

Yes, and such art thou;
 Joint Traitors to my Empire and my Glory.
 Put up thy Sword; be gone for ever; leave me.
 Tho' Traitor, yet because I once did wrong thee,
 Live like a vagrant Slave. I banish thee.

MAXIMUS.

Hold me, you Gods; and judge your Passions rightly,
 Lest I should kill him: Kill this luxurious Worm,
 Ere yet a Thought of Danger has awak'd him.
 End him even in the Midst of Night-Debauches,
 Mounted upon a *Tripod*, drinking Healths
 With shallow Rascals, Pimps, Buffoons and Bawds,
 Who with vile Laughter take him in their Arms,
 And bear the drunken *Cæsar* to his Bed;
 Where, to the Scandal of all Majesty,
 At every Grasp he belches Provinces,
 Kisses off Fame, at the Empire's Ruin
 Enjoys his costly Whore.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

Peace, Traitor, or thou dy'st,
 Tho' pale *Lucina* should direct thy Sword,
 I would assault thee if thou offer more.

M A X I M U S .

More? by the immortal Gods I will awake thee.
 I'll rouse thee, *Cæsar*, if strong Reason can,
 If thou hadst ever Sense of *Roman* Honour,
 Or the Imperial Genius ever warm'd thee,
 Why hast thou us'd me thus for all my Service,
 My Toils, my Frights, my Wounds in horrid War?
 Why didst thou tear the only Garland from me,
 That could make proud my Conquests? O ye Gods!
 If there be no such thing as Right or Wrong,
 But Force alone must swallow all Possession,
 Then to what purpose in so long Descents
 Were *Roman* Laws observ'd, or Heav'n obey'd?
 If still the Great for Ease or Vice form'd,
 Why did our first Kings toil? Why was the Plough
 Advanc'd to be the Pillar of the State?
 Why was the lustful *Tarquin* with his House
 Expell'd, but for the Rape of bleeding *Lucrece*.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

I cannot bear thy Words. Vext Wretch, no more.
 He shocks me. Prithee, *Maximus*, no more,
 Reason no more; thou troublest me with Reason.

M A X I M U S .

What servile Rascal, what most abject Slave,
 That lick'd the Dust where-e'er his Master trod,
 Bounded not from the Earth upon his Feet,
 And shook his Chain, that heard of *Brutus*' Vengeance?
 Who that e'er heard the Cause, applauded not

That

That *Roman* Spirit, for his great Revenge?
 Yet mine is more, and touches me far nearer:
Lucrece was not his Wife as she was mine,
 For ever ravish'd, ever lost *Lucina*.

V A L E N T I N I A N.

Ah name her not: That Name, thy Face and Reason,
 Are the Three Things on Earth I would avoid:
 Let me forget her, I'll forgive thee all,
 And give thee half the Empire to be gone.

M A X I M U S.

Thus steel'd with such a Cause, what Soul but mine
 Had not upon the Instant ended thee?
 Sworn in that Moment ——— *Cesar* is no more;
 And so I had. But I will tell thee, Tyrant,
 To make thee hate thy Guilt, and curse thy Fears;
Æcius, whom thou hast slain, prevented me;
Æcius, who on this bloody Spot lies murder'd
 By barb'rous *Cesar*, watch'd my vow'd Revenge,
 And from my Sword preserv'd ungrateful *Cesar*.

V A L E N T I N I A N.

How then durst thou, reviewing this great Example,
 With impious Arms assault the Emperor?

M A X I M U S.

Because I have more Wit than Honesty,
 More of thy self, more Villany than Virtue,
 More Passion, more Revenge, and more Ambition,
 Than foolish Honour, and fantastick Glory.
 What, share your Empire? Suffer you to live?
 After the impious Wrongs I have receiv'd,
 Coud'st thou thus lull me, thou might'st laugh indeed.

V A L E N T I N I A N.

I am satisfy'd that thou didst ever hate me.

Thy

Thy Wife's Rape therefore was an Act of Justice,
 And so far thou hast eas'd my tender Conscience.
 Therefore to hope a Friendship from thee now,
 Were vain to me, as is the World's continuance,
 Where solid Pains succeed our senseless Joys,
 And short-liv'd Pleasures fleet like passing Dreams,
Æcius, I mourn thy Fate as much as man can do
 In my Condition, that am going, and therefore
 Should be busy with my self; yet to thy Memory I will
 allow

Some grains of Time, and drop some sorrowing Tears;
 Oh, *Æcius*! Oh!

M A X I M U S .

Why this is right, my Lord;
 And if these Drops are Orient, you will set
 True *Cæsar*, glorious in your going down,
 Tho' all the Journey of your Life was cloudy,
 Allow at least a Possibility,
 Where Thought is lost, and think there may be Gods,
 An unknown Country, after you are dead,
 As well as there was one ere you were born.

V A L E N T I N I A N .

I've thought enough, and with that Thought resolve
 To mount Imperial from the burning Pile.
 I grieve for *Æcius*! yes, I mourn him, Gods!
 As if I had met my Father in the dark,
 And striving for the way had murder'd him.
 Oh, such a faithful Friend! that when he knew
 I hated him, and had contriv'd his Death,
 Yet then he ran his Heart upon his Sword,
 And gave a fatal Proof of dying Love,

M A X I M U S .

MAXIMUS.

'Tis now fit time, I've wrought you to my purpose,
 Else at my Entrance with a brutal Blow,
 I'd fell'd you like a Victim for the Altar,
 Not warn'd you thus, and arm'd you for your Hour,
 And if whene'er Fate call'd a *Cæsar* home,
 The judging Gods look'd down to mark his dying.

VALENTINIAN.

Oh subtle Traitor! how he dallies with me?
 Think not, thou saucy Counsellor, my Slave,
 Tho' at this Moment I should feel thy Foot
 Upon my Neck, and Sword within my Bowels,
 That I would ask a Life from thee. No, Villain,
 When once the Emperor is at thy Command,
 Power, Life and Glory must take leave for ever:
 Therefore prepare the utmost of thy Malice;
 But to torment thee more, and shew how little
 All thy Revenge can do appears to *Cæsar*,
 Would the Gods raise *Lucina* from the Grave,
 And fetter thee but while I might enjoy her,
 Before thy Face I'd ravish her again.

MAXIMUS.

Hark, hark! *Aretus* and the Legions come.

VALENTINIAN.

Come all, *Aretus*, and the Rebel Legions;
 Let *Æcius* too part from the Goal of Death,
 And run the flying Race of Life again;
 I'd be the foremost still, and snatch fresh Glory
 To my last Gasp, from the contending World;
 Garlands and Crowns too shall attend my Dying,
 Statues and Temples, Altars shall be rais'd

To my great Name, while your more vile Inscriptions
Time rots, and mould'ring Clay is all your Portion.

Enter ARETUS and Soldiers. They kill the Emperor;

M A X I M U S .

Lead me to Death or Empire, which you please,
For both are equal to a ruin'd Man:

But, Fellow-Soldiers, if you are my Friends,
Bring me to Death, that I may there find Peace,
Since Empire is too poor to make amends
For half the Losses I have undergone.

A true Friend, and a tender faithful Wife,
The two blest Miracles of Human Life.

Go now and seek new Worlds to add to this;
Search Heav'n for Blessings to enrich the Gift;
Bring Power and Pleasure on the Wings of Fame,
And heap this Treasure upon *Maximus*,
You'll make a great Man not a happy one;
Sorrows so just as mine must never end,
For my Love ravish'd, and my murder'd Friend.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





EPILOGUE.

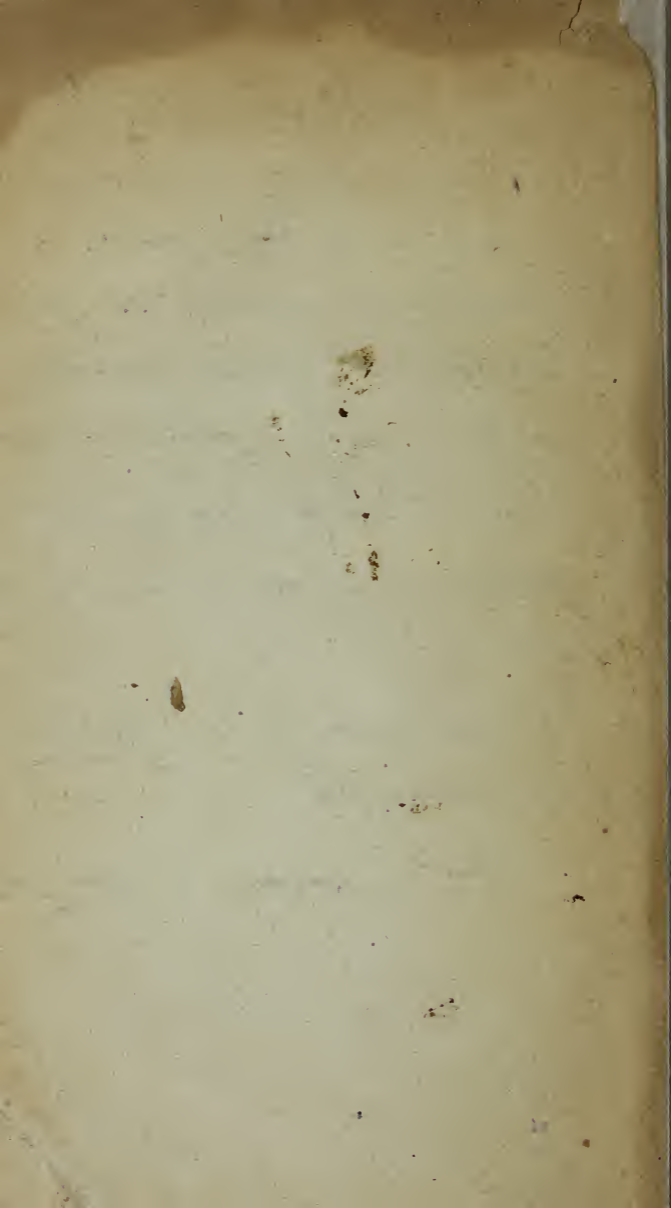
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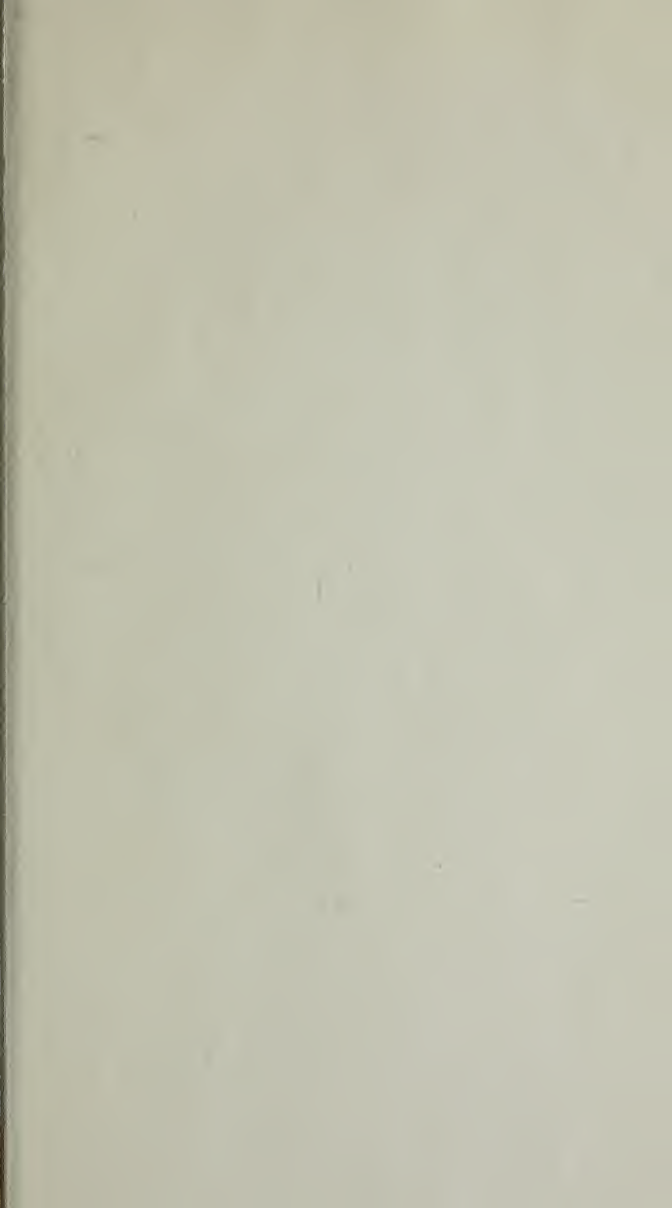
'TIS well the Scene is laid remote from hence,
'Twould bring in question else our Author's Sense,
Two monstrous things, produc'd for this our Age,
And no where to be seen but on the Stage.
A Woman Ravish'd, and a great Man Wise,
Nay Honest too, without the least Disguise.
Another Character deserves great Blame,
A Cuckold daring to revenge his Shame.
Surly, ill-natur'd Roman, wanting Wit,
Angry when all true Englishmen submit ;
Witness the Horns of the well-headed Pit. }
Tell me, ye Fair Ones, pray now tell me, why
For such a Fault as this to bid me die.
Should Husbands thus command, and Wives obey, }
'Twould spoil our Audience for the next new Play,
Too many wanting, who are here to-day.
For I suppose if e'er that happen'd to ye,
'Twas Force prevail'd, ye said, he would undo ye.
Struggling, cry'd out, but all alas in vain,
Like me ye underwent the killing Pain.
Did you not pity me, lament each Groan,
When left with the wild Emperor alone ?
I know in Thought ye kindly bore a part,
Each had her Valentinian in her Heart.

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